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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

PETER GREEN
The Lost Years
EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
By Steve Clarke

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF PUBLIC IMAGE
By Danny Baker

PiL new boy Richard Dudanski's posture hints from John Lydon. Pic: Pennie Smith.

CHARTS

Week ending June 16, 1979

uk singles

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(7)	**Ring My Bell**	Anita Ward (TK)	3	1
2	(2)	**Sunday Girl**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	4	1
3	(1)	**Dance Away**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	5	1
4	(4)	**Boogie Wonderland**	Earth, Wind & Fire (CBS)	5	4
5	(6)	**Theme From The Deerhunter**	Shadows (EMI)	5	5
6	(12)	**Shine A Little Love**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	4	6
7	(3)	**Reunited**	Peaches & Herb (Polydor)	7	3
8	(11)	**Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now**	McFadden & Whitehead (Philadelphia)	4	8
9	(8)	**Boys Keep Swingin'**	David Bowie (RCA)	6	8
10	(5)	**Pop Muzik**	M (MCA)	9	1
11	(20)	**Are Friends Electric**	Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	3	11
12	(23)	**We Are Family**	Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	2	12
13	(14)	**Hot Stuff**	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	4	13
14	(—)	**Up The Junction**	Squeeze (A&M)	1	14
15	(18)	**H.A.P.P.Y. Radio**	Edwin Starr (RCA)	3	15
16	(13)	**Parisienne Walkways**	Gary Moore (MCA)	7	8
17	(10)	**Does Your Mother Know**	Abba (Epic)	6	4
18	(19)	**Masquerade**	Skids (Virgin)	3	18
19	(9)	**Bright Eyes**	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	12	1
20	(17)	**The Number One Song In Heaven**	Sparks (Virgin)	4	17
21	(15)	**One Way Ticket**	Eruption (Atlantic/Hansa)	8	8
22	(16)	**Roxanne**	Police (A & M)	7	11
23	(29)	**Who Were You With In The Moonlight**	Dollar (Carrere)	2	23
24	(28)	**The Lone Ranger**	Quantum Jump (Electric)	2	24
25	(—)	**Night Owl**	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	1	25
26	(21)	**Gertcha**	Chas & Dave (EMI)	3	21
27	(22)	**I Fought The Law**	Clash (CBS)	4	17
28	(25)	**Jimmy Jimmy**	Undertones (Sire)	6	16
29	(—)	**Cavatina**	John Williams (Cube)	1	29
30	(27)	**I Want You To Want Me**	Cheap Trick (Epic)	2	27

UP AND COMING: Living On The Front Line — Eddy Grant (Ensign); **Let's Lovedance Tonight** — Gary's Gang (CBS); **Lady Lynda** — Beach Boys (Caribou); **Get It Up For Love / I Just Keep Thinking** — Tata Vega (Motown); **I'd Be Surprisingly Good For You** — Linda Lewis (Ariola); **Silly Games** — Janet Kay (Scope).

years 5 ago

Week ending June 11, 1974

1 **The Streak** — Ray Stevens (Westbound)
2 **Hey Rock And Roll** — Showaddywaddy (Bell)
3 **This Town Ain't Big Enough For Both Of Us** — Sparks (Island)
4 **Sugar Baby Love** — Rubettes (Polydor)
5 **There's A Ghost In My House** — R Dean Taylor (Tamla Motown)
6 **Judy Teen** — Cockney Rebel (EMI)
7 **The 'In' Crowd** — Bryan Ferry (Island)
8 **Jarrow Song** — Alan Price (Warner)
9 **I See A Star** — Mouth and McNeal (Decca)
10 **The Night Chicago Died** — Paper Lace (Bus Stop)

10

Week ending June 11, 1969

1 **Dizzy** — Tommy Roe (Stateside)
2 **Ballad Of John And Yoko** — Beatles (Parlophone)
3 **Oh Happy Day** — Edwin Hawkins Singers (Buddah)
4 **Get Back** — Beatles (Apple)
5 **Man Of The World** — Fleetwood Mac (Immediate)
6 **My Way** — Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
7 **Time Is Tight** — Booker T. & The MGs (Stax)
8 **The Boxer** — Simon and Garfunkel (CBS)
9 **Ragamuffin Man** — Manfred Mann (Fontana)
10 **Higher And Higher** — Jackie Wilson (MCA)

15

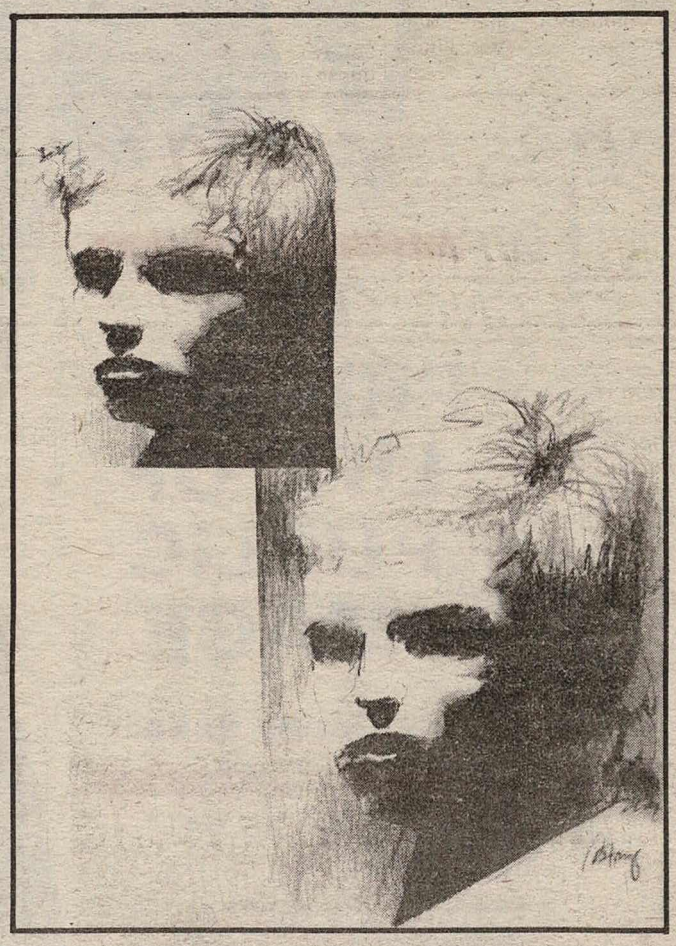
Week ending June 12, 1964

1 **You're My World** — Cilla Black (Parlophone)
2 **It's Over** — Roy Orbison (London)
3 **My Guy** — Mary Wells (Stateside)
4 **No Particular Place To Go** — Chuck Berry (Pye Int.)
5 **Here I Go Again** — Hollies (Parlophone)
6 **Someone** — Brian Poole and The Tremeloes (Decca)
7 **Juliet** — Four Pennies (Philips)
8 **Constantly** — Cliff Richard Columbia)
9 **Hello Dolly** — Louis Armstrong (London)
10 **The Rise And Fall Of Flingel Bunt** — Shadows (Columbia)

uk albums

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**Voulez Vous**	Abba (Epic)	6	1
2	(2)	**Do It Yourself**	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	4	2
3	(3)	**Parallel Lines**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	35	1
4	(10)	**Discovery**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	2	4
5	(5)	**Manifesto**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	12	5
6	(7)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp (A & M)	12	2
7	(—)	**Lodger**	David Bowie (RCA)	1	7
8	(4)	**Fate For Breakfast**	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	8	3
9	(28)	**This Is It**	Various (CBS)	2	9
10	(14)	**Last The Whole Night Through**	James Last (Polydor)	8	10
11	(6)	**The Very Best Of Leo Sayer**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	11	1
12	(8)	**At The Budokan**	Bob Dylan (CBS)	4	8
13	(9)	**Black Rose**	Thin Lizzy (Phonogram)	7	2
14	(11)	**The Billie Jo Spears Singles Album**	Billie Jo Spears (United Artists)	4	10
15	(—)	**Night Owl**	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	1	15
16	(13)	**Outlandos D'Amour**	Police (A&M)	6	9
17	(17)	**A Monument To British Rock**	Various (Harvest)	3	17
18	(12)	**Dire Straits**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	15	4
19	(26)	**Knuckle Sandwich**	Various (EMI Int)	2	19
20	(—)	**Reach For It**	Sky (Ariola)	1	20
21	(—)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	1	21
22	(27)	**Boogie Bus**	Various (Polystar)	3	22
23	(—)	**Communique**	Dire Straits (Phonogram)	1	23
24	(15)	**The Undertones**	The Undertones (Sire)	4	15
25	(18)	**Spirits Having Flown**	Bee Gees (RSO)	19	1
26	(—)	**I Am**	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	1	26
27	(—)	**Armed Forces**	Elvis Costello (Radar)	19	2
28	(16)	**C'est Chic**	Chic (Atlantic)	9	1
29	(—)	**At The Budokan**	Cheap Trick (Epic)	3	23
30	(—)	**Rhapsodies**	Rick Wakeman (A & M)	1	30

UP AND COMING: Labour of Lust — Nick Lowe (Radar); **In The Skies** — Peter Green (Creole); **Replicas** — Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet); **Three Imaginary Boys** — The Cure (Fiction); **Duty Now For The Future** — Devo (Virgin); **The Kids Are Alright** — The Who (Polydor)



Tres moderne man Gary "I'll never be as good as Ultravox" Numan and electric friend look out for No.11. Illustration: Barbara Fry.

us singles

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**Hot Stuff**	Donna Summer
2	(2)	**Love You Inside Out**	Bee Gees
3	(3)	**We Are Family**	Sister Sledge
4	(6)	**The Logical Song**	Supertramp
5	(5)	**Just When I Needed You Most**	Randy Van Warmer
6	(8)	**Chuck E's In Love**	Rickie Lee Jones
7	(4)	**Reunited**	Peaches and Herb
8	(9)	**You Take My Breath Away**	Rex Smith
9	(11)	**She Believes In Me**	Kenny Rogers
10	(15)	**Ring My Bell**	Anita Ward
11	(13)	**Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy**	Bad Company
12	(16)	**Boogie Wonderland**	Earth Wind & Fire with The Emotions
13	(10)	**Shake Your Body (Down To The Ground)**	Jacksons
14	(17)	**Minute By Minute**	Doobie Brothers
15	(7)	**Heart Of Glass**	Blondie
16	(21)	**Shine A Little Love**	Electric Light Orchestra
17	(22)	**I Want You To Want Me**	Cheap Trick
18	(20)	**Makin' It**	David Naughton
19	(12)	**Disco Nights (Rock Freak)**	GQ
20	(25)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
21	(14)	**Ain't Love A Bitch**	Rod Stewart
22	(24)	**Get Used To It**	Roger Voudouris
23	(30)	**Gold**	John Stewart
24	(28)	**When You're In Love With A Beautiful Woman**	Dr Hook
25	(—)	**Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now**	McFadden & Whitehead
26	(29)	**Dance The Night Away**	Van Halen
27	(18)	**In The Navy**	Village People
28	(23)	**Renegade**	Styx
29	(19)	**Goodnight Tonight**	Wings
30	(—)	**Does Your Mother Know**	Abba

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

us albums

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp
2	(1)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
3	(3)	**We Are Family**	Sister Sledge
4	(5)	**Rickie Lee Jones**	
5	(4)	**Desolation Angels**	Bad Company
6	(8)	**Cheap Trick At The Budokan**	Cheap Trick
7	(6)	**2 Hot!**	Peaches and Herb
8	(9)	**Minute By Minute**	Doobie Brothers
9	(10)	**Flag**	James Taylor
10	(7)	**Spirits Having Flown**	Bee Gees
11	(11)	**Sooner Or Later**	Rex Smith
12	(12)	**Van Halen II**	Van Halen
13	(16)	**The Gambler**	Kenny Rogers
14	(14)	**At The Budokan**	Bob Dylan
15	(15)	**Parallel Lines**	Blondie
16	(13)	**Go West**	Village People
17	(21)	**State Of Shock**	Ted Nugent
18	(17)	**Disco Nights**	GQ
19	(20)	**Pieces Of Eight**	Styx
20	(23)	**Wave**	Patti Smith Group
21	(22)	**Evolution**	Journey
22	(18)	**52nd Street**	Billy Joel
23	(24)	**The Cars**	
24	(25)	**Running Like The Wind**	Marshall Tucker Band
25	(—)	**Monolith**	Kansas
26	(19)	**Destiny**	Jacksons
27	(—)	**Songs Of Love**	Anita Ward
28	(29)	**Hot Property**	Heatwave
29	(—)	**McFadden & Whitehead**	
30	(—)	**Look Sharp!**	Joe Jackson

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

disco

*** denotes import. + denotes 7" only.**

1 **Ring My Bell** — Anita Ward (TK)
2 **Ain't No Stoppin Us Now** — McFadden & Whitehead (Philadelphia)
3 **Boogie Wonderland** — Earth Wind & Fire With The Emotions (CBS)
4 **Reunited** — Peaches & Herb (Polydor +)
5 **We Are Family** — Sister Sledge (Atlantic +)
6 **Livin' On The Front Line** — Eddy Grant (Ensign)
7 **Hot Stuff** — Donna Summer (Casablanca)
8 **Get Another Love** — Chantal Curtis (Key *)
9 **Silly Games** — Janet Kay (Scope)
10 **Lone Ranger** — Quantum Jump (Electric)

Chart Courtesy of: C C RECORDS, 21 DEPTFORD HIGH STREET, LONDON SE8.

reggae

Best selling reggae oldies

1 **Smile Jamaica** ..... Bob Marley (Tuff Gong)
2 **Kingston Twelve Shuffle** ..... U Roy and The Wailers (Tuff Gong)
3 **Jaro** ..... Tommy McCook (Impact)
4 **Forward On A Yard** ..... The Heptones (Aries)
5 **Casablanca** ..... Lester Stirling (Kaya)
6 **Pick Up The Pieces** ..... The Royals (Studio One)
7 **The Reverend** ..... Max Romeo (Romax)
8 **Sentimental Reason** ..... The Hamlins (Studio One)
9 **Can't Keep A Good Man Down** ..... The Immortal (MVM)
10 **Travelling** ..... Burning Spear (Clock Tower)

Chart supplied by MAROONS TUNES, GREEK ST, W.1.

NEWS

Edited by DEREK JOHNSON

Ticket and record prices mentioned in this week's News Desk do not take into account any change in VAT rate, which may have been announced in Tuesday's Budget.

It's game, set and match to DERWOOD and BILLY IDOL of Gen X, proving they're in the wrong racket. (Pic: Ross Halfin).

Gen X single, London shows

GENERATION X, who leave for a Japanese tour at the end of next week, have decided to slot in a couple of London shows before they go — two performances at the Marquee Club next Wednesday, June 20, at 6 and 9pm (supported by Private Vices). This will be their only opportunity for immediate live promotion of their new single 'Friday's Angels', backed with 'Trying For Kicks' and 'This Heat', which Chrysalis release this weekend in a limited edition on clear red vinyl. On their return from Japan, the band finish writing, rehearsing and recording their third album — and they plan a full tour to tie in with its release in the autumn.

Buzzcocks opt out, but POP GROUP SET FOR DEEPLY VALE EVENT

THE POP GROUP, The Good Missionaries (formerly Alternative TV), The Ruts and The Fall have all agreed to perform in this year's Deeply Vale People's Free Festival which — as reported two weeks ago — takes place at its regular Lancashire site (14 miles north of Manchester) from August 2 to 7 inclusive.

But although the organisers are still confident that The Buzzcocks will be appearing, the band told NME at press time that they definitely won't be going to Deeply Vale, as they'll be too busy preparing for their own show in London's Hyde Park two weeks later. More bands, especially name acts, are still being sought for the event — if interested, phone 0706 5628

Wire make up for lost time

WIRE return to the gig circuit next weekend for a short tour, timed to coincide with the release of their new Harvest single 'A Question Of Degree'. Confirmed dates are Manchester The Factory (June 23), Nottingham Tiffany's (25), Birmingham Barbarella's (28), Aylesbury Friars (30), Stafford Top Of The World (July 1), Chester.Smartyz (2), Hull Tiffany's (3), Newport Stowaway (4), Scarborough Pent house (5) and Liverpool Eric's (7).

A few more dates, including a London appearance, are still being finalised and hopefully will be announced next week. Manufactured Noise will be guesting on selected dates in the intinerary. Since returning from their March tour of Europe with Roxy Music, Wire have completed their third album — titled '154' it's scheduled for September release.

Marquee Mods

A MINI Mod Festival is being staged by Asgard Agency this weekend at London's Marquee Club, featuring The Chords, The Mods and Squire (tomorrow, Friday); The Purple Hearts, The Little Roosters and Les Elite (Saturday); and The Chords again, with Back To Zero and The Killermeters (Sunday) — daily admission is £1.50 (advance) and £1.75 (doors). And The Chords have additional gigs at Leicester University (tonight, Thursday), London Camden Dingwalls (July 11) and London Kensington Nashville (30).

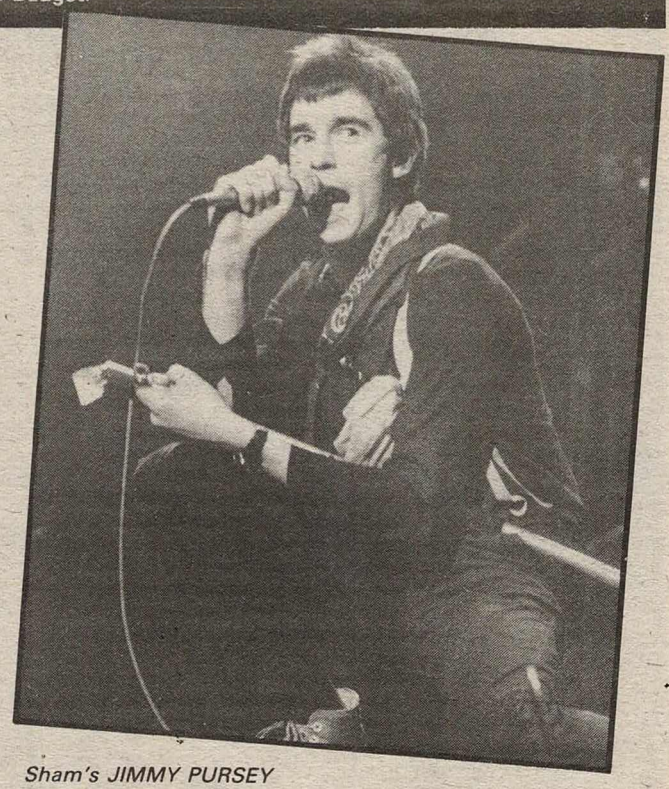
PATRIK FITZGERALD has slotted another two dates into his UK tour itinerary, announced last week — at Lincoln Drill Hall (this Saturday) and Wolverhampton Lafayette (June 20).

Dead: good bet for Glastonbury

THE GRATEFUL DEAD are now looking strong headline contenders for the three-day Glastonbury Fayre (June 21-23), it was learned this week. NME reported three weeks ago that they were willing to appear, if their expenses could be met. It's now understood that the financial aspect has now been sorted out — which means that, although there's been no official announcement, the Dead are well in the running for the event. At the same time, Patrik Fitzgerald announces that he will not be appearing there, after all. But John Williams' band Sky have been added.

Kwesi in benefit

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON, together with Rico and his band, are the first names to be announced for the second Creation For Liberation benefit — to be staged at London's Commonwealth Institute in Kensington on Saturday, June 30. The movement's first show was the Manchester concert in February, topped by Public Image and with Johnson as one of the guest acts.



Sham's JIMMY PURSEY

Sham 69 back in Glasgow 79

SPECULATION concerning a possible Sham 69 concert in Glasgow was finally confirmed this week, when the band announced that they'll be playing a one-off at the Apollo Centre on Friday, June 29. The chances are that this will be their only appearance of the summer, and it's even possible — bearing in mind Jimmy Pursey's current dalliance with Paul Cook and Steve Jones — that it could be Sham's last ever gig.

They'll be playing with their old line-up of Pursey (vocals), Dave Parsons (guitar), Dave Treggana (bass) and original drummer Mark 'Kaka' Cain. And they say they've specially chosen to play in Glasgow because "it's the liveliest audience in Britain". Supporting Sham are Scottish band The Valves, whose single is due for release by Albion Records on the day of the gig — and it's understood there will also be a surprise guest act.

Unrestricted Zones

ZONES, the Scottish band whose debut album 'Under Influence' has just been released by Arista, begin a headline tour next month. More gigs are still being set, including a date in their native Glasgow, but those confirmed so far are Dundee Bloomers (July 6), Dumfries Stagecoach (8), Edinburgh Tiffany's (9), Abderdeen Raffles (10), Leeds Brannigan's (12), Nottingham Sandpiper (14), Chesterfield Fusion (19), London Fulham Greyhound (21), Newport Stowaway (25), Carlisle Wigton Market Hall (27), Derby Ajanta Club (28), Aberavon Nine Vaults (August 3), Bath Brillig Arts Centre (4), Newbridge Memorial Hall (5), Norwich Boogie House (9), Birmingham Barbarella's (10) and Leeds Fforde Green (12).

and not so Simple Minds

SIMPLE MINDS go out on their most important tour to date at the end of this month, coinciding with the release of their second Zoom single 'Chelsea Girl', taken from their album 'Life In A Day'. The Scottish band will be headlining about 20 gigs, and the first ten confirmed are Birmingham Barbarella's (June 30), London Marquee (July 3), Nottingham University (4), Wolverhampton Lafayette (6), London Kensington Nashville (7), Jacksdale Grey Topper (13), Kirklevington Country Club (20), Sheffield Limit Club (26), Liverpool Eric's (27) and Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (29).

Members move out

THE MEMBERS, now re-joined by bassist Chris Payne, who's fully recovered from the exhaustion which kept him out of action for a few weeks, begin another UK tour later this month. Dates so far confirmed are Sheffield Top Rank (June 26), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (27), Huddersfield Polytechnic (28), Wakefield Bretton Hall (29), Blackburn King George's Hall (July 1), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (2), Exeter Routes (3), Plymouth Woods Centre (4), Barnstaple Chequers (5) and Camberley Civic Hall (7).

Who: big Manchester gig?

AND WEMBLEY STILL A STRONG PROSPECT

THERE HAS been no further word from The Who's management, following the terse announcement on Monday of last week that "there are at present no plans for them to play any outdoor concerts this summer". But although elsewhere this had been taken to mean that the band's proposed Wembley Stadium concert is off, NME still believes that it is very much on the cards — and in fact, that another similar open-air concert is planned for Manchester.

NME's original forecast for the date of the Wembley show was Saturday, August 18, and — despite a suggestion, reported in our last issue, that it might be put back a week — it seems that is the date they have in view. Our first report was based upon a tip-off by The Who's John Entwistle, and August 18 was confirmed last weekend by another Who member. He added that The Who are also setting up another major concert for one of the big Manchester soccer grounds (either Maine Road or Old Trafford) the previous week, presumably August 11.

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17th Sunday Fairfield Halls, CROYDON
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21st Thursday City Hall, SHEFFIELD
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PRODUCED BY RITCHIE GOTTEHRER
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OFF THE RECORD

DISCO IMAGE FROM LYDON

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD have their second single released by Virgin on June 29, featuring 'Death Disco' and 'No Birds Do Sing'. Also available is a 12-inch version in a limited edition of 15,000 copies, titled '½ Mix'/'Megga Mix'. The band's current line-up comprises John Lydon (vocals), Keith Levine (guitar), Jah Wobble (bass) and Richard Dudinski (drums).

● Out this weekend on the Casablanca label is a new album by **Kiss** titled 'Dynasty'. A single taken from the LP, called 'I Was Made For Lovin' You' is issued simultaneously.

● On June 22, Capitol Records are putting out a boxed set of all 25 singles released on the label by **The Beach Boys,** from their very first release 'Surfin' Safari,' and including all their major hits like 'Good Vibrations' and 'God Only Knows'. They will also be available individually.

Best-selling UK singles since 1960 (OR ARE THEY?)

GRANADA-TV have compiled a list of the Top Twenty best-selling singles in Britain over the last 20 years — which they broadcast in their new series 'The Mersey Pirate' last Saturday morning. They say the list was compiled by computer from actual record sales, rather than from chart placings, and this is the rundown:

1. **MULL OF KINTYRE,** Wings (1977); 2. **RIVERS OF BABYLON-/BROWN GIRL IN THE RING,** Boney M (1978); 3. **YOURE THE ONE THAT I WANT,** John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John (1978); 4. **MARY'S BOY CHILD,** Boney M (1978); 5. **SHE LOVES YOU,** The Beatles (1963); 6. **I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND,** The Beatles (1963); 7. **TEARS,** Ken Dodd (1965); 8. **SUMMER NIGHTS,** John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John (1978); 9. **CAN'T BUY ME LOVE,** The Beatles (1964); 10. **I FEEL FINE,** The Beatles (1964); 11. **THE CARNIVAL IS OVER,** The Seekers (1965); 12. **WE CAN WORK IT OUT,** The Beatles (1965); 13. **BRIGHT EYES,** Art Garfunkel (1979); 14. **YMCA,** Village People (1979); 15. **BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY,** Queen (1975); 16. **RELEASE ME,** Engelbert Humperdinck (1967); 17. **IT'S NOW OR NEVER,** Elvis Presley (1960); 18. **HEART OF GLASS,** Blondie (1979); 19. **GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME,** Tom Jones (1966); **20. I LOVE YOU LOVE,** Gary Glitter (1973).

There can be no doubt that the Wings single is rightly placed at No. 1, as no other record has sold over two million copies in Britain alone. But there do seem to be some extraordinary omissions from this list *(writes Derek Johnson)* — among them Simon & Garfunkel's 'Bridge Over Troubled Water,' Frank Sinatra's 'My Way' and Rod Stewart's 'Sailing'. I find it hard to believe that only one Elvis Presley track qualifies for the Top Twenty, or that (with all due respect to Debbie) Blondie's 'Heart Of Glass' has sold more than, say, Dawn's 'Tie A Yellow Ribbon'.

But let's not detract from Granada's efforts. After all, the more charts the merrier — they all help to stimulate interest in the business.

NEW SINGLES FROM BI-LINGUAL SIOUXSIE

SIOUXSIE & The Banshees' new single is 'Playground Twist' coupled with 'Pull To Bits', released by Polydor on June 29. On the same day they have a single issued on the German market called 'Mittageisen' (Metal Postcard), which is sung in German, and it's backed with the never-before-recorded 'Love In A Void' with English vocals — Polydor say it won't be released officially in this country, but it will be obtainable here on import.

● **Third World's** new single 'Talk To Me', specially adapted from their upcoming album 'The Story's Been Told', is issued by Island in 12-inch discomix form on June 22 coinciding with the start of their UK tour (see Gig Guide).

● Irish band **Protex,** recently signed by Polydor, have their debut single 'I Can't Cope' out this weekend.

● Rialto Records have signed Bristol band **Europeans** to a long-term deal, and the outfit are currently recording their first single.

● **Neil Young's** new studio album 'Rust Never Sleeps' is issued by Reprise on June 29. The first side comprises five tracks performed by Young with Nicolette Larson, Joe Osborne and Carl Himmel. Side Two features four numbers by Young with Crazy Horse. A second Young album with the same title (just to complicate matters) — which is, in fact, a film soundtrack of his 1978 U.S. tour — will be released in the autumn.

● **Sniff & The Tears** have their first single 'Drivers Seat' re-released this week by Chiswick Records — as a picture disc.

● **Yachts'** debut album, out on Radar Records this week, includes a free live single coupling 'Suffice To Say' and 'On And On.'

● A limited edition 12-inch version of **The Scorpions'** current Harvest single 'Is There Anybody There?' is now available.

● **Punishment Of Luxury** have now come off the road for an indefinite period — in fact, just as long as it takes to record their debut album for United Artists, planned for autumn release.

● 'The Bitch' is the title of the latest **Olympic Runners** single, issued by Polydor on July 6. Out on the same day and label is a picture disc single by **Charlie** called 'Fight Dirty', and they're both preceded on June 29 by 'Dancing In The Street' by **Mungo Jerry.**

● Four Luton bands — **The Clips, The Tee Vees, Paranoia** and **Friction** — each have a track on an EP issued by local label Pink Records later this month.

● Limited Edition Records have been formed in Sheffield to promote local talent, starting with a three-track single by new-wave band **Artery** on June 21 (distribution through Rough Trade), to be followed by the debut of mod outfit **The Negatives.** Upcoming in the autumn are releases by **Xero** and **The Parts,** both picked by local station Radio Hallam after auditioning 120 groups.

● **Following the release of Noosha Fox's** new single 'The Heat Is On' a fortnight ago, Chrysalis have now issued a 12-inch version in a picture sleeve. Noosha has just returned to France, where she's completing material for a new album.

● The first single from **Zero Zero,** titled 'Chinese Boys' is out this week. It's on their own label, available from Small Wonder, Step Forward and Rough Trade.

● Polydor's new signing **The Xdreamysts,** who support Greg Kihn at London The Venue this Saturday, have their debut single 'Bad News'/'Money Talks' out on June 22.

● **Bullets,** the five-piece Birmingham band whose debut single 'Girl On Page 3' ran into legal difficulties with *The Sun* newspaper last year, have parted company with Big Bear Records. They now plan to record their own follow-up single for autumn release, to coincide with a club and college UK tour.

● Albums for guitar enthusiasts out this month on Sonet Records include 'How To Play Blues Guitar, Volume 2', by **Stefan Grossman, Sam Mitchell, Jo Ann Kelly** and **Mike Cooper,** 'Bluegrass Guitar' by **Eric Thompson** and 'Minors Aloud' by Nashville steel guitarist **Buddy Emmons.**

● **Hot Vultures** have finished work on their third album 'Up The Line', for late summer release on Plant Life Records. It consists of 13 tracks, all Anglicised versions of American traditional music. Pete & Chris Coe guest on four tracks.

● Liverpool band **Geisha Girls** have their first single 'Stuck On You' issued by Skeleton Records next month. They say they'll be promoting it with a number of "Rock Against Hard Toilet Paper" gigs in the North-West.

● East Anglia band **Zorro** have signed with the independent Bridgehouse label, and their debut three-track maxi-single is out this week. It comprises 'Arrods Don't Sell 'Em', 'Star Flights' and the Bethnal song 'Soldier Boy'. Their first LP is due in the autumn.

● Liverpool band **The Accelerators** are making available a five-track cassette for only £1, which they say is a non-profit making venture. Obtainable (including p&p) from Speed Promotions, 26 Bentley Road, Liverpool 80SZ.

● Nottingham band **Gaffa** release a double A-side single this week on their own 'N' Products label. Titles are 'You Know I Love You' and 'Hearts Of Stone', and it comes in four different picture sleeves. If you can't locate a copy, phone 0602 294919.

Television and Idols releases

WEA have signed a British distribution deal for New York-based Ork Records, a company formed in 1975 by Terry Ork, who worked with Andy Warhol for three years during the Velvet Underground period. First releases out this weekend are:

● The first-ever single by **Television,** the rare 'Little Johnny Jewel' parts 1 and 2, coupled with a previously-unavailable live version of the same song. It comes as a 12-inch in a colour bag.

● A single by **The Idols,** whose line-up includes ex-New York Dolls drummer Jerry Nolan, featuring 'You' and 'Girl That I Love'. British dates are being lined up for the band in the near future.

● The debut of another New York band **The Revelons,** with 'The Way'/'97 Tears'.

Upcoming shortly are releases by The Erasers, Chris Stamey and Student Teachers, all from New York.

Sayer: massive 67-show tour

LEO SAYER's autumn UK concert tour will be even more extensive than his outing last year. He'll be on the road for virtually the whole of the autumn, and details were announced this week of the opening leg from September 20 to November 10, taking in 67 concerts in 39 days. With more shows still to be confirmed for the end of the year, including major London appearances in December, it looks as though the total number of concerts in his complete itinerary will approach the 100 mark!

Dates confirmed so far are Peterborough ABC (September 20), Bradford St. George's Hall (21), Middlesbrough Town Hall (22), Leicester De Montfort Hall (23), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (24), Southampton Gaumont (27), Bristol Colston Hall (28), Portsmouth Guildhall (29), Paignton Festival Theatre (30), Nottingham Theatre Royal (October 2 and 3), Gloucester Leisure Centre (4), Oxford New Theatre (5 and 6), Liverpool Empire (7), Cork City Hall (9), Limerick Savoy (10), Galway Leisureland Centre (11), Belfast Kings Hall (12), Hanley Odeon (13), Blackpool Opera House (14), Derby Assembly Rooms (17), Sheffield City Hall (18), Bridlington Spa Theatre (19), Manchester Apollo (20), Coventry Theatre (21), Ipswich Gaumont (24), Slough Fulcrum Theatre (25 and 26), Brighton The Centre (27), Croydon Fairfield Hall (28), Newcastle City Hall (30), Glasgow Apollo (31), Dundee Caird Hall (November 1), Aberdeen Capitol (2), Edinburgh Usher Hall (3), Preston Guildhall (6) and Dublin RDS Main Hall (9 and 10).

There will be two performances every night — except at Wolverhampton, Nottingham, Hanley, Derby, Ipswich, Brighton, Newcastle, Dundee and Dublin. Box-office opening dates vary, but the first into action will be Oxford, Liverpool, Blackpool, Manchester, Glasgow and Preston, all of which open this Saturday (16) — followed by Middlesbrough, Portsmouth and Bridlington next Monday (18). Postal applications will be accepted immediately at all venues, though readers should contact individual theatres for details of ticket prices.

Following the chart-stopping success of his album 'The Very Best Of Leo Sayer', which has now been certified Platinum in Britain, he is currently in Los Angeles recording a new album with producer David Courtney — for release by Chrysalis at the time of the tour. He's using a number of leading American and British session men, several of whom are likely to accompany him on the road.

Disco events

AN AMBITIOUS plan to stage a massive soul and disco weekend at Wembley in North London next spring, utilising both the Arena and the Conference Centre, was announced this week by Showstopper Promotions. Idea is to use the Arena as a disco dancing venue, with live soul acts appearing in the Conference Centre. It's planned for next May, and the intention is to book some of the world's top soul acts — "on a par with the big names who take part in the Country Festival at the Arena a few weeks earlier".

Showstopper have now completely sold out their Soul-Disco Weekender (October 12-14) at the 5,000-capacity Caister Holiday Centre, Great Yarmouth. So they've set two further weekenders that month, partly in view of the exceptional interest and partly to accommodate the overflow from Yarmouth — they're at Weymouth Blue Waters Holiday Centre (October 5-7) and Perrin Sands Holiday Centre in Cornwall (probably 26-28).

LEO SAYER

Autumn preview

DR. HOOK UK JAUNT

DR. HOOK returns to Britain in the autumn for a major concert tour. The exact period of the visit hasn't yet been determined, because promoter Danny Betesh of Kennedy Street Enterprises is still juggling with dates and venues. But he assured NME that the tour is definitely on, and he expects to be able to announce the itinerary shortly.

● COMMANDER CODY — who had been expected to come over in the spring for London appearances, but subsequqntly pulled out — has now confirmed a UK visit in October. Together with his six-piece band, he plays three nights at London Victoria The Venue (12-14), plus a few provincial gigs which are still being finalised.

● THE HAWKLORDS — who, as reported last week, have lost singer Robert Calvert but have been joined by ex-Hawkwind drummer Simon King — have now set the period for their late autumn British tour. It runs from November 15 to December 9, and it's understood that dates are already pencilled in.

● RENAISSANCE, who undertook a short UK tour last month, will be playing further dates here in late October. This weekend they begin a protracted American tour, but they'll be back to open a European itinerary in early autumn, and this will be climaxed by selected British concerts.

● RY COODER and LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III, who are both appearing in the Cambridge Folk Festival (July 28-29) as part of European summer tours, will be back in Britain in mid-autumn for separate concert appearances, but no details have yet been confirmed.

● CAMEL are to headline one of their rare outings around the UK concert circuit in the early autumn, opening on October 9 and coinciding with the release of their new album.

NOW THE FLOYD PLAN COMEBACK

PINK FLOYD are the latest of the long-established top international bands who, after a lengthy absence from live action, are set to make a comeback to the concert platform. They're planning a string of London dates in the early autumn (probably at either Wembley Arena or Earls Court), with the likelihood of additional appearances at leading provincial venues, and they're already working on a spectacular new show. They've decided on a return to live work now that they've finished their long-awaited new album, which is expected to be released in about a month's time — probably as a double, or even a triple, set.

Caravan's Hastings on solo outing

CARAVAN, who have just signed a new agreement with Terry King Management, return to the British tour circuit in the early autumn — opening in late September and continuing through into October — and their outing will coincide with the release of their new album. Then in mid-autumn, the band's leader Pye Hastings will be going out on his own headlining tour, to tie in with the release of his solo album — he'll be backed on the road by a group of "friends", though it's not yet known if these will include any of his Caravan colleagues.

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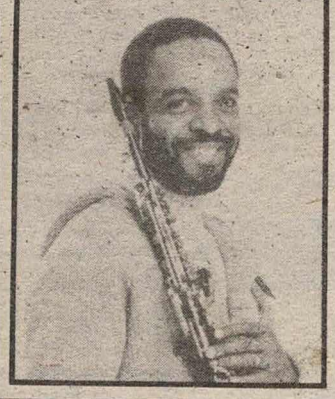
Zepmania continued

IF YOU CAN find a ticket for Led Zeppelin at Knebworth in one of the advertised shop box-offices this week, you'll be lucky! That's the message from promoter Frederick Bannister, who has now distributed all his tickets to the various points of purchase, and is unable to accept any repeat orders. Latest indication is that there are very few, if any, tickets left around the country.

As far as postal bookings are concerned, Bannister is hoping to cope with all initial applications, though it's possible that some orders which arrived late may be unfulfilled. Because of the enormous volume of bookings received, there will be a slight delay in forwarding tickets — but more staff has been taken on, and applications are being dealt with now.

DUFFO DATES

DUFFO, who cancelled a string of appearances planned for the spring, has now settled on a series of London dates plus one out-of-town gig in July. They aid promotion of his new Beggar's Banquet single 'Tower Of Madness', released this week. In London, he plays Kensington Nashville (July 8), Camden Dingwalls (10), Maunkberry's, Jermyn St. (11 and 12) and Camden Music Machine (14) — then travels to Scotland for a one-off at Edinburgh Tiffany's on July 16.



C&W HITS DOMINION

AN ALL-STAR country music show — headlined by Roy Clark, Barbara Mandrell and The Oak Ridge Boys — takes place at London's Dominion Cinema in Tottenham Court Road on Thursday, July 12. The artists concerned are stopping off in London on their way back to the States, after appearing in the Montreux Festival, and this is strictly a one-off concert. Also on the bill are Jana Jae, Clarence 'Gatemouth' Brown and Buck Trent. Tickets are on sale now priced £4, £3.50, £2.50 and £2.

Grover Washington: debut UK concerts

GROVER WASHINGTON JR flies into Britain next month, after appearing in a gala evening at the Montreux Jazz Festival in Switzerland, to play his first-ever concerts in this country. Together with his six-piece band, he plays Poole Arts Centre (July 25), London Hammersmith Odeon (26), Dunstable California (28) and Brighton Dome (30).

Tickets are on sale now priced £4, £3 and £2 (Poole and Hammersmith); £3.50 only (Dunstable); and £3.50, £3 and £2.50 (Brighton).

Regarded as America's leading contemporary saxist, Washington's debut album for Elektra is out this week, titled 'Paradise'. His band line-up comprises Al Buster Anderson (bass), Raymond G. Welsh Jr (guitar), James H. Batton (keyboards), Ismael Wilburn (drums), Robert L. Strother (percussion) and George Howard Jr (reeds).

DIAMOND IS TRUMPS FOR MOVIE STARDOM

NEIL DIAMOND has been forced to scrap all live appearances for the foreseeable future, which included the prospect of British concerts later this year, now that he's been signed for his first film role — in a remake of the world's first-ever talking picture 'The Jazz Singer', which starred Al Jolson.

Although the movie will follow the story line of the original, the songs will all be completely new, and penned by Diamond himself. And that's why he has to go into hibernation because, although the picture won't be ready to go into production for some months, he has to concentrate on writing the score.

The £5-million film is being made by EMI, and Diamond was persuaded to sign by the organisation's new chief executive Lord Delfont. After turning down numerous movie offers in the past, he was evidently attracted by the prospect of writing his own songs. EMI have also secured rights to the soundtrack album, which will coincide with the film release.

B-52s: PROVINCIAL CHANGES

THE B-52s, whose debut British visit was reported last week, have put back their two provincial gigs by 24 hours — so they now play Liverpool Eric's on July 6 and Birmingham Digbeth Hall the next day, with London Strand Lyceum remaining unchanged (July 8). Birmingham band Fashion support all three gigs, with The Tourists added in London.

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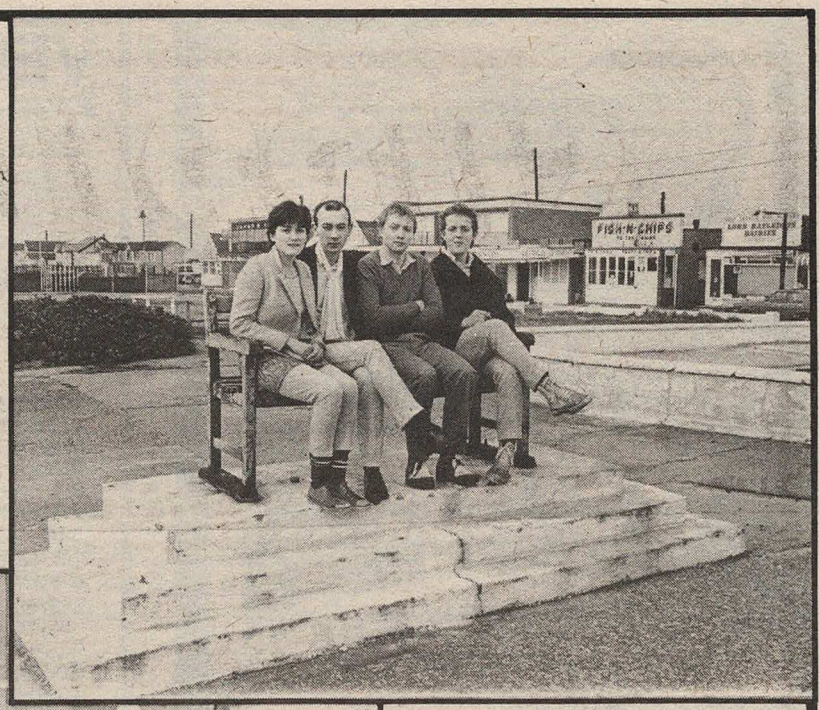

. . . and a quiet drummer and a bassist who used to want to be Jack Bruce — an insight, in fact, into the enigmatically titled prag VEC. This feature may appear to start in the middle. This is not the case. It starts here . . .

prag VEC: Sue, Dave, John, Nick

Sue: We went to see *1900* the other day.

John: I told him.

Sue: We also went to see *The All Round Reduced Personality.*

Hamblett: Wait till you see *The Warriors.*

Sue and John: We've seen it.

Hamblett: It's great.

John: It's shit . . . It stinks.

Hamblett: It's definitely on a par with *Saturday Night Fever.*

Sue: Yeah.

John: It doesn't quite smell as bad as that.

Hamblett: It's just entertainment.

John: It's not quite good enough entertainment though.

Sue: The women in it were terrible.

John: The music in it was terrible.

Hamblett: It was great fun . . . like Tom and Jerry.

John: Very much like Tom and Jerry.

Sue: The men were all really good at fighting and the women didn't fight at all.

Hamblett: Good. Women don't fight.

Sue: I do.

Hamblett: In real life maybe, but not in the movies.

Sue: They used bits of real life.

Hamblett: No they didn't.

John: They could've used a few laser pistols and a bit more music.

Hamblett: So, can all movies change your lifestyle?

Sue: They should.

Hamblett: What about music? Abba don't change anybody's lifestyle.

John: Abba are great. Classics. I like pop songs, I'm greatly influenced by pop songs.

Hamblett: Don't send me up . . .

John: I'm not, I'm not . . . He says I'm sending him up because I say I like pop songs, that's a lie isn't it? Don't I like pop songs?

Sue: He does. Which pop songs do you like?

John: Anything . . . . I don't like po-faced intellectuals.

Hamblett: If you want to be a revolutionary go throw bombs at police cars.

John: I agree, you're right. I don't want to be a revolutionary . . . It's quite a different occupation really.

Sue: He doesn't throw bombs.

Hamblett: So what does rock'n'roll influence?

John: To my mind it seems to influence the type of commercial on the TV. Lee jeans and laser beam eyes, leather clad punk arses bouncing up and down on Myer's beds . . .

pVreC Ga

By JOHN HAMBLETT
Pix: MIKE LAYE

THE NIGHT before, Sue had come second in a talent competition in her local pub. Although there were only two entrants she was fluorescently content with her peculiar renditions of 'Laughter In The Rain', and 'Close To You', and smiles accordingly every time she has cause to recount the tale. Tonight, although overtly concerned with her own liberation, nobody turns to stare as she clips through the frosty glass doors.

She is dressed in a mildly indiscriminate mingling of this and that (unisex paraphernalia), and supports a moderate amount of mid-brown hair that looks as though it may become long before much longer.

She says to me: "I have a chip on my shoulder. People are always telling me how to behave, because I behave badly. They say I shouldn't fart or belch, so I fart and belch. They say I shouldn't swear, so I swear. I upset people. I'm not a girl or a lady, I'm a woman."

A woman with a nose that is half-inclined to turn up, a small mouth, a roundly unobstrusive accent and firm beliefs.

Like most people you meet in pubs Sue is a curious and typical alloy of old and young. She was born and raised a Catholic in Dublin; nature, consequence, coincidence, and curiosity have brought her as far as a council flat in Shepherd's Bush where she lives when not shopping, working, walking or singing in a group called prag VEC.

Occasionally she will say things like this: "All my songs are hate songs." But don't take that too seriously.

Sue and the other members of prag VEC are seated in a reasonably large pub — not entirely through choice. The place has a confusingly regular attitude, built, it would appear, solely for the purpose of defying description (even the wall-paper is unexceptional).

The people, however, are as blendedly individual as ever could be, all playing their given roles with a brave and determined furrow of the brow. Little do they realise . . . or perhaps, on the other hand, they realise perfectly well.

prag VEC certainly do; they are in the unenviable position of fully realising their importance in this scene without quite understanding why, wherefor, or whatever.

John sits hunched towards the table. At one point he will say: "Our music is just a reflection of the sado-masochism implicit in all relationships . . . I mean, the agency sent us, y'know?"

John works in a book shop. Before that he studied at Essex University. He used to paint, he plays guitar, and confesses to liking steaks, kebabs, movies, juke boxes, and the radio. And he drinks Guinness.

If Sue looks wavy, John looks straight up and down — angular, almost. His short dark hair could well be described as cataleptic in certain quarters, and his face looks fragile and madly scooped out.

The greatest work of art he has ever seen was created by a green grocer who owns a stall in a street market. The old green grocer's work of art is a regular Saturday night performance which involves him getting up in his local and giving a perfect impersonation of Nat King Cole to piano accompaniment.

John is impressed with the perfection and integrity of the performance, and the fear of the performer. (I only mention this in passing as John claims that such characters people his reality.)

If you were to ask John and Sue what would happen if prag VEC became famous Sue would reply: "We'd make money," and John would add, "and spend it."

When they are forced to say things like that they export an impression of comical honesty qualified with a sensible desperation that lounges in the short, dusty spaces that follow, silently, half-way between a frown and a laugh.

John, by the way, writes most of the music for prag VEC. The songs are imperfect, insinuating, and passionate wedges of excited ideas, interesting notions, committed ideas, and crisply encountered situations, placed with mad care into

■ *Continues over*

pragVEC

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VEC

■ *From previous page*

short bouncing balls.

Songs like the four quirky, seductive and witty tracks on their debut EP released last year on their own Spec label. (If you haven't got a copy the HMV shop in London's Oxford Street still has some, though it's probably not worth making a round trip of more than say, 50 miles.)

Nick has a face that brings soft adjectives quickly to mind. He believes certain things, but is prepared to believe otherwise if proof is provided. His fair hair drops in a naive fringe, and he speaks as though not wishing to make a nuisance of himself.

Nick's first drum kit consisted of a space hopper, the pedals on a piano and two knitting needles — an interesting variation on the biscuit tin and two knitting needles norm. And once he auditioned for 999.

Dave is the largest, and while his complexion may not always be of such a ruddy hue, I'm quite sure his hair is naturally curly. He plays bass.

Why did he join prag VEC: "Because I found myself growing up for a change. Growing up among responsible, humane people."

Sue tells me he used to want to be Jack Bruce but is okay now, while simultaneously offering me a pinch of salt. Dave tells me that he is completing his final year at college studying graphic design.

I toss the pinch of salt over my left shoulder.

For quite long periods Dave does not appear to move. At such times, the power to do so seems to have deserted him. I try not to feel concerned, or take it personally.

prag VEC react to things that concern them, and others, in a positive fashion. Their music suggests this, and their conversation confirms it. They do not wish to be seen as an isolated collective creating unrelated slices of consumable culture. I mean, given the choice, they would rather be lamp-posts than picture frames, or even pictures — in a manner of speaking.

THE AESTHETICS OF BEING EARNEST (FROM 1 TO 5 INCLUSIVE)

1/Sue: I had a guitar when I was about 15. I had a copy of 'Highway 61 Revisited', and I learned to play 'Tambourine Man'. I remember sitting in my bedroom playing it and I could hear my brother and his friend outside the window. They were laughing at me. They obviously thought I had some aspirations to be a star . . . (Laughs) Perhaps they were right.

2/John: It seems to me that the new bands who have signed up with major record companies in the last couple of years have been forced into their own little worlds. Their approach to their music becomes insular because of that. If we can live by avoiding the situation of having to become big stars for the record company then we can escape into other people's worlds very easily. That's the way we retain control. We write what we want to and play it the way we want to. We don't conform to a strict concept, like say, the heavy metal bands. They only exist as part of a concept. People who go along to see a band like Rush don't simply go along to see Rush, they go because they are carrying on a tradition. We're not.

3/Sue: I'm not interested in just being a performer, or just an entertainer. I want to shock some people. I was in a band before this and some of the people who came to watch us I just did not want to entertain. I wanted to scare the shit out of them.

John: I like going to watch bands — I don't like listening to records much — because it's more than just music and lyrics, image, fashion, dress. It's very simple theatre. It's a very direct theatre, mostly about communicating some kind of feeling between the performers and the audience, like: "We are having a good time" or; "We are not having a good time . . . We are having a bad time".

Reading what people have to say in music paper interviews is a load of cock. It doesn't have any relation to that experience. You might just as well talk about the things they used to talk about in the old days — like what colour socks they wear, and what their favourite lunch is . . . Actually I like four little sausages, a fried egg and some coleslaw. I don't know, you might just as well get a bunch of back covers off the Penguin Modern Classics and say this is me.

4/Sue: When I'm writing songs I sit down and pick a victim, something really straightforward. When I was working in the canteen at Shepherd's Bush Telephone Exchange, for example, there were a lot of old ladies working there and when the tea break time came round they'd all have their fags out and they would just sit around and talk about the kind of cigarettes they smoked. That's how 'Cigarettes' came about.

John: When I'm writing music I just start off with an arrangement of chords that I think sounds nice, but by the time it gets to the point where everybody is playing their individual part a lot of *ideas* have gone into it.

Sue: The content should dictate the style. We are very humorous. I think we used to try a lot harder to be humorous. For instance we do a song called 'Stay'; it's a Bob Dylan song — 'Lay Lady Lay' — and we cut up all the words and pulled them out of a hat completely at random, and we got some very funny lines that way. Lines like: "Why stay, Lady? Why Stay? Him dirty eat you." It's a very ambiguous love song.

John: It works so well because although it's a cut-up it's taking the piss out of people like Burroughs.

Sue: In 'Stay' the sex angle comes out much stronger than the way Dylan did it. Dylan wrote it very romantic and sentimental.

John: Like they weren't going to do anything *dirty* . . . It's not about sex at all really, it's about the things people do to each other, and quite often the things people do to each other are dirty. The Romantic ideology is dirty. The Romantic poets were real deep stuff, escapism, and euphemisms, and they're really not talking about that, they're talking about fucking.

Sue: We got a letter from somebody in Long Kesh, who'd been there for seven years for armed robbery. He wrote a letter saying that he liked the band, so we wrote back to him. Then, he wrote again with a translation of 'Existential', asking me to correct it . . . There are only two words in the song that are important; "Existential", and "capitalist". Those are the only two important words.

John: 'Existential' is only comic book French.

Sue: Dave came up with a bass riff that we latched onto and somebody said that it sounded like the music from a French detective film. You get French bands singing songs in English and nobody say that's pretentious . . . It's fucking English imperialism; everybody should speak English.

5/Sue: You say a lot about what sort of band you are by the name you chose. It's our name and it's our music. If you say that prag VEC are a rock'n'roll band it's not the same as saying The Clash are a rock'n'roll band.

John: Most names mean something, most names say, we are this — like The Clash — *conflict* . . . it's very conceptual. Our name is just a batch of words.

Sue: If we don't do anything then the name doesn't mean anything. We are prag VEC.

John: We didn't want a name that suggested we were deep, or had a lot to say. We don't have a collective image — we don't have a manifesto.

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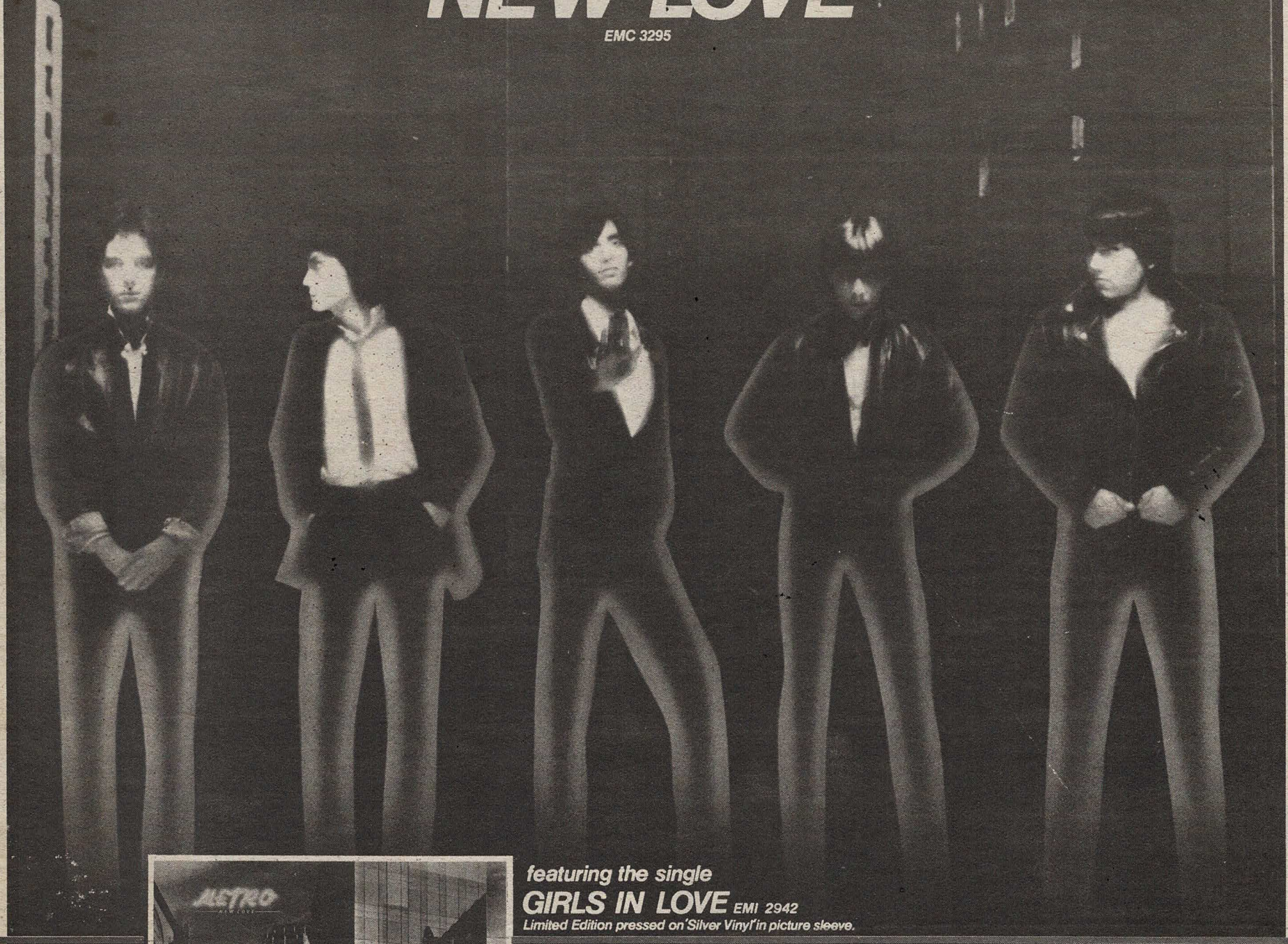

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TI-IRILLS

Head banging in young children

The awful truth about heavy metal!

— A doctor writes

ACCORDING TO a carefully documented report in respected medical journal *The Practitioner* (May '79) the practice of headbanging is not confined to heavy metal aficionados.

K. Dawson-Butterworth, Lecturer in Psychiatry at the University of Sheffield, has published a paper which shows that headbanging is a condition that can even afflict infants between the ages of six months and four years.

Dawson-Butterworth cites examples from such noted sources as Jolly (1968) who indicated that "the head banging movement often starts by the child rocking himself to sleep", while Bakwin and Bakwin (1972) referred to "rhythmic *motor habits* in children which occur in 15 to 20% of unselected attenders at paediatric clinics." Indeed, the "Motorhead syndrome" itself may stem from these subjects' inability to distinguish between encroaching adolescence and the "head rocking, head rolling, head banging and bed/cot rocking" of their earliest years.

A control group sample chosen at random from a cross-section of Ted Nugent fans proves that they exhibit similar symptoms to their young cousins: "Most headbangers, as with head rollers, adapt an 'on all fours' position when banging. A few however sit bolt upright."

The test sample was observed firstly in a "Hammersmith Odeon situation" and later in a home environment where the 'State Of Shock' disc (Ted Nugent — 1979) was played seven or eight times. The results were conclusive. All the subjects assumed an upright stance with feet akimbo; headbanging then took place, continuing even after the end of the long player. Szurek (1969) has said that "children who are rocked in their mothers' arms are less likely to develop the habits of rocking, rolling or headbanging. Most authorities believe that headbanging is not an indication of any abnormality of personality."

We're not so sure.

MARSHALL AMPS

THRILLS

Lowry

The awful truth about Jimmy Pursey...

"AND I WAS left standin' there like a bloody PILLOCK!"

And yea, e'en as the dust settles on Guildford after the disruption of an Undertones gig by an invading force led by Jimmy Pursey, Steve Jones and Paul Cook and the ink dries on John Hamblett's account of said debacle in last week's instalment of *Thrills*, Jimmy Pursey and Sham 69 (a by no means extinct beast, by the way) jaunted into the *NME* to straighten the record, balance the books and generally Explain The Situation.

Last week, we saw the name and rep of The Hersham Flash blackened by an anonymous witness of the Guildford Affair, corroborated and amplified by Undertones manager Andy Ferguson. Briefly, the original atrocity story had claimed that Pursey, Cook, Jones and entourage had shown up the gig (not too unexpectedly, since The Chords — who were supporting — are signed to JP Productions), asked to jam and become abusive when permission was (politely) refused. They then apparently invaded the stage with a load of punks after The Undertones did their encore and instigated chaos which climaxed in the toppling of a lighting tower and the loss of a hefty quantity of The Undertones' gear.

***Thrills* hadn't been able to contact Pursey to glean his perspective on the events (or, for that matter, to ask him about this Sham/Pistols merger that's being noised about), but before you even had time to say "What are we putting in next week's paper?" the man referred to by nine out of ten doctors as "Sham's volatile leader" was ensconced in Neil Spencer's office Putting The World To Rights.**

First of all, Jimmy (and the rest of the reconstituted Sham *plus* Cook and Jones) had gone to the gig not only because of the Chords Chonnection but because "The Undertones are the nearest group to us. They're like a kids' version of Sham, aren't they?"

Plus — closest to the collective Sham heart of all — is the final reason: Guildford is virtually home turf to Pursey's Howlin' Commandos, who're all good Surrey boys. As they're banned from gigs in their own manor, they wanted to get up *after* The Undertones had finished and regale their local audience with a quick semi-impromptu 'If The Kids Are United', using The Undertones' guitars, drums and back line.

So-o-o-o-o-o . . . Pursey enters the 'Tones' dressing room and asks the nearest 'Tone (drummer Billy Doherty) if the project outlined above is possible/feasible/whatever. Doherty says it's all right by him but he'll have to check with the others. Everybody then leaves the room and no-one comes to bring Pursey the yea or nay. Jim feels slighted. Eventually he goes off in search of an answer, which eventually comes from The Undertones' tour manager and is: "Your day is over, mate. Get back in the audience where you belong."

Steve Jones, meanwhile, is standing in the bar getting zonked and signing autographs for the kids. Paul Cook is somewhere not causing trouble, as is his wont.

Thus we find Pursey standing around like a pillock and eventually he and Cook and Sham hie themselves into the balcony to watch the gig. Jones, meanwhile, has ended up sidestage, from which choice location he makes insulting gestures (miming the act of masturbation) and remarks (centring around real or imagined sexual inadequacy and the resultant activities to which it is necessary to resort) to the band.

Suddenly — claims JP — Jones is swamped by an avalanche of bouncers. This attack is clearly visible, so Pursey's Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D. rush down to aid their beleaguered pal.

And *that* was when the chaos started.

No flocks of juiced-up superstars arriving by limo (the mode of transport employed was more like "a cavalcade of old bangers" according to JP) with the callous intent of busting up a smaller band's gig — or so Jim says.

So what else? Oh yeah, the Pistols/Sham merger. The reportage of this possibility has climbed up Jim's hooter just a trifle.

"How do you think the lads feel when they see all this 'Pistols 69' crap in the papers? Sham 69 are still together, right? Steve and Paul have asked me to join The Sex Pistols and tour and if Sham finishes it finishes, but we're still going."

WATMEY GUV

THRILLS

The joker in the pack — J. Pursey.

The rock'n'roll sting of Poison Girls

VI SQUAD (a.k.a. Perversa) sings like Dietrich with emotion poisoning. Her lyrics are uncomfortable because they tell you things you know to be true but don't necessarily want to hear — especially not from a woman old enough to be your mother. At 42, Vi is still young enough to be confused.

"Rock 'n' roll is the music of protest and life, it's everybody's. I mean, what's youth? When does it start and when does it stop, who's got it and who hasn't? I know middle-aged people under 20.

"When young kids come to see us I want to share their anger, I don't want to take it away from them. I don't want to tell them what to be angry about, or how . . . But I don't want them to tell me my anger doesn't count."

Vi is a Poison Girl. She first became involved with fellow members Richard Famous and Lance D'Boyle three years ago through a Brighton-based Theatre performance group called The Body Show. Prior to her involvement with said show she had led what would probably be described as a regular life, concerned for the most part with raising two kids — one of whom, Gemma, is presently part-occupied as drummer for the latest re-incarnation of The Fatal Microbes.

Those of you who read Max Bell's otherwise accurate and informative feature on former Microbes singer Honey Bane in last week's issue will no doubt be labouring under the impression that Ms Squad is also Honey's mother. Well, Vi did aid Honey in negotiations with her youth treatment centre, but she is *not* her mother. Neither, as was also implied, is the lady married to Lance D'Boyle. And, although Lance has been known to do the occasional spot of fire-eating, he has never been employed as a variety performer. Unless of course you consider The Poison Girls to be a variety act — which you shouldn't.

The Poison Girls came together two years ago. Richard Famous — blonde, tall, affable, uncertain — was the only member possessed of any musical know-how; Vi — warm, short, pink hair — learned to play the guitar in order to join the band, and Lance — short, dark, smiling — taught himself to play drums. The bass chores were handled by various people until Bernhardt Rebours — tall, bespectacled, quiet, attentive — appeared on the scene some three weeks before the band went into the studio to record their debut single in conjunction with Small Wonder.

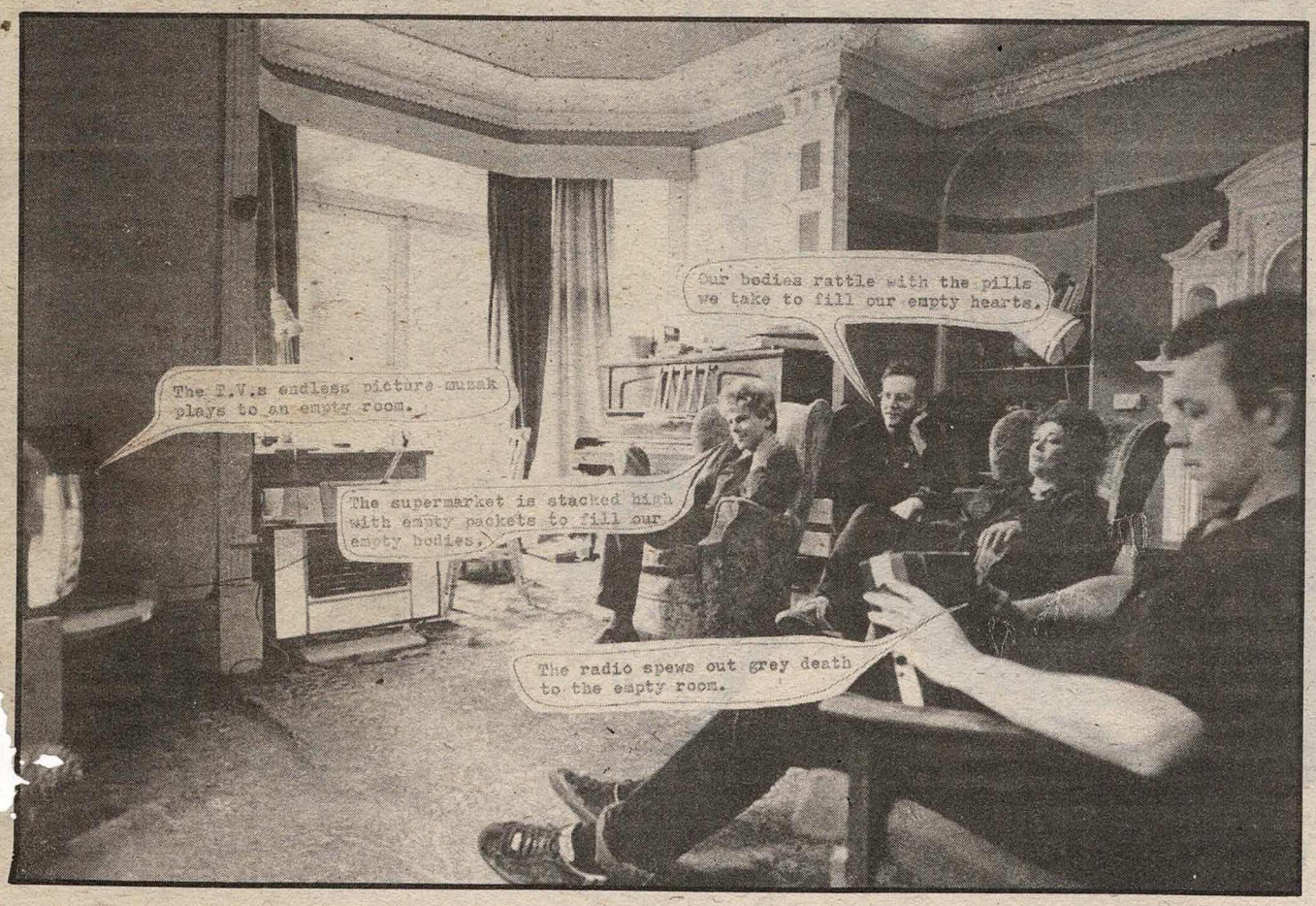
The two Poison Girls tracks on the single are 'Closed Shop' and 'Piano Lessons', and while both songs are undeniably bright, sharp and calculatingly brittle neither comes close to the passion manifest throughout all eight numbers on 'Hex', the band's soon to be released 45 r.p.m LP.

Poison Girls music is created out of emotion, confusion, and a conviction that rock is just about the only medium through which it is still possible to communicate ideas and feelings to people still young and / or aware enough to accept and promote change.

"What medium is there left to talk to people through if not rock?" asks Lance. "I don't know if people read poetry anymore, I don't know how seriously people take what they see at the cinema . . . What is there left?"

"I think rock 'n' roll has to be uncomfortable somewhere along the line," says Richard Famous. "I find lots of this record we've just done ('Hex') very uncomfortable. I'll listen to it and there are certain times when I'll laugh and giggle, because that's a reaction to something that's uncomfortable. There's no way that I would be interested

■ *Continues over*


Our bodies rattle with the pills we take to fill our empty hearts.
The T.V.s endless picture muzak plays to an empty room.
The supermarket is stacked high with empty packets to fill our empty bodies.
The radio spews out grey death to the empty room.
Poison Girls (L–R): Richard Famous, Bernhardt Rebours, Vi Squad, Lance d'Boyle. Italo Filmag style song lyric quotations selected by Mike Laye. Well, it's his picture . . .

POISON GIRLS

■ *From previous page.*

in making any kind of music that *doesn't* have that effect on me.

"We're on the edge all the time. The edge is where you have to be, because if you're on the edge of exposing something then you're not in the polarised position of preaching something at your audience. The edge is where the band and audience mingle — if you're on the edge you're communicating something."

Visually Poison Girls present a confusing and unrepentant hotch-potch. They are unusual and provocative, and they know it.

Vi: "We have had trouble with audiences. It's not just the words and the things we are saying, it's also the way we look ... I think our aim should be to turn that into an advantage. At the moment our image is an obstacle because very often people get embarrassed, and if I'm on a stage and I can feel an audience is scared then that scares me ... And every time we get up on stage it's like an act of faith."

Famous: "I think simply being who we are on a stage at the gigs we play must shake a lot of kids' conceptions about what going to a punk gig is all about. In their eyes we are not all we should be, and in that way we are effective."

Lance: "I think it's getting better. The responses we've been getting lately indicate that we are finally getting through."

Vi: "One punk girl came up to me after we'd played at The Moonlight and said, 'I wish my mam was like you.' And I said, 'Well, perhaps she is but just doesn't know how to show it' (laughs) or there again, perhaps she isn't?"

Poison Girls have got be be one of the most painfully open and unguarded bunches of individuals ever to put themselves under the public spotlight.

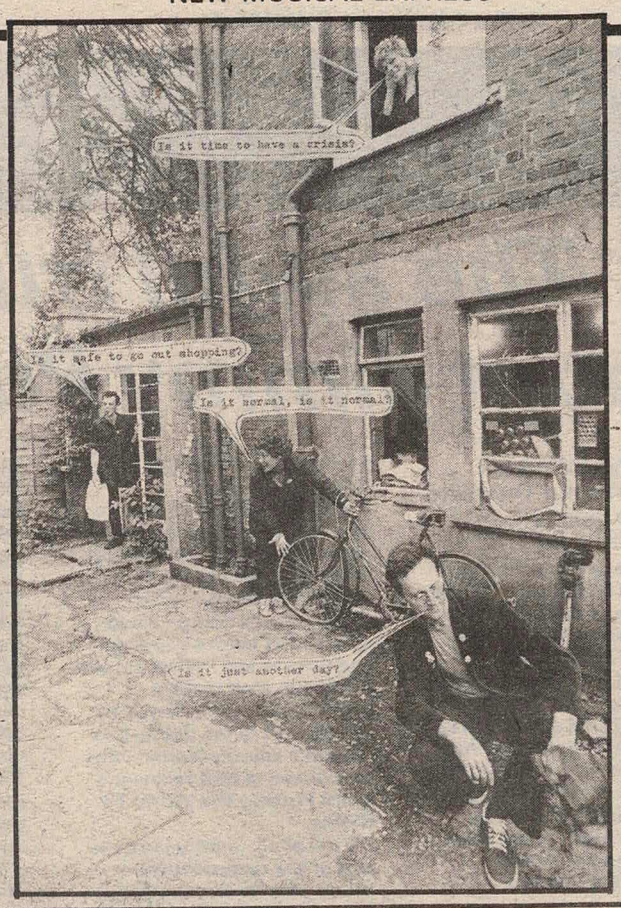
It would be the easiest thing in the world to be cynical about them — and I must confess to a certain reluctance in accepting their particular brand of radicialism, before going to meet them. Thankfully that reluctance was dissipated rapidly in the face of their obvious and infectious sincerity, and the gruellingly compelling vehicle they create as transport for their ideas and emotions.

Poison Girls do good sculptures.

Yes, 50% of this band are probably old enough to be your parents; if you think that fact has any importance it's probably because you read lots of magazines, watch lots of TV and have never heard 'Hex'. You might not like it, but it could change your life.

JOHN HAMBLETT

THRILLS



Rush to buy council homes

Maggie praises Tesco

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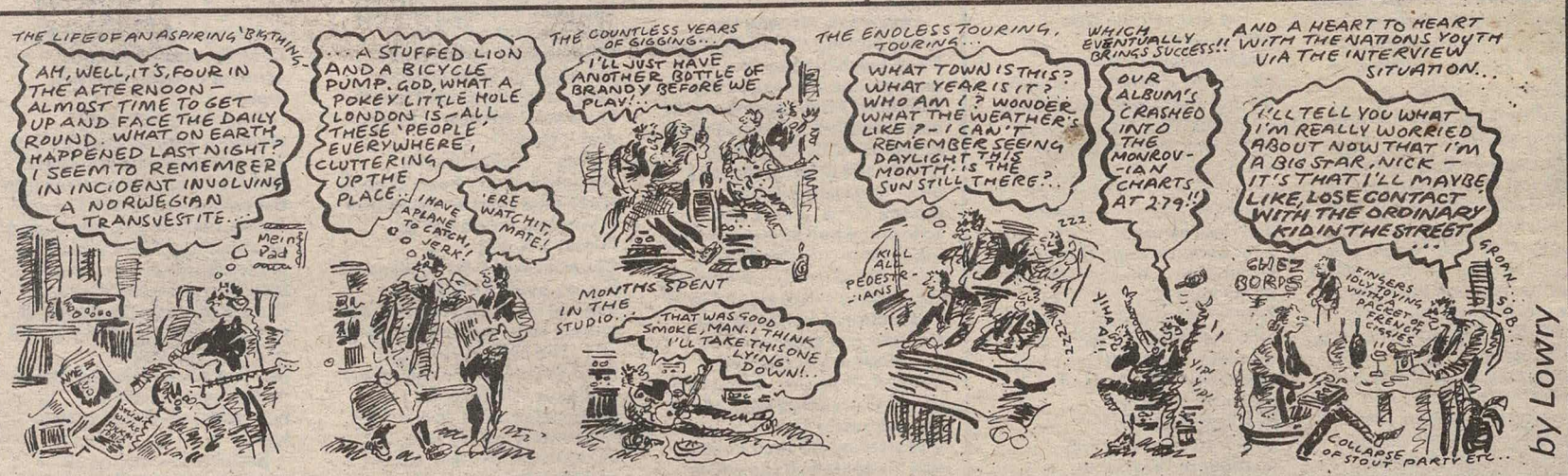
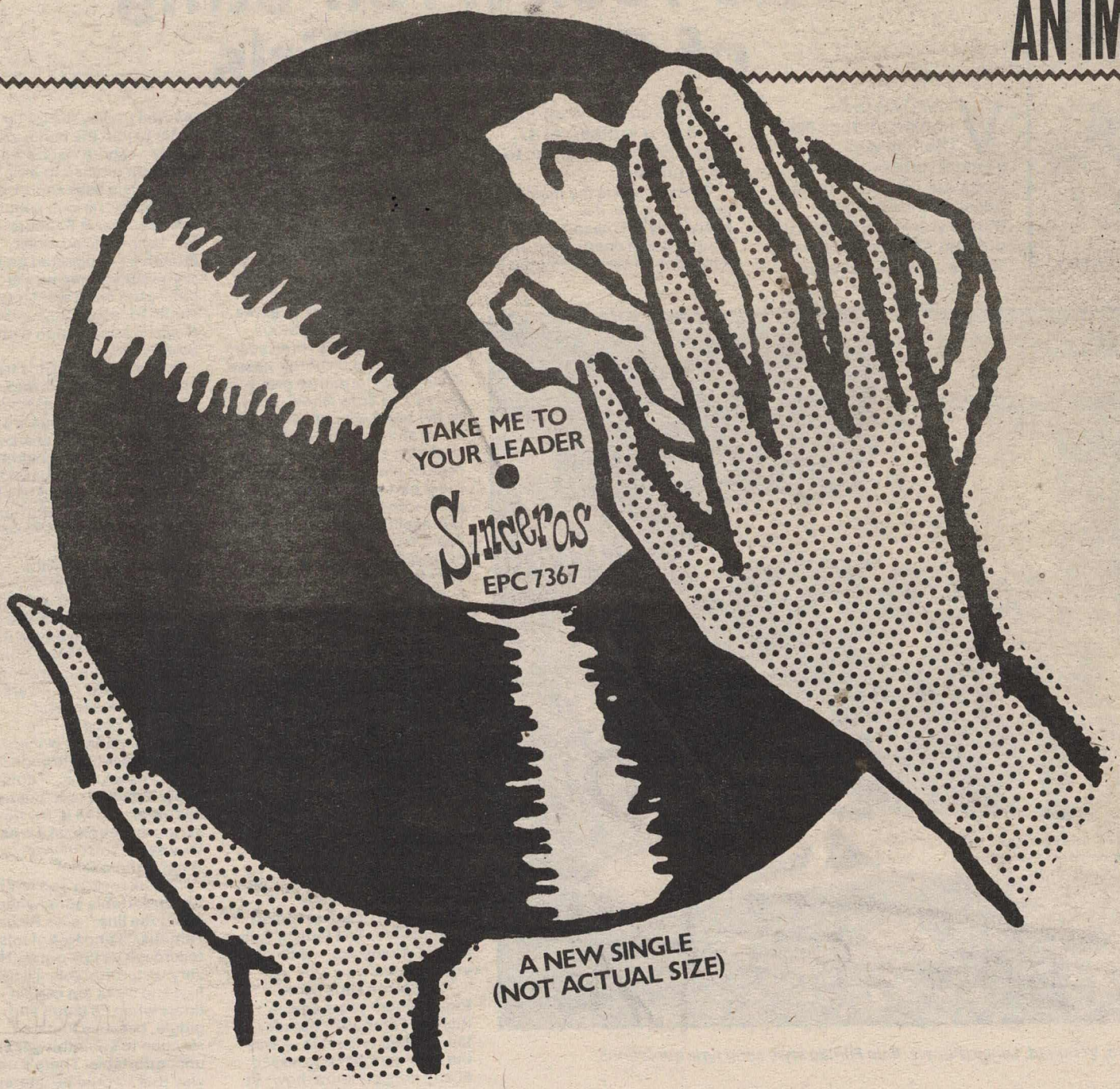
A selection of rib-ticklers from two of Britain's leading periodicals (the Daily Mail, the Bath Evening Chronicle) that allow readers to pose irrelevant questions about the hapless victims of coincidence. Like, for instance: "How long have Rush been on the housing list" asks Richard Adams of Bath. While Alan Jamieson of Middlesex wonders what the suburban superstar could have done to deserve the PM's patronage. Meanwhile, one Brian Wilson claims to have discovered fresh evidence about the mystery that surrounds ex-Beatle John's absence from today's pop scene. Seems he's running a car park in Cornwall, dunnit?

It's Not Only Rock'n'Roll

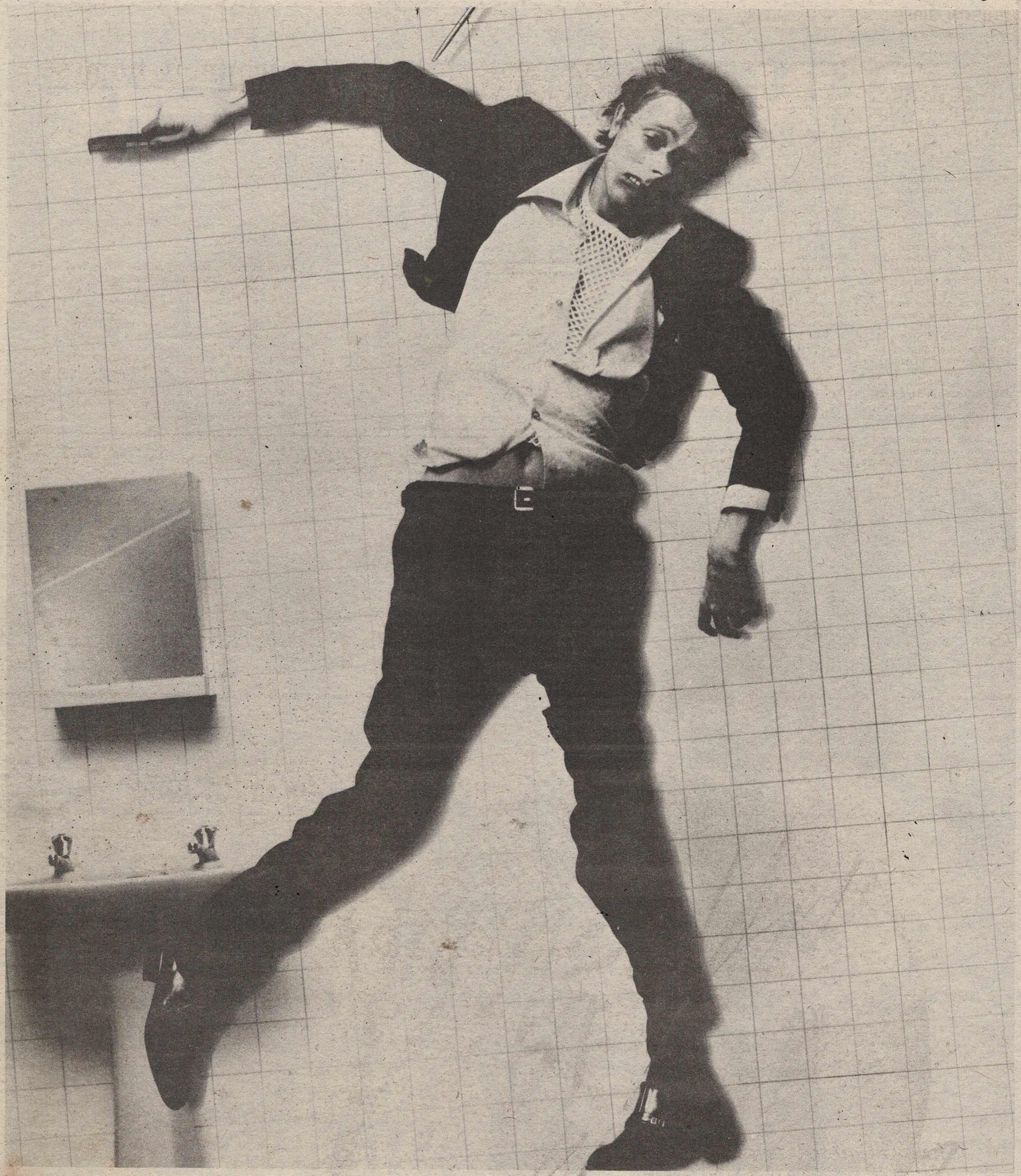

THE LIFE OF AN ASPIRING 'BATHING'...
AH, WELL, IT'S, FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON — ALMOST TIME TO GET UP AND FACE THE DAILY ROUND. WHAT ON EARTH HAPPENED LAST NIGHT? I SEEM TO REMEMBER IN INCIDENT INVOLVING A NORWEGIAN TRANSVESTITE...
Mein Dad
...A STUFFED LION AND A BICYCLE PUMP. GOD, WHAT A POKEY LITTLE HOLE LONDON IS — ALL THESE 'PEOPLE' EVERYWHERE, CLUTTERING UP THE PLACE...
I HAVE A PLANE TO CATCH, JERK!
'ERE WATCH IT, MATE!
THE COUNTLESS YEARS OF GIGGING...
I'LL JUST HAVE ANOTHER BOTTLE OF BRANDY BEFORE WE PLAY!...
MONTHS SPENT IN THE STUDIO...
THAT WAS GOOD SMOKE, MAN. I THINK I'LL TAKE THIS ONE LYING DOWN!..
THE ENDLESS TOURING, TOURING...
WHAT TOWN IS THIS? WHAT YEAR IS IT? WHO AM I? WONDER WHAT THE WEATHER'S LIKE? — I CAN'T REMEMBER SEEING DAYLIGHT THIS MONTH. IS THE SUN STILL THERE?..
KILL ALL PEDESTRIANS
ZZZZ...
WHICH EVENTUALLY BRINGS SUCCESS!!
OUR ALBUM'S CRASHED INTO THE MONROVIAN CHARTS AT 279!!
WHA A!!
AND A HEART TO HEART WITH THE NATIONS YOUTH VIA THE INTERVIEW SITUATION...
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'M REALLY WORRIED ABOUT NOW THAT I'M A BIG STAR, NICK — IT'S THAT I'LL MAYBE, LIKE, LOSE CONTACT WITH THE ORDINARY KID IN THE STREET...
GROAN... SOB...
CHEZ BORIS
FINGERS IDLY TOYING WITH A PACKET OF FRENCH CIGGIES
COLLAPSE OF STOUT PARTY ETC...

by Lowry

AN IMPORTANT FACT
Epic



A NEW SINGLE
(NOT ACTUAL SIZE)



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June 21st Limit, Sheffield
June 23rd Whitcombe Lodge, Cheltenham
JUNE 25th FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER

JCC1 Epic

A lesson in Metaphysics

Thrills greets an original Dharma Bum

CAMBRIDGE POETRY Festival 1979, and the serenity of a quiet evening in Cambridge is temporarily shattered by the presence of a balding middle-aged man — a shabby figure, blessed nonetheless with the kind of social grace that would put anyone at their ease.

Two heavy duty crew-cut undergraduates stalk meaningfully toward the small stage. "You know something, Ginsberg . . . You're a bunch of shit."

Many have dismissed Allen Ginsberg as a misguided lunatic. Many more recognise him as our greatest living poet.

His output of poetry during the last thirty years is phenomenal, spanning innumerable volumes and permutations. In the early '50s, in the smoky downtown cafes of New York City and San Francisco, he and Jack Kerouac were the leaders of a breed of forward-thinking, anti-establishment 'beat' poets.

In the mid-'70s he accompanied the semi-legendary Rolling Thunder tour as a performer and as a close friend of Dylan, and appeared in *Renaldo And Clara*. He is featured in William Burroughs Jnr's novel *Speed*, and is known to have jammed with Iggy, John Lennon and Patti Smith . . .

Most significantly, the work of the beat poets — with plenty of help from Timothy Leary and R. D. Laing — pioneered the flower-power era that has given shape and direction to any concept of 'modern' consciousness.

A cult figure and early ally for such so-called social miscreants as junkies and homosexuals, he is sojourning briefly in England (his first visit in six years) — a curious breath of fresh air.

Three generations filled the corn exchange; hordes of eager disciples clustered around the stage, hands waving copies of poetry books, faces as patient and reverent as a communion queue.

How fitting that Cambridge — one of Britain's most traditional and antique seats of learning — should be the setting for the first of Ginsberg's performances of songs and poetry, accompanied by Peter Orlovsky, close friend and fellow teacher at Kerouac's School of Disembodied Poetics (also currently celebrating the publication of *Clean Asshole Poems And Smiling Vegetable Songs).* Completing the line-up is Steven Taylor, who plays acoustic guitar and provides third party harmony on some of the songs.

Ginsberg prepares to beam down over Cambridge. Pic: Joe Stevens.

Fitting, too, that the first 'number' should be William Blake's *Nurses Song* — musical arrangement provided by Dylan. Ginsberg and Orlovsky sing from the gut, with infectious and lusty abandon; Ginsberg operating a tiny wooden harmonium purchased in India for 30 dollars. Immediately, an unexpected rapport is established and I begin to understand Kerouac's notion of Holy Lunacy as the entire audience participates in the refrain *"and all the hills echo it".* It echoes round the appalling acoustics of the Corn Exchange.

If I shave off my beard that'll really screw up their layout person . . .

A deceptive calm is shattered as Orlovsky goes solo with 25 minutes of gusty delivery of his own poetry; earthy, primitive humour. The trio join forces for a gay lib rag. But *Mindbreaths* and *Ode To Plutonium* are the really serious contributions, where Ginsberg's currency springs from the language of ordinary people, the power of the spoken word; beautiful, pastoral imagery.

And so to the famed *Punk Rock Your My Big Crybaby* poem: *". . . . . Drums! / Whatta lotta noise you want a revolution? / Wanna apocalypse? Blow up in dynamite sound?"*

The evening ends with Blake's *Tiger, Tiger,* set to heartbeat rhythms and rapturous applause from the spectators.

As the ritual of autographs rages on, I grab Ginsberg for a few words. What areas of the current music scene do you find yourself in harmony with?

"Oh, in New York we listen to The Clash a lot. The Sex Pistols' 'Anarchy In The UK' is great. You know, Peter Orlovsky's girlfriend is Denise Mercedes who worked with Rat Scabies in London and took her ideas back to New York to form a band called The Stimulators"

Orlovsky enquires after John Rotten's state of health — any problem habits? I reply there's a lot you could say to that, but I don't think there's a junk problem . . .

Ginsberg comments: "Dylan is a very intelligent young man, he takes long breaths, you know?"

I ask if he's heard of Linton Kwesi Johnson, John Cooper Clark?

"Uh . . . Who? . . . No."

Kerouac once wrote: "These new pure poets confess forth for the sheer joy of confessing." They still do. And beat is back.

CHARLOTTE WYLIE

THRILLS

The Lone Groover — *Benyon*

HEY STRANGER! DIG Y'FABRICS MAN, Y'SHOULD BE ON TH' STAGE—
THERE'S ONE LEAVIN' TONN IN HALF AN HOUR..... HAW! HE! HA!
WAIT A MINUTE— TH' MASK! A FACELESS DUDE! AN ANONYMOUS GROOVER! HEY! I KNOW WHO YOU ARE—
SIGH!
OVER HERE! THIS CATS OUTTA DIRE STRAITS....
SOMETIMES A DUDE'S ROADIE HAS T'DO WHAT A DUDES ROADIE HAS T'DO—
BONK

LET IT RAIN! THERE'S A HEATWAVE ON OFFER AT WOOLWORTH.

Close on the heels of their first two hit albums, 'Too Hot to Handle' and 'Central Heating', comes Heatwave's new album release, 'Hot Property.'

Remember Heatwave's first great single, 'Boogie Nights'? It sold over two million and laid the foundations for a string of further successes which included 'Groove Line' and 'Mind Blowing Decisions'.

'Razzle Dazzle', from the new 'Hot Property,' album seems certain to become their sixth hit single in a row.

And 'Hot Property' will definitely be Heatwave's third hit album out of three.

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Produced by Bob Ezrin

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Bobby Bare: All American Good Ol' Boy?

"THE EAGLES and California country?" muses Bobby Bare. "I guess you could say that my stuff was California country right back in the beginning — when I was cutting all those first sides for RCA during the early '60s. I was living in California and flying to Nashville to record. I'd do a demo in LA and the guys I'd use as pickers would include Seals and Croft, along with Leon Russell and James Burton."

Bare is groove faced and black stetsoned: an Elam or Palance turned country singer. An unlikely guy to have a debut hit with a song called 'All American Boy', which he did, back in 1958.

But then, Bare has always been an uneasy rider in the country saddle. During the early '60s he made it as a pop idol thanks to million-sellers like 'Detroit City' and 'Four Strong Winds' — also taking time to contribute a batch of songs to a Chubby Checker movie.

In recent years he's cut a number of albums featuring songs penned by Shel Silverstein, the last in this series providing back-up work for Dr Hook, with whom he's been known to jam on occasion. Since signed by Bill Graham, of Filmore fame, Bare has set Nashville on its head by recording 'Sleeper Wherever I Fall,' his $100,000 bid for a platinum album.

"Most Nashville albums are a hit single and nine rejects," claims Bare. "But this one took nearly three months to piece together. I know it was expensive but that's what it takes if you want to do things right. Record companies make a lot of money off albums, so if you *do* get things right and come up with something that's potentially a platinum job, then the investment is really very small. I mean, fifty or a hundred thousand dollars on a million seller is nothing if you think that they're getting around seven million dollars back."

'Sleeper', which is the work of a brace of producers in Kyle Lehning (England Dan and John Ford Coley) and Steve Gibson (Gene Cotton and Lynn Anderson), is a heavy album as far as Opry county's concerned, the tracks ranging from a fair stab at the Stones' 'The Last Time' through to cuts that might easily have materialised on Dylan and Tony Joe White sessions. The line-up of musicians is also notable for the number of new names culled from the local M.U. roster.

"Yeah, I used the new players in town," says Bare, stetson flipping. "It's like when I first started recording for RCA, doin' 'Detroit City', 'Shame On You' and all those things. At that time I went out and found guys like Charlie McCoy and Boots Randolph, people who were new then. As a matter of fact, I made a specific request to Chet (Atkins) in '62, that we didn't use the normal Nashville session men because I was so unknown that I felt intimidated by them. I couldn't tell them what to play or anything like that because they knew more than I did. But with new pickers in the studio, I could start giving orders!

"Y'know, I've got this theory. I believe that rock music is 80/85% sound and around 15/20% song content, while country music is the exact opposite. On 'Sleep' I tried to acquire something of a more even balance. I don't think I quite reached it . . . but whoever does provide that balance is really gonna come up with something!"

FRED DELLAR

THRILLS

Bobby Bare bobbin' and barefootin'. Pic: Paul Canty.

The good old days — 1966. Julie Rogers, Val Doonican, Rosemary Nicols and some other incredibly famous person strafe the audience with stunning repartee and up-to-the-minute musical insights . . .

But will it be the same without Katie Boyle?

FAR BACK at the veritable dawn of Dawn of History, i.e. the late '50s, they gave us *Juke Box Jury*.

Four selected panellists sat in judgement on the week's pop discs. Inevitably the Hits were largely Misses and the Misses somehow missed being Hits. Hits were saluted by an amiable ting on a tabletop bell (finger on the Button: David Jacobs) while the same elegant hand consigned Misses to perdition with a throaty croak on a superannuated klaxon.

It was all good clean fun, and if the attraction spots in the middle of the prog — where an actual *recording artiste,* presence concealed from the Panel, writhed under the lash of unkind judgement — were inclined towards the gratification of the sadistically prurient, who gave a shit?

But with the Coming of The Era of the Double LP with Lyric Sheet, all such vanities as dividing 'product' into Hits and Misses seemed hardly reverent enough. *Juke Box Jury* was judged superfluous, and junked.

Now it's coming back. A new, simpler, finer age has dawned.

(Scrap that last bit. We've just learned that the Chairman will be Noel Edmonds).

Saturday June 16, at six forty of the clock, is the time and date set. The BBC intend to produce nine shows in all. How about panellists? "No pattern has yet been decided upon," a spokespersonette told *Thrills*. "Just . . . people who'd be fun to have."

A Fun Person who could offer a word or two of advice with regard to this, and other ones, is none other than *NME* News Editor Derek Johnson, a respected veteran of the music world, and a man, moreover, with whom it is always a pleasure to do business. Under the suave chairmanship of Jacobs, D, Johnson, D, put in no less than four appearances on *JBJ*. None of the records he judged was outstanding enough to lodge in his memory, however — "Except I remember one of them was a Beatles tune." Which one? "Ah, there you have me."

Derek sat next to Brenda Lee, who was perched, he remembers, on a stack of cushions (the lady being something of a shortarse). We asked him for any advice he might care to pass on to new-style panellists.

"Never castigate out of hand," he told us. "Remember, an awful lot of energy, blood, sweat and tears etcetera has gone into what you hear. It's just a bunch of young people doing their darnedest. What's more, you can easily make a prat of yourself destroying something which then goes on to sell millions of copies and corners the Hot Slot worldwide in what can only be described as a viable way."

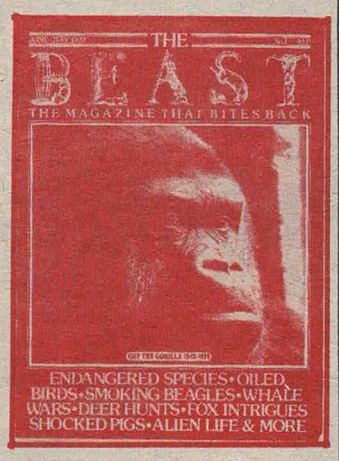
TONY TYLA

THRILLS

*ANYONE interested in Animal Liberation will also be interested in **The Beast**, a new bi-monthly magazine whose first 34-page issue hit the stands last week. Including a comprehensive news section, carefully researched features and a comprehensive list of contact addresses, **The Beast** is an ambitious and informative attempt to cover all aspects of the subject. Available from Clanose Publishers Ltd, 2 Blenheim Crescent, London W11 1NN, price 40p+ 10p post and packing.*

UBU THE OWL

THRILLS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NOBODY ROCKS NOBODY ROLLS NOBODY DOES IT BETTER

NOBODY-THE GOOD TIME ROCK 'N' ROLL SINGLE FROM

GERAINT WATKINS & the DOMINATORS

featured on their debut album Geraint Watkins & the Dominators

Album 9102 033
Cassette 7231 023
Single 6059 224

VERTIGO

marketed by phonogram

Gonna make you a hit, man — and you can't refuse . . .

'SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER' was the Mob's first big hit according to a series of TV programmes aired on America's NBC network which examined the degree of criminal infiltration into rock music.

Reporter Brian Ross claimed: "The Mafia has become one of the biggest producers of records and tapes in this county."

RSO Records may have sold 23 million copies of the 'SNF' double album but Federal investigators believe that mob counterfeiters made more money from the LP than the label did "because they didn't have to pay any royalties."

An informant, shown only in silhouette, told Ross that it's easy to get products into record shops. "It's done by finding the right person with the record store, with the company, or the buyer for the company who's willing to accept some kind of payment, a kickback, to put it into his store.

"I don't think there's a store you can go into and not find some counterfeit product on a given day."

Aside from counterfeiting, Ross examined mob control of rock bands. Rare Earth, who sold 2 million copies of their first album, discovered their manager was involved with Joe Ullo, a reported mob enforcer. Ross claimed: "By 1976 Ullo was boasting to his associates that he had taken over a hidden interest in Rare Earth by providing mob money and mob muscle to take care of the band's debts."

He continued: "It was a different story for Three Dog Night, and police are also investigating Ullo's relationship with this rock group. The accountant for the group was shot in the arm and paralysed in what police believe was a mob dispute over control of Three Dog Night."

Another report centred on the promotion of rock concerts in Chicago. A Federal grand jury is currently investigating allegations that city officials were bribed in order to get exclusive rights on outdoor festivals in the city.

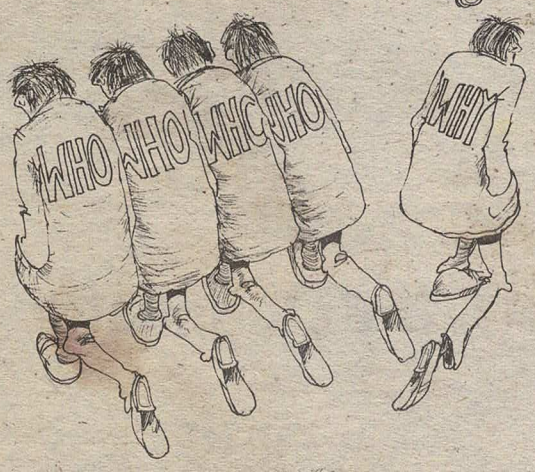
Ted Nugent claims he was the victim of a mob scheme in Chicago, getting paid for an audience of only 56,000 people, when police estimated there were upwards of 90,000 in attendance. Nugent reckons it cost him £100,000.

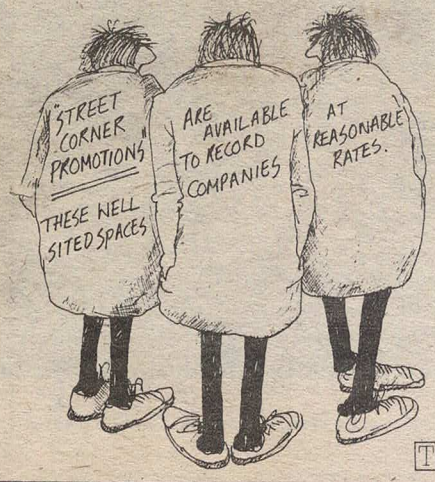
Other cases cited were numerous instances of payola, and the vast amounts of money made through illegal merchandising. It seems wherever there's money to be made, the mob is at hand.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

Benyon goes Mod





THE END

The Regulars

Debut album 'Victim'

including The Regulars Number 1 reggae hit "Where Is Jah" and their new single "Fool's Game".

Every album includes a **FREE 3 track 12" single*,** with "Fool's Game" and two previously unavailable tracks "Bombay Duck" and "Funky Shack".

*Three tracks are included on the cassette version.

Album CBS 83541 Cassette CBS 40-83541

"Shades In Bed" The Records debut LP to include, for a limited period "High Heels" FREE 12" EP

Produced by Robert John Lange + Tim Friese Green

Tour Dates
June 8 The Penthouse Scarborough
June 9 Saddleworth Festival
June 10 Boogie House Norwich
June 11 Smartyz Chester
June 12 Limit Club Sheffield
June 14 Fan Club Leeds
June 15 Lafayette Wolverhampton
June 16 Sandpiper Nottingham
June 18 Pop Club York
June 20 Stowaway Club Newport Gwent
June 21 Barbarellas Birmingham
June 22 The Village Newport Salop.
June 23 J.B's Dudley
June 25 Villiers Hall Leicester University
June 26 The Locarno Portsmouth
June 27 Village Bowl Bournemouth
June 28 The Marquee London
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June 30 Oscars Liverpool
July 1 The Locarno Bristol
Special guests Local Operator
Booked by Cowbell tel 01-262 7253
Virgin V2122 available on cassette

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SINGLES

THERE are no singles this week from: Buzzcocks, Blondie, B-52's, Boomtown Rats, David Bowie, Elvis Costello, Clash, John Cooper Clark, Devo, Ian Dury, Essential Logic, Flying Lizards, Fabulous Poodles, Gang Of Four, Human League, Jam, Kleenex, Kinks, Lurkers, Members, Mekons, Normal, O Level, Penetration, Passage, Protex, Raincoats, Ramones, Sham 69, Spizz Energi, Spherical Objects, Scars, Siouxsie and The Banshees, Swell Maps, Sparks, TV Personalities, Undertones or X-Ray Spex but there are ENOUGH GOOD SINGLES THIS WEEK TO MAKE YOU ANNOYED THAT YOU CAN'T AFFORD THEM ALL.

SINGLES OF THE WEEK

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN: The Pictures On My Wall (Zoo). The first piece of seven inch perfection from the excellent Liverpool Zoo label, who are at the core of a Liverpool movement that threatens quite rightly to dominate the last few months of the last year of the decade.

After likeable but resistable records from Those Naughty Lumps, Teardrop Explodes and a cherishable Big In Japan memorial comes this powerfully produced, tenaciously structured record — one of the most elegant and distinctive of the year.

Whoever the Bunnymen are, they sound so experienced and assured. 'The Pictures On My Wall' is chunky and acoustic, determined and haunting, and puts me in mind of Love at their most treacherous, with that same kind of penetrating flexibility. Despite/because of its refreshing lack of obvious discordancy, distortion or anything angular, it is compellingly contemporary. Echo And The Bunnymen are a rich, new and welcome sound. Go to them.

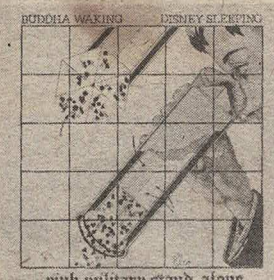
THE SMIRKS: To You (Smirksongs/Virgin). The Smirks come to us! At last it's easy to fall for The Smirks, who've made the new pop single of the week if not the month. Both sides of this record do imaginative things with guitars, pace and harmonies that add whole new layers of delight to the brisk Buzzcocks motion manner. No wonder The Smirks have stubbornly carried on even though they were dumped by Beserkely and no one seemed to love them, if this is what they're capable of. Why haven't you shown us before, Smirklads? This will be a hit, and The Smirks will smile properly, not just bravely.

RUNNERS UP

WIRE: A Question Of Degree (Harvest). An alluring single from the inscrutable Wire. Hardly as idiosyncratic as previous chart shots, but actually more insidious. It starts off a little angry, then sort of gets jolly and finally introduces all sorts of decoration to interrupt its stern march. It's deliciously put together. I feel Wire are maturing sneakily well and beginning to understand how to blend compression, discipline and idiosyncrasy. The B side, 'Former Airplane', opens the curtains on a Wire just wild with frustration. It looks like the third LP will be rather persuasive.

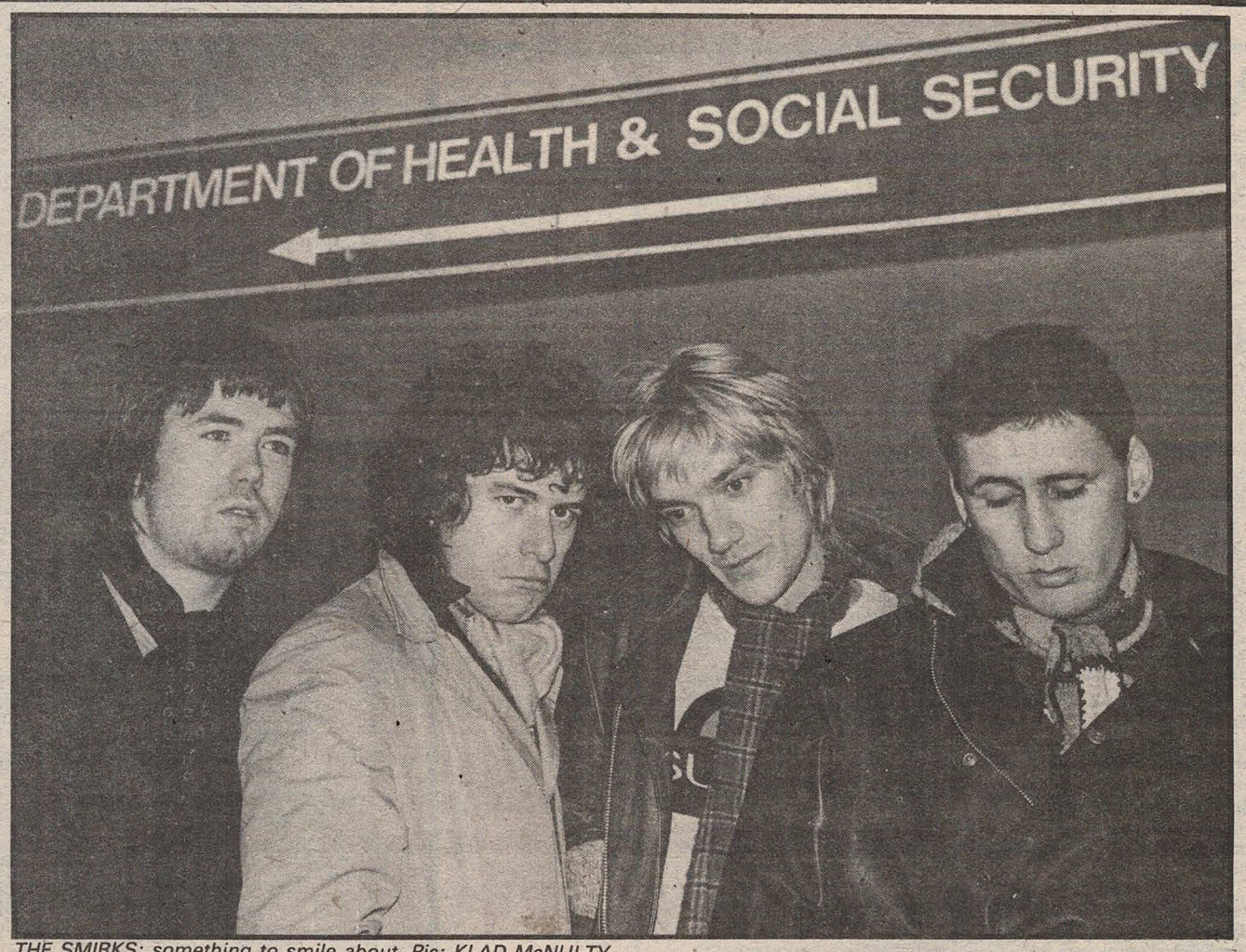
WALTER STEDING: Get Ready (Red Star). A three-track wacky New York EP by violinist Steding, produced by Blondie's Chris Stein, featuring Robert Fripp, that should be readily available as Faulty Products are importing it. The record shares the same sense of persistent primitivism and cheeky hostility as Spizz Energi's 'Cold City' EP. It's worth checking out. Steding's violin is reckless, the vocals are strangulated, Fripp's guitar is wayward. Two of the pieces are grimly whimsical and one is some short noise. There are no traces of Blondie whatsoever, so don't be silly.

PINK MILITARY STAND ALONE: Buddha Waking Disney Sleeping (Last Trumpet). More Liverpool freakiness you can't do without. Although you might find the four tracks painfully withdrawn and erratic, I'll have more faith in you if you find them habit forming. The four dangerous doodles, 'Degenerated Man', 'Sanjo Kantara,' 'Clown Town,' and 'Heaven/Hell' were recorded live at Eric's early last December, and sound chronically undynamic and colourless unless played healthily loud so the sound can be allowed to take shape. Untamed and fluid noise fronted by the diabolical moaning of ex-Big In Japan delinquent Jayne. A thoroughly unpolite record.



pink military stand alone

FRANTIC ELEVATORS: Voice In The Dark (TJM). More tempting Manchester poppety pop. This isn't as convincing as Buzzcocks, The Distractions or The Smirks, but it's nippy, well designed and has to be welcomed into the homes of those whose lives would be very bleak without The Undertones. The two songs on the B side are silly, like they've been listening to too much Diggle and not enough Shelley.



THE SMIRKS: something to smile about. Pic: KLAD McNULTY.

MISSING PRESUMED DEAD: Say It With Flowers (Sequel). A London sextet, MPD make a gentle but insistent music that has exquisite sense of poise and style. All four songs on this well-made EP are dexterous, deep layed and feature sweet, concise sax from one Davy Baby. His artful lines elevate the music well above average.

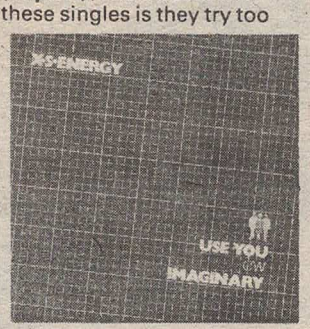
MEMORIES AREN'T MADE OF THESE

ADVERTS: My Place (RCA)
THE EDGE: Downhill (Hurricane)
BRIAN JAMES: Ain't That A Shame (Hurricane).
MENACE: Final Vinyl (Small Wonder). Dark records these, really. Nostalgia items. The Adverts on RCA, looking for a way in, sound closer to Donovan, Crosby and Nash than the group we once didn't know whether to like, feel sorry for or hope they'd go away. The B side is a live 'New Church' — no damned resurgence here, yet. The Edge, with ex-Damned man Lu, and the man he replaced, Brian James, are two grimy entertainers who stalk the London circuit, never breaking out past the Nashville or their own mini-reputations. With such spirited but ordinary records that's not surprising. Menace's farewell salute is traditional chant punk without the pressure of Angelic Upstarts or the exhortation of Sham.

PETER POWELL SMOOTH FAVES.

INTERVIEW: You Don't Have To Lie To Me (Virgin).
THE POP: Down On The Boulevard (Arista).
THE ZONES: Looking To The Future (Arista).
THE SINCEROS: Take Me To Your Leader (Epic).
THE KNACK: My Sharona (Capitol). The trouble with these singles is they try too hard to be good traditional pop. They're more concerned with nice sound than impulsive individuality. They all follow the rules without attempting to make some new ones themselves. They're all reasonable and attractive and I won't mind too much hearing them on the radio for the eight week span.

Interview, who blend the spit of Costello with the polish of ELO, and The Sinceros, a deliberate three minutes of high commerciality, are my favourites of the five and the more likely to be hits. The American duo Knack and Pop are cool, conventional and of course clean, with a better chance than The Zones of charting. The Zones need to blow their noses. None of these singles possess a quarter of the zest and crack of the real pop of the week, The Smirks and Frantic Elevators, but have all the money and promotion behind them.



Reviewed this week by PAUL MORLEY

THE GOOD . . .

DRY RIB: The Dry Season (Clockwork).
ALTERNOMEN UNLIMITED: Facade (Object).
THE CRAVATS: The End (Small Wonder).
COM-SAT ANGELS: Red Planet (Junta/Company).
DOCTORMIX: No Fun (Rough Trade). For many it is now easier and more convenient to make records than to gig. The satisfaction must be greater, too. A lot of new music is purely studio experimental, whether pop or avant garde, and what has happened over the last couple of years is that a huge conversation has formed. These five records are excellent examples of the underground conversation, full of ideas, incident and care. There's the appealing frivolity of The Cravats, the earnest concern of Com-Sat Angels and Dry Rib, the smartness of Alternomen Unlimited and then fuzzy hallucination of Doctormix. Only The Cravats are the kind suited to live performance.

THE BAD . . .

MURDER THE DISTURBED: Genetic Disturbed (Small Wonder).
XS ENERGY: Use You (Dead Good).
SECOND LAYER: Flesh As Property (Tortch R).
THE MARTYRS: Pig Pen Victim (What?).
ACCELERATORS: It's Cool To Rock (Wide Open). Three records from the same conversation, and a couple of American preparations; a collection of riffs. West coast groups The Martyrs and The Accelerators have dutifully discovered standard punk tricks almost everyone else has tired of. Newcastle's Murder Genetic Disturbed; Surrey's Second Layer and Lincoln's XS Energy are not noticeably more fulfilling, each an unsurprising featureless new wave exertion. So the conversation gets a little mundane now and then.

HEAVEN

WINGS: Old Siam, Sir (MPL).
ART GARFUNKEL: Since I Don't Have You (CBS).
PETER FRAMPTON: I Can't Stand It No More (A&M).
MANFRED MANN EARTH BAND: Don't Kill It Carol (Bronze).
NEIL DIAMOND: The American Popular Song (CBS).
THE BEACH BOYS: Lady Lynda (Caribou). Back to reality. Don't knock the rock. Six immaculate records, at least four of which will lace the top 30 with its omnipresent sobering sense of the appalling.

Next to Pink Military, Alternomen Unlimited, Echo And The Bunnymen, X S Energy, The Neat, it hits hard just how much all this is a totally different and irrelevant world yet somehow very much part of our world. The new elderly MOR music clings gracelessly to its youth. The thought that the bright Smirks could share the charts with Wings' rosy Rod Stewart impression or the Earthband's toy symphony or Neil Diamond's crumbling epic fills me with cold fear for some reason. Art Garfunkel and Peter Frampton sound less relevant to our world than Maggie and Giscard; on Garfunkel's 'Since I Don't Have You' I hear nothing but squeamy perfection, on Frampton's 'I Can't Stand It No More' I hear nothing but the sound of sand dribbling through chubby fingers. The Beach Boys novelty number 'Lady Lynda' is probably the saddest of them all.

None of these singles have picture covers. None of these singles have any soul.

HELL

DUFFO: Tower Of Madness (Beggars Banquet).
MONTE CAZAZZA: To Mom On Mothers Day (Industrial). Here comes Duffo again; oops, there he goes. The Rolf Harris of the '80s.

Cazazza is a reclusive Oakland artist whose performances have 'violated' the sensibilities of indignant art critics . . . he's been described as a 'brilliant monster', 'art gangster', and a 'real sick guy'. He has been discovered and exploited by my friend Genesis P. Orridge, he of Throbbing Gristle. This is the first non TG record on Industrial Records, and it seems Cazazza has signed a lifetime deal. It also seems that through a series of intentions Cazazza has yet to hear the record he's made: his ears were blocked while he recorded it. I ripped up the small poster that comes with the single, a clumsily contrived photograph of a cute looking Cazazza clenching his bleeding heart that he's just torn out of his chest to give to his mom, stuffed the little bits into my ear and then played the single. I couldn't hear a thing. It's awful. My advice to you is to ignore the creep.

I'll see you around.

ROCKERS TIME

YOUR REGGAE ROUND UP

Pic: KATE SIMON

ROCKERS TIME HALL OF FAME: TRINITY

WHEN they wheeled the drum synthesizer into Studio One, I reckon **Coxsone Dodd** must have been rubbing his hands with glee: 'Whoopee! Another electronic gadget I can abuse . . . let me at it!' So he pulled out a handful of old rhythms and set about them with a sly hint of syndrums. Subtlety hasn't always been Dodd's byword at the mixing board, and after twenty years in the business, some of his mixes still come out a bit confused and muddy, to say the least; so with everyone else bunging in syndrums where they're least wanted, you might have expected the worst from Brentford Road.

Fortunately, his first records featuring this novelty toy are carefully made; the best is **Ernest Ranglin's 'Surfing' (Studio One)**, a classy guitar instrumental with shades of Wes Montgomery and Kenny Burrell, and an eerie wailing to provide extra atmosphere. Ranglin is JA's best guitarist, and probably found simple stuff like this a bit dull (it was recorded about eight years ago), but it sounds good to me, even with the added drums. Ah well, I always was a bit of a simpleton.

Also on **Studio One**, check **Ernest Wilson's 'Why Oh Why?'** and **Basil Daley's 'Hold Me Baby'**, both vocal records with drum synthesizer intruding only slightly; they're not classics by any means, so don't expect too much; they're merely enjoyable.

Ken Boothe has one of the meanest voices in reggae, full of anguish and vengeance, and when he bites into a good song he always comes up snarling, as on **'You're No Good' (Attack, 12")**, not the Betty Everett song, but a similarly bitter complaint about his girl's wicked wicked ways: *'You're no good for what you have done to me, and I hope your whippets die'* he says, and there's no doubt that he means it. A clavinet provides a tuneful hook, and the drumming will force your feet into action; another record that won't change the course of reggae history, but I could listen to it til the cows come home. I'm not sure what to do after that.

Also on **Attack 12", Michael Rose** steps forward with **'Born Free'**, his best since 'Guess Who's Coming To Dinner?'. Here the swishing cymbals sound old-fashioned but appropriate, while Michael reflects on man's fundamentally captive condition: *'As I sit beneath the weeping willow tree, penetrating the vibes of this concrete, as I wipe the tears from my eyes, I realize that I and I should be free'* — at least, I think that's what he says, but I'm not sure about 'the vibes of this concrete' lark; what do you make of it?

Sugar Minott is still trying to prove that quantity can equal quality, and most of the time I'm prepared to believe him; no-one else is turning out so much music, mostly good stuff too. **'Bright And Beautiful' (Vet At The Controls)** is as bad as it sounds, so I'll stick with **'Hard Time Pressure' (Sufferers' Heights, 12")**, the best of his recent work. The lyric's a bit weak but Sugar's voice is improving all the time, and he's getting plenty of practice as a producer too. His toasting protege **Captain Sinbad** trundles in with a typical flourish, clearing his throat as if he was Franklin Engelmann coming Down Your Way, and then revealing *'On my way to Westmoreland, me sight a madman.'* Meanwhile Ranking Barnabas has mixed a good dub for the other side. Minott is a sincere and diligent youth who deserves his present success; trouble is, if he carries on at the rate he's going, I'll have to build an extension onto my record collection.

'Ballistic Dreadlocks' by **Wayne Wade, Yabby You** and **Clint Eastwood (Vivian Jackson, 12")** is a typical Yabby You warning against *'commercial dreadlocks, a business dreadlocks man'*, whose sins include waking up in the morning, *'and all he does is swear all day'*, while if you pass him on the streets and try to say hello, *'he screws a face on you'* — not very sociable in other words. It's a great record (well, quite good, anyway), perfectly put together by young Yabby: first-rate horn section, chanting chorus, passionate vocals, etc., and even Clint Eastwood's toasting is presentable — what more do you want?

Good though it is, it's well overshadowed by **'The Way It Is'** by **Ricky Storme**, now known to be **I Kong (Top Ranking)**; this is the original version of the title song on Kong's recent album, and easily the better of the two cuts; it's a mournful record, with another wailing choir not quite getting in the way. The lyric is serious sufferers' stuff, and believe it or not manages to avoid all mention of Jah, Babylon and Ethiopia: ten out of ten, Kong. Apparently Coxsone (the English one) has been playing this out on his sound for years, although nobody's been able to find copies to cope with the demand; this re-issue solves the problem. With a good, if not exceptional, **Augustus Pablo** melodica version on the other side, the record is an essential item; it's symptomatic of the state of reggae that the only tune reviewed here which you can say that about is five or six years old, but I won't dwell on that.

Easy skanking: NICK KIMBERLEY

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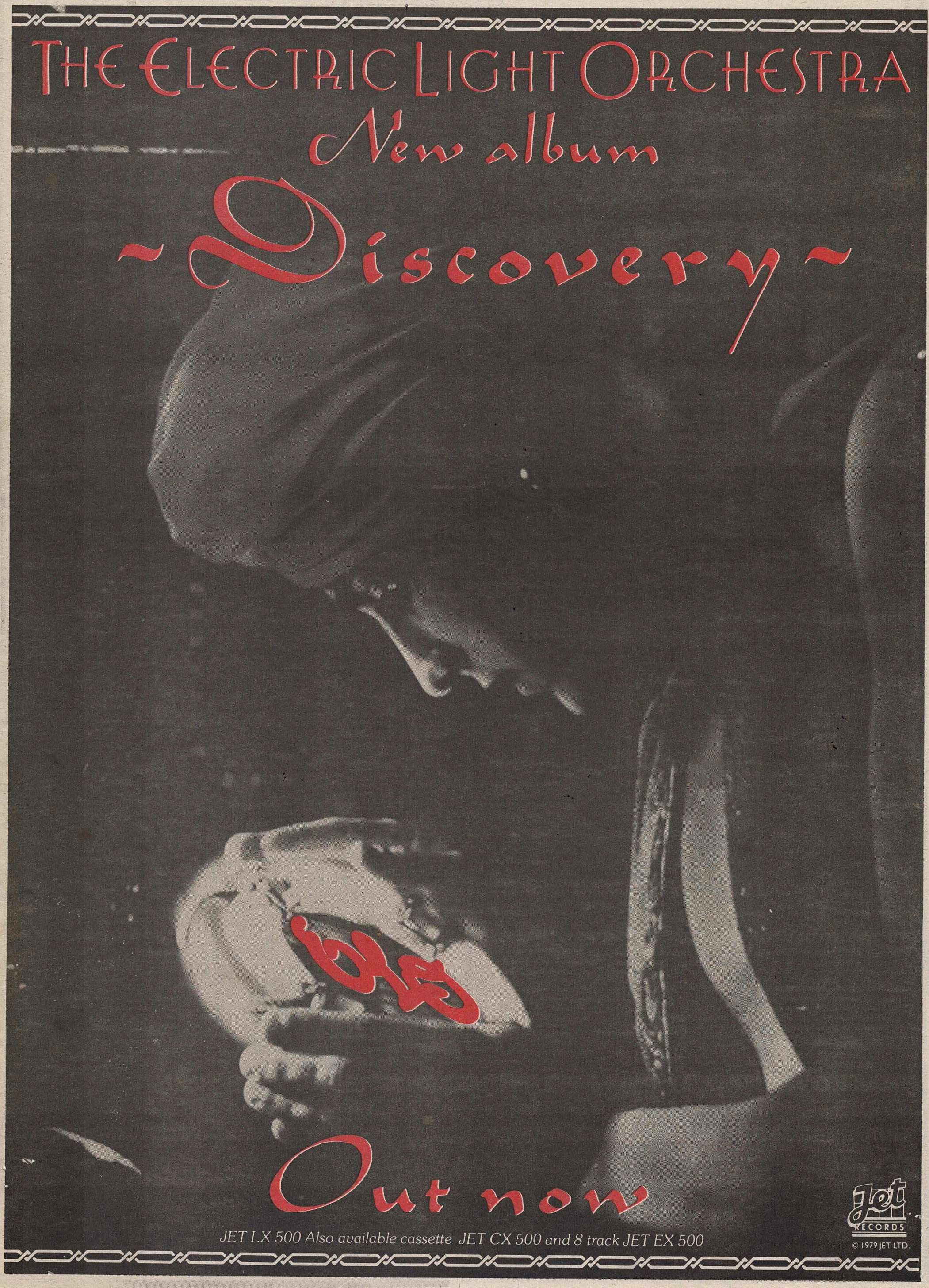
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The Odd Combo

JR: "OK Keef, let's give her the hardman pose."

WHAT TIME is it? It feels like five in the morning but it must be a lot later. Ugh, Jesus, I must be inside my own mouth with the way I feel, and it's wall to wall carpeting in there I can tell you.

And that sun is particularly evil. Water, I've got to have a drop of water. Bleeech — it tastes like silky sterilised milk and has stirred up that lurking film of stale lager at the back of my gums.

This headache woke me up and right now I'd sign anything so long as I could drift back to sleep. 'Sno good, I better get up 'fore I throw up. I wonder what time it is?

Lying on my back I breathe in real slow and out very fast, my eyes open just enough to see the end of my nose and ration the light. A dozy yawn pops the little muscles behind my ears and they crack like boots in iced snow. From my knees to the upper chest my innards feel full of warm goop, a sickly ocean of flat alcohol that is lapping in bigger and bigger waves at the base of my throat.

But I flatly refuse to go through the big spit ceremony. The exertion would cause a blackout — I know it. Leaning over on one tired elbow I chance a glance at the usual wreckage of my bedroom floor.

Knackers. I must've knocked the cup of water over when I attempted to put it down without visually co-ordinating the operation. It's seeping on to the dust cover of The Jacksons' 'Shake Your Body' 45, but right now I couldn't give a toss. Know what I mean?

Laboriously shifting my stare a couple of feet, I spot the governor of my ailment, the Typhoid Mary of the stop-out set, gloating at my inevitable ruin. It's a can of Red Stripe lager and next to it is a half pint dimple mug with an inch of headless stagnant beer floating disarmed and dead in its bottom. Slowly my top lip curls and my teeth clamp. Rolling over, flat out again, I expel a tremendous sigh.

"Aaaaoooorgghhhhh . . . . . no, no, no . . . ."

So what conclusions had I arrived at that had made me dislike Public Image? Well, on the strength of their debut LP I had them down as the premier example of 'the King's new clothes' in action. A drab, overblown, directionless slice of liberty-taking made possible by one band member's reputation.

I wriggled at the theories and respect afforded that album. 'Turning rock'n'roll inside out' was a common claim on its behalf — while I would lash out on behalf of square one commonsense, lumping it along with Siouxsie and The Banshees and all the rest of the growing trend(y) babble for 'new music'.

It galled me to watch people vote for them and scramble for their product / gigs all before they'd proved anything — a moronic 'name' acceptance that I thought punk and The Sex Pistols had quashed once and for all.

Plus, all this talk about them being difficult, moody and reclusive gave me the roaring hump and I certainly wouldn't stoke some artists' indulgent egos by interpreting all that as charisma. Sod 'em, let 'em get on with their little games.

So, plomp, I get tossed the silence breaker. Public Image will speak to the *NME*, I hear floating round the office. And sure enough, Virgin Records ring confirmation of this just one hour to spare at the end of the preceding working day to the interview. They rationalise the shakey co-ordination with:

"We'd have given you more notice but you know what they're like . . ."

Fabulous! Can't wait! Armed with hints like 'heavy guys' and 'watch out for Jah Wobble he's a psycho who carried an axe about' I begin winding myself up to a ruction. Rotten? Just a burned out superstar. Wobble? The pubs are full of tooled-up geezers. Why, I could write this thing before we meet! I'll give 'em 'product of your society'. I'll give 'em LP. The way I was geared up it seemed the rest of the globe thought 'grudge' was just something you park your car in.

LEMEEAATTEMMM!!

I REMEMBER being in Hurrah's club in New York. Some band had just left the stage after telling us how up the chute the rest of the galaxy was, and from the selection of music the DJ played I figured his IQ would make a pit pony seem like president of the Brains Trust.

Then, as one po-faced strain faded, a devastating thump thump of bass and drums lifted the air to undeniably danceable heights.

Like most of the evening's fuel, this thump was British and something told me that this fearsome stomp was part of my collection back home.

But what was it? Under the white lights I pulled one of my colleagues to the rim of the floor. Faking as though disgusted with myself for not immediately recognising this gem, I bade him refresh my memory. "It's Public Image", he bellowed to be heard, "it's 'Annalisa' from the album. Remember? You sold it ages ago . . .". Flashing a pathetic phoney 'Did I?' look, I felt too guilty to continue this twist. Lord, but it sounded great, wild and proud. Too bad I didn't like them.

BANG ON time the cab drew up outside Virgin HQ in Portobello Road, West London. I knew they wouldn't be there yet — what with their public image and all. Inside, one of the press people strode over.

"Hi. If you just hold on we'll get it together. They're all here somewhere in the building."

I set up the cassette and prepared the preliminaries. A couple of seconds later in strolled Keith Levine and new drummer Richard Dudanski, followed by the chap — who for argument's sake — we'll just call John.

He spoke first.

"You're not like I expected," he offered in that flat patter, and then having checked my what I like to think of as dapper togs — "Huh. I see they've kitted you out for the occasion." Perhaps he expected a white suit and red shirt with Bee Gee badges.

Anyway, setting down a bulging carrier bag of cans of lager, John wearily plonks himself behind a desk. Wobble, I learn, is on his way. Also present is Genette, who along with the mysterious Dave, comprise the PiL outfit. Despite all, this boy looks at Johnny and respects him a lot.

But now to business.

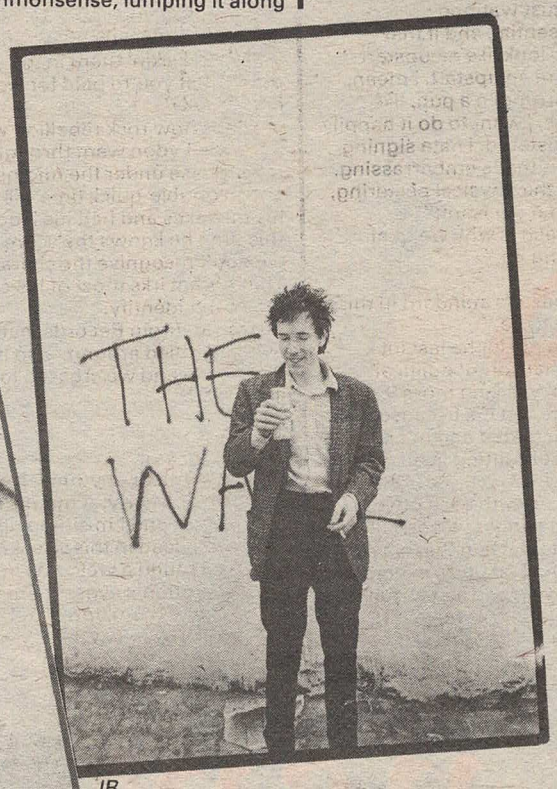
It seems you've been mysteriously quiet, what's been doing?

Keith: "Well, we've been living at the studio, really."

John: "Just because we're not full of publicity don't mean we're not alive."

Keith: "We're doing the second

Richard Dudanski

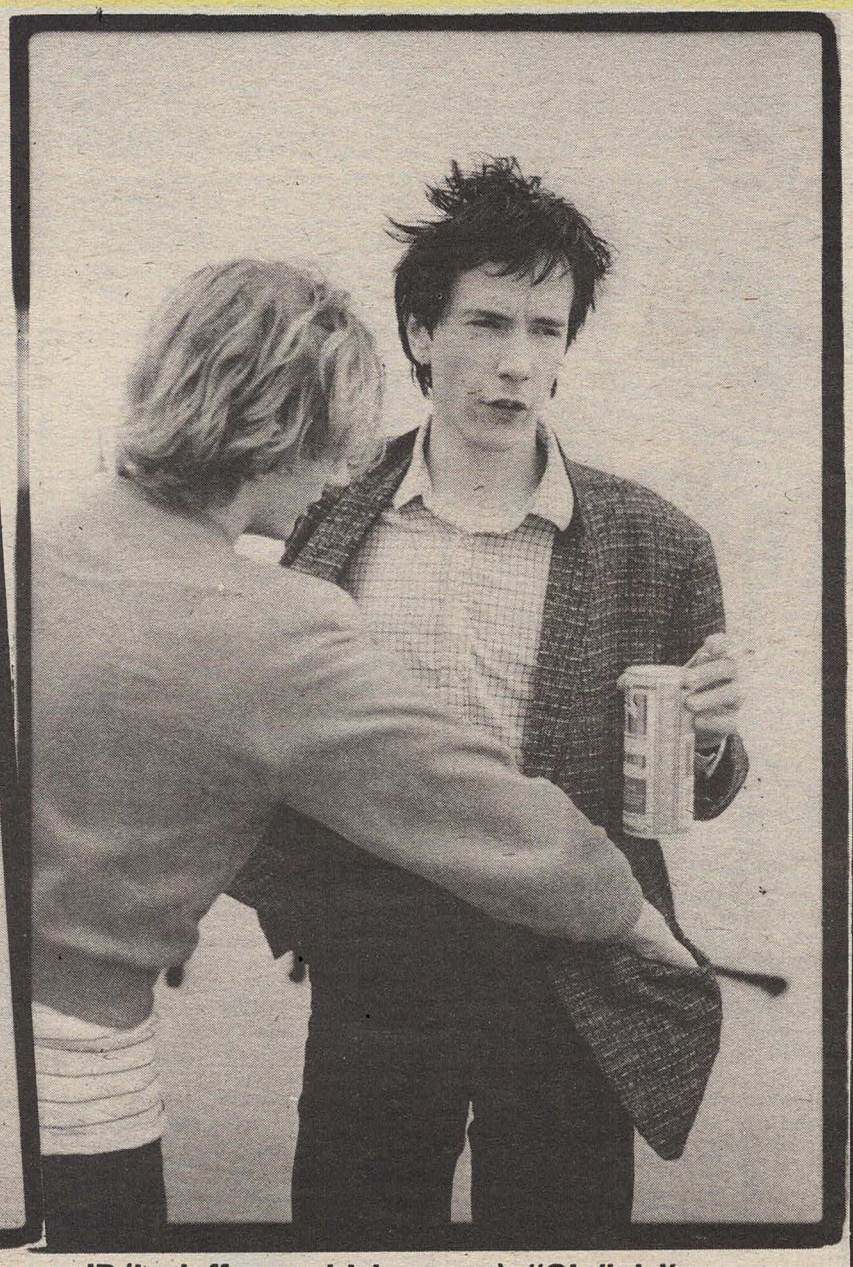


JR

Wobble

Pix by Pennie

KL: "Hang on, I've got to have a can of beer too."



JR (in duff stage Irish accent): "Oi t'ink I've got a crate in me pocket."

album and things. Hopefully it can be out around the end of July and the single will be at the end of June. If we had our way we would put out lots of singles."

But it's your contract, right?

Keith: "Mainly."

Were you disappointed at the reaction to the LP?

John: "Not really. It takes time and people are stupid."

What do you mean, people are stupid?

John: "I mean journalists are stupid."

Here we go. We're both starting to fall into character. The fur rises on the back of my neck and we lock.

Is that what all journalists are?

John: "I think they're creepy, spineless parasites."

What're you talking about?

John: "Name me one that's got integrity."

(Calmly) I have.

John: "Well, show me your work and I'll tell you."

Yeah, but I don't need you to.

John: "So prove me wrong."

Surprisingly, the awful sterile plastic tension that being thrown into a room to talk to strangers obviously produces, is lessened by this early clash. The old bastard is just putting out feelers and he knows it. He's best at handling a feedback of hatred, probably enjoys it, and is renowned for winding up wallys.

You don't often do this kind of thing — with Virgin as middle man — so how come you're all in line today?

John: "When they said it was you we thought, 'Here comes a slagging,' and that's why we did it."

Keith: "We don't deal with Virgin unless we have to. They contact us and we say yes or no. Not many bands have much of a say in it. It's all arranged by managers or producers and they jump to it . . . makes me ill."

John: "You're speeding."

He's wrong, I always talk like me jaw's on a fanbelt.

Have you any respect for, excuse me, Joe Public?

John: (now loosening a little) "Total respect for Joe . . ."

Keith: "Joe Public, yeah. Groups, no. I hate people who like to think they're not Joe Public, think they're someone special. It's like he said when he was in the Pistols. The worst people are star trippers, and we meet them all the time! Well, we're certainly not elite or any of that bollocks."

Do you go out much?

(General grimacing).

To gigs and that I mean.

John: "What for? Why?"

Keith: "People seem to have more money than sense at the moment."

John: "I've said it before, I'll say it again. Rock'n'roll is stone dead. It's had it. How much more 12 bar dun - dun - der - dun can you jumble up? But it won't change until a few more people stop patronising it."

Are there any rock bands you like?

John: (pauses) "Nope."

Well do you just reckon rock is dead, or all popular music?

John: "Oh no, only rock. I still love reggae and I like quite a lot of disco. I mean you can DANCE to those right? That's the most essential thing about us — you can dance to us."

I saw you at the *ZigZag* do the other night watching Doll By Doll smash up that guitar.

John: "Weren't they dreadful? That's what I mean. I was there to see The Psychedelic Furs, who didn't show up."

Keith: "You couldn't smash one of my guitars up. They're solid metal. Mainly for smashing up bouncers at the Rainbow. You should underline that — I HATE BOUNCERS! And I hate being led to my seat by a torch, real police state stuff, know what I mean?"

John: (Indignant) "Here, how come when we played the Rainbow nobody mentions that we take out all the seats?"

Keith: "Someone like Jimmy Pursey could get great use out of that. I hate Jimmy Pursey. You can underline that a million times."

John: "I certainly don't have to perform at being working class. There's so much made of it — as if the more dumb you are the more glorious you become. That's why Pursey is so well liked — because he plays his role for everyone. It's so easy to manipulate, it fits into a nice little cliched bracket — no threat. It's once you break that apart you become a worry to them."

Aren't you a symbol of the working class, John?

John: "What?! Symbol of the working ... huh. Sex Symbol (laughs)."

IT WAS ABOUT here that the day began. On my tape we all began to rabbit about trivia. I realised that it wasn't PiL that I'd disliked but the awful pseud types who had championed them. A brand of characters the group had long been wary of. I was asked what I thought of the album and I told them I didn't like it.

John: "Well, that's all you need. That's all you need say."

I ask again how they'd reacted to its feedback. And this time:

John: "There can be no argument as to what it's about because every track is so very obvious. That was the big criticism of Religion — that it was so obvious. Well, I'm ever so sorry but I've always been totally obvious and you'll have to excuse me for not being an intellectual I'm afraid. Being obvious is a thing everyone wants to avoid like the plague, it seems. Look at someone like Bob Dylan. I can't be any other way and never could be. It was always other people who mistook it for a sign of intellect. Ha-Ha!"

But what's all this reputation for being overly moody?

John: "Oh that's true. But a lot of the time it's just wanting privacy. Privacy is essential, and if that causes me to look like an upstart then, yeah, I'm an upstart. I mean, when I go boozing in a pub, like everyone else, I want to do it happily and not be pestered. I hate signing autographs — that's embarrassing. Then there's the physical pestering, which ain't that pleasant."

Keith: "Which is why we're all trained in Kung Fu."

Y'what?

Keith: "Yeah, it's standard in this band. Y'have to be."

John: "Like me in the last lot (Pistols), all that sort of political manipulation. Well, no more. From now on if I get hurt it's because of a situation I've created and not some pseudo arsehole sitting in an office somewhere."

Do you get on with each other?

John: "You should've been there last night (laughter)! In that way we're just as fucked up as everyone else. In all ways we're just as fucked up as anyone else. We have bad fights that maybe shouldn't go on, but do. You've not met Dave. He's a most unpleasant chap."

How do you handle the record company?

John: "Well obviously you need them to get the stuff released and, OK, so the bigger the company the bigger the problems, but also the wider the outlet. That's only sensible. Wide distribution of your product."

Does that sound cold? Does it sound unforgivable from your favourite action man. Listen John Lydon has been there. He knows what it's worth to mouth your favourite rebel slogans. He knows that if you want someone to play pretend at ripping up the nation there are a hundred piss-pot outfits only too willing to let you hear what you wanna hear while keeping both eyes on the company reaction.

Lenny Bruce once did a bit about a police commissioner who publicly reprimanded his force for brutality — and once the cameras had gone told them: 'Listen you guys, I'm sorry if I got a bit shitty with ya there but you understand it keeps everybody happy. I'll say a whole lot of things but you know it's bullshit and I know it's bullshit, so as long as you keep kickin' them in the ass and doin' what you're paid for we're all happy, OK?'

That's how rock rebellion will wind up. John Lydon went through his rebel phase under the microscope and in double-quick time. He's made his mistakes and had his laughs and this time he knows the score even if we don't recognise the character. That's what irks most of his critics — they can't identify.

Back at Virgin Records, half past five had rolled around — so had Wobble — and we crossed to the pub.

I CAN'T hear anything, it must still be early. A mammoth effort and I'm sitting up. God, is anyone dead in this wreck? No wonder I found a welcome in Johnny Rotten's eyes. There was a sty in one of them, too. I pull the topsheet around my shoulders, and in one swift movement both feet are on the floor — straight in the wet. Up. Head still weighty and wavy I cakewalk over the assault course of record sleeves, beer cans, shoes and junk.

Focusing on nothing and chattering like a channel swimmer though it's not cold — I make my way down the hall and push open the living room door.

The leaden stale perfume of cigars, beer and sleep is into my nostrils like drowning in sand. On the floor a contoured blanket gives way to a sprouting of black / brown hair at the very top. On the settee a similar sheet covers all but a pair of crossed feet. Nothing stirs. It's a quarter to twelve!

Here, I remember one of the neighbours knocking at one time last night . . .

IN THE PUB — the bolts having just been slid off — we are four. John Lydon, who has changed little since his last *NME* feature, drummer Richard with his suit, pound-note voice and crop that'd cause havoc in a bowling alley, and the famed man of fireman habits, Wobble.

Keith Levine is of slight build, a bit like Billy Casper in *Kes,* but Wobble is more demanding. His thrusting East End patter is the spearpoint to a forceful, though amiable, onslaught. Not a big bloke, but you wouldn't take liberties. He is the most open member, a pox on the fright mongers.

On the second round, another leg of the interview begins.

John: "I want people to understand that we're a band, right, and the enigma of my past keeps creeping in all the time and it's hard for them to have to keep accepting that. (Adopts Alan Whicker voice) How does it feel to be Rotten? Y'know?"

But inevitably. How did you react when Sid Vicious died?

John: "I was fucking annoyed. I'd seen the way his old dear and Malcolm had carved him up, er, that whole scene whereby they got him out of prison to record a few tracks. He had no fucking hope.

"Now I was willing to get a lawyer and go over to New York and sort out his problem but Sid's old dear wouldn't talk to me cos Malcolm told her not to, and it went on like that.

"Now I've known Sid's old dear as long as I've known Sid, but when she come over here — y'know for those benefits? — I wasn't even asked. I didn't even know she was in the country.

"It wasn't a shock when he was killed, and I know who I blame though I'm not gonna be so stupid as to say it. But it was pretty obvious he was given a hot shot. Is that what they call it when they lace it up with everything from arsenic to boot polish? He was a fool. Fell for it.

How does it feel to walk past shops and see the Sid The Hero industry?

John: "Honestly, I know damn well he'd feel as sick as I feel about it. That . . . bullshit. Look, you have to look at the public who buy all that junk, that crap. There's your animals, your jungle. They say blame the makers but they created the buying market, they must create a demand for it all."

It must get right up your back when you see that as far as the umpteen per cent of the population is concerned, you are still the figurehead of the 'Sid Is Dead' T-Shirt brigade.

John: "Right, even though Malcolm's doing his best to stop that! I proved to be an embarrassment to Malcolm cos I stopped his, er, commercial gamblings. That's why I had to go. That's why I had to be replaced."

What's the feeling between you now?

■ *Continues over page*

Danny Baker goes on the PiS with PiL

The Odd Combo

■ *From previous page*

John: "Between Malcolm and me? Let's just say that if Malcolm breathes it's too much for me to stomach. Let's just say that."

Does it all interfere with the band now?

John: "Well, it is boring, it is the past. You don't have to relive your schooldays everyday, do you? And to me now it's just redundant shite. I don't need it."

Do you feel any affection for those days?

John: "I feel very proud of myself for having escaped. And I feel very sorry for Paul and Steve who still haven't got two 'appence worth of sense to knock between the two of them. The only other thing is that I hate having all my old quotes held against me and it turns out that most of 'em were someone else's anyway. All the better ones get attributed to someone else. That band's only future was its demise — now there's a quote! If I'd got my way all that 'it's gotta be rock man' attitude would've gone and it would've been more like this band."

Have you sorted out your drumming things now?

Richard: "Keith just rang me up and said, y'know . . . Anyway on the first meeting with them I had my drum kit nicked from out the car."

John: "He was just desperately short of money to buy a wig or something."

Richard: "Before that I was in a band called Bank Of Dresden and before that I was in The 101'ers."

How have you adjusted to stardom, Wobble?

Wobble: "Whatcha talkin' about, I've always been a star! Always. They've always torn my clothes off in the street. No, I can't stand it, tell the truth. I tell ya, all that punk achieved was a load a crap. I still get people come up to me and ask if I'm *really* Jah Wobble! They must've missed the whole point really. Especially since a lot of the time they only do it to get near John, y'know?"

Have you always played bass?

Wobble: "I'm just a natural musician, really. I just have to pick something up and I can play it. Honestly."

John: "I think I'm gonna be sick."

Wobble: "Leave it out, John, I can play loads o'stuff, you know that."

Wobble turns out to be a diamond. He's quick, self-deflating and honest.

I ask John what he finds to write about now. He answers in an L.A. whine.

John: "Well, man, y'know houses in the country, my E-Type Jag, stuff like that."

THE NEW Public Image single will be 'Death Disco' and not, as somewhat hopefully reported in another paper, 'Death To Disco'. In fact Wobble believes disco music to be the closest sound to what PiL are doing. Certainly, and believe me I'd have no bones about stating otherwise were it the case, 'Death Disco' has one of the most powerful backlines to be heard this side of Chic. It fair knifes along, with John howling *'See it Through My Eeyyyyyeeesss'* over the whole ferocious affair.

The reverse features the following lyric:

This could be heaven / The shallow spread of ordered lawns / I like the illusion of privacy / The careful trees blending so perfectly / Bland and preplanned idle luxury / A caviar of silent dignity.

So distorted and bent do those words become that I got lost a dozen times trying to follow it all.

Wobble: "See, the way we work is all done on the spot. It takes time but sooner or later we'll all agree on some bass line or other and just work over and around it. I love that bass sound you get when it just becomes too much to hear and can actually be felt in your bones. I love mixing stuff around. I must have about 50 different mixes of 'Fodderstompf' at home."

Wobble, 20, still lives with his parents in Whitechapel, East London, until somewhere as good can be sorted out.

John: "If we get what sounds like the right pattern we won't stop and jot it down or discuss it or write poetry around it, we'll just get on and keep working it out till we know it's the one."

Wobble: "Something like 'Fodderstompf', well, you can hear the words are just on the spot — all that about going for a ciggarette and that. The main bit about 'We Only Wanted To Be Loved!' was . . . well we sort of guessed the reaction to the LP and thought that statement would be a liberty, I s'pose. Alright, so you can say it's indulgent and all that but you can dance to it and realise how funny that song is. Because it is funny and not heavy like people said. It don't have to be so straight faced, does it?"

John: "We did stress that the LP would be a little different (laughs). Even though a load of the people that bought it did so because of the, uh, Seks Piztolz. Well so they won't check us again because it wasn't because of our publicity that they may have been hoodwinked. We don't do that. There again if anyone thinks the second album will be 'album one, part two' well they're mugs again. We don't do that either.

"We could sell millions I'm sure, if we packaged ourselves right. We'd be rolling in it. I'll tell you something. On that first single it was promoted with 2,000 of our money and four of Virgin's. Yet look at the good old Ronald Biggs fiasco. There was 25 grand to blow on that. That's how it operates, how anything operates. It will do so long as people buy records because of a cardboard cut-out in the corner."

But you've done *Top Of The Pops*. Isn't that a bit of a cut-out in the corner?

John: "Well, originally I had these ever so grand ideas about 'oh we won't go on there, let's do our own video, ha, ha, ha, real smartarse. But when you get the bill for doing that, that's when you discover that the show ain't so bad at all. Those kids who watch it, I mean, they couldn't care less if you're on video or in the studio so there's no point in getting all smart."

You had an incident when you pulled out of Mickey Most's *Revolver* show, right?

John: "We just decided we were being set up. So we set ourselves up a little holiday on the day of recording, that's all."

Isn't there anyone who screams at you down the phone?

John: "We just don't answer our phone! I remember Most said that we were finished as far as TV was concerned but we were on *Top Of The Pops* the next week. And then on *Saturday Night People* the following week."

Do you still watch as much television as is rumoured?

John: "Oh, I love it. I'm absolutely addicted to it. Everything. If we ever go like to America, with it 24 hours a day, that'll be me finished. Just senility."

Wobble: "The best programme has gotta be *The Cedar Tree*. The war'll start in that show one day; it's been rumoured for years!"

John: "Yeah, 'tis good. Here, did you see that programme about soccer hooliganism? What a fucking show that was. You had Alan Hardaker, the president of the FA or whatever he is, and he's on there saying how pleased he is that the violence is on the terraces because he'd rather it there than outside Buckingham Palace. He actually said he was glad to let it go on there! I tell ya, it don't matter what colour you dye your hair and how good your leather jacket, nothing terrorises this country like football fans. That's your anarchy. Was you around when those Scots fans were down here? They were given the city, old bill stood aside. Jesus."

Let it now be noted that John 'The Filth and The Fury' Rotten is a fanatic for, bejazuz, The Arsenal.

Wobble: "Talkin' about that football programme, we was on it. Just briefly they had a shot of the crowd comin' out of a Chelsea-Arsenal match and we was in it, straight up."

There then followed a lengthy gasbag on our national pastime until, touching on U.S. football, I wondered whether Public Image ever craved Stateside success.

John: "We're not The Clash. We're not desperate! Actually thereby hangs a tale which I shall tell you. No, you tell 'im, Wob."

Wobble: (In heavy business US tones) "Well like, man, The Clash wanted us to support them, man, on a string of US dates, y'know, because they told us the States was where it's at man. Y'know, help us, man. But we found out that the guy who arranged the tour didn't want to know unless the deal included us, and they didn't tell us that though we knew anyway —"

John and Wobble: "So we told 'em NO!" (Hard laughter).

Wobble: "They just thrill some lonely kid in the suburbs — social workers' band.

John: "All those 'troops out' type sweeping statements are just drivel. There's enough trouble in this shitty town without those clowns trying for publicity out of their depth. And look at Jimmy Pursey joining up with Steve and Paul. That's so desperate. Just like the Speakeasy jamming era. I mean, criticise me for what you want, but I'll deliver the goods — rightly or wrongly by you. I'll never cling on to, oh let's link arms for the old days."

C'mon! It's your fault. You started it!

John: "Don't you think I have sleepless nights over it! No, I opened the gate but I refuse to stand trial for the deluge that followed. I said it was there for anyone to grab and use, not, y'know go out and record tenth rate versions of our records. But what do you do about it. I've always thought that the kids up in Scotland had a bit more suss though — I don't mean groups like The Skids — I mean your fans. In Scotland they judge you fairly on the night and fuck your reputation. They know it's garbage and they use it right. All that publicity that gets so easily smeared around in London like a load of smegma, they won't wanna know it."

Who do you think PiL's audience is?

Wobble: "I'll tell ya, and I'm not being cute or nothing, but I've got a lot of time for the Stan and Hilda Ogdens of this world, me included. They're good people who won't be beaten, really survivors."

John: "Yeah, I can identify with the Ogdens. They're great."

Are you in rock music?

John: "No, no. I got into rock music cos I thought HAHA what a great laugh, but then it stopped being that and I walked out on it."

Can you treat this as a hobby?

Wobble: "Definitely not. This is a job to me. This is work."

John: "We care very much what we do. We're all very serious people in this, but of course we wouldn't be doing this unless there was fun involved. You can't. But let me say again, PiL is a four piece band of which I am part. It's gonna take time. The Pistols were a wanky bunch of turds who took the piss out of rock music, gloriously. Now it's finished, or should be. I think disco is the closest to what I'm into at the moment and, when you listen to it, you can break both reggae, the rockers, down to boom boom boom which is what disco is."

Here Wobble, do you just not shave or are you growing a beard?

Wobble: "Well, it's something I don't like to talk about. I'm entitled to some privacy, I feel. But while we're talking about it my new single is called 'Dan MacArthur'. I played everything on it, produced it, organised the cover and promotion myself and it's the best dance record in ages."

IT WAS decided that a night down to the Albany in Deptford to catch The Raincoasts would be perfectly in order. So we piled into Wobble's car and in a cloud of burning fuel we were away. Now to say Wobble drives a little recklessly is to be polite. By the time we got to John's home the car's tyres were so shredded that, had we knocked someone over, they would have received 20 lashes before hitting the tarmac.

The legendary Lydon home is grand enough outside though inside it becomes functional, sparse and a tad dingy. John cranks Linval Thompson into louder than life and dances in the half light. All that preconceived poppycock I had loaded myself with causes a wash of embarrassment over me, and I remember Chris Salewicz's line about John being just a bloke, just a bloke. You can trust this group, even rely on them, but don't ask them to play your requests. That's what they ask of you.

UNDER HIS blanket Wobble stirs. Through eyes trying to adjust to daylight he squints and makes his bearings. "Alright? Wassa time? Owh fack . . ."

Unable to make the decision to get fully wide eyed John still pokes out like a pavement corpse. Hands rubbing the back of his neck, Wobble passes himself match fit again.

"Anyone fancy one over the road?" he offers.

There comes a stretched voice from the comotose kid.

"Wobble, after last night I would die . . ."

STOPPING BUT briefly for one in the Old Kent Road Lydon, Wobble and myself arrive at the Albany. John shows his trepidation about entering the packed house, I don't think all those gags about superstardom and clothes ripping seems all that funny as he enters the darkened stage area. Immediately a sea of swooning zipper trippers gush around, throwing arms round his shoulders, asking for him to sign shirts and running off to tell others. 'Johnny Rotten's in the Club!'

One berk with a mouth like a clown's pocket shouts 'Fuckin' Popstar!!' and stands looking as mean / nervous as possible. By now PiL's singer is looking shaken though he keeps a sickly smile all round and signs the various articles jammed about him.

Two blokes, well oiled, raise their cans of Heineken and terrace holler 'Anarchy In The UK' as though he will at once make them a trio. Various shapes of punkette cruise him in a more dignified fashion, occasionally allowing, 'Alright Johnny?' to fall from their shakey lips, others making it clear that given the chance they'd show him more sex than a policeman's torch.

Soon the pandemonium gives way to a staring calm and it was possible to observe The Raincoats.

The Raincoats are so bad tonight that everytime a waiter drops a tray we'd all get up and dance. As it happens the assembly love them and Wobble thinks they are 'alright'. I die so many times during their set that in India they think I'm the fourth prophet.

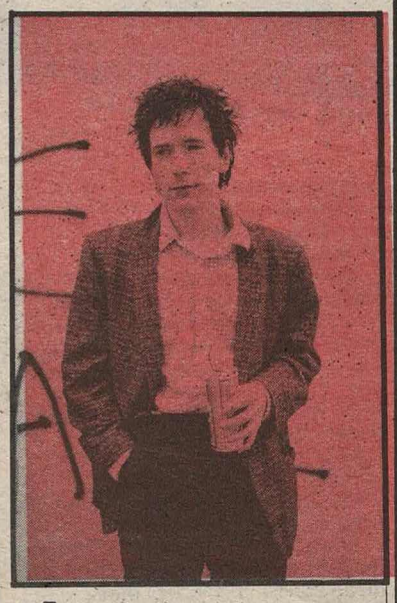
INEXPLICABLY, on coming out of the Albany we journeyed right across London to Kilburn on the promise of an all-night off licence. Then it was away back again to my flat where the lure of video had been too much for Lydon's square eyeballs to refuse.

It was now that his turnabout day became hazy. I recall stopping at a chip shop where John told the bloke behind the ramp that he only eats chips that will make him feel bloated, queazy and sick afterwards. That was their function.

I remember he and Wobble digging the Jacksons on tape and guffawing at Billy Idol doing "Valley Of The Dolls'. I recollect Mick — one of my flatmates and Good Irish Lad — going through his collection of Irish LPs with Lydon and the pair chorusing to 'The Wearing Of The Green' and 'Let Mr Maguire Sit Down'. The neighbours came up and my eyelids went down, the day and my most satisfying meeting with a pop group to date, over.

Then I was a carping, cynical disbeliever ready to make news with a showdown. Now I'm a fan, an unreserved supporter, and I hope they get a hit single. I don't know what else I can tell you apart from your're safe to put your faith in the PiL. But then again, I'm biased.

They left about half past twelve.



"I've got a lot of time for the Stan and Hilda Ogdens of this world. Me included."

Peter Tosh

NEW ALBUM

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JUNE 20 CARDIFF Top Rank
JUNE 21 LONDON Rainbow
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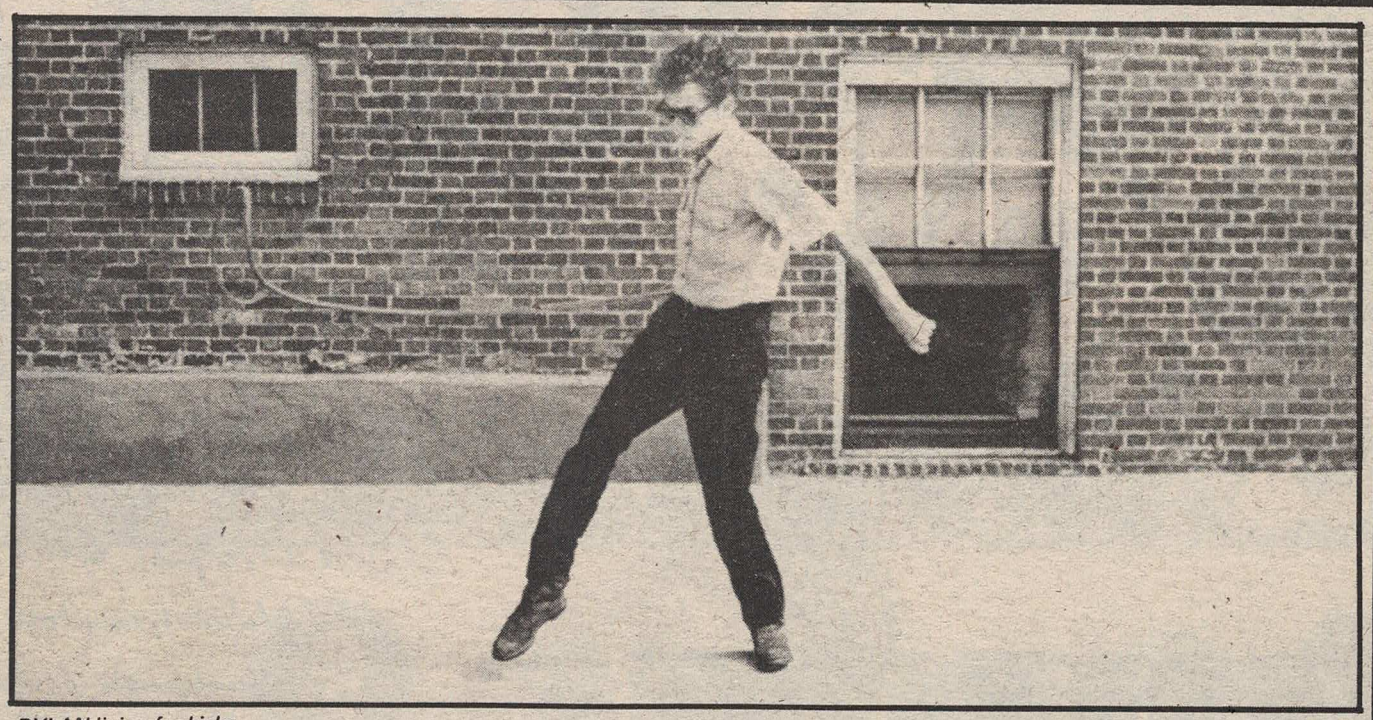


DYLAN living for kicks . . .

Every Picture Tells More Than The Story

BOB DYLAN: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD
By Alan Rinzler
(Harmony Books)

Another Dylan book? Surely not! Zimtomes keep hitting the stands for the most obvious triad of linked reasons: people love writing 'em, other people love perusing 'em and people are in general pretty willing to publish 'em

The magnetic appeal of this adenoidal American runt is such that otherwise sensible persons will purchase all sorts of dumb artefacts with nary the slightest hint of ill-grace simply to enjoy the pleasure of learning new facts about Bashful Bob, seeing unfamiliar pictures the wonderful one in his dazzling assortment of guises or even comparing their own absurd theories about him with the even more absurd theories of others (and I've got the groaning bookshelves at home to prove it).

Alan Rinzler has adopted the 'Illustrated Record' format pioneered by Carr Leisure Industries Inc (a division of Intergalactic Commerce in association with Making The World Safe For Obsessive Archivists ltd), but he is conspicuously lacking in Uncle Roy's laudable capacity for taking pains to research his subjects comprehensively and exhaustively.

Where previous examples of the breed have included Every Single Relevant Artefact (researching bootlegs, foreign editions, singles and every other piece of data) Rinzler limits himself to official album releases, which is well boring and criminally lazy. Half the trivia potential goes right out the window.

Rinzler's text fascinateth not, unfortunately. He provides little original insight and recapitulates the insights of others with neither force nor flair. Lacking both dedicated original research and critical muscle, his copy is merely enthusiastic Dylanoid conjecture-drivel.

Bob Dylan: The Illustrated Record's major calling card, then, is the excellent selection of Zimpics that designer Jon Goodchild has generously spattered throughout the book. Dylan is a fascinating animal and the massive stack of stills from the hitherto unshown edition of *The World About Us* dedicated to the creature provide hours of fun for all the family.

Apart from the pics, however, the book is a complete bust-out. I would recommend seeking out a foriegn edition translated into some language with which the purchaser is not conversant in order to enjoy the visual content unhindered.

Charles Shaar Murray

THE DRAGONS OF EDEN
By Carl Sagan
(Coronet 95p)

Noted popular astronomer Carl Sagan, the force behind the Voyager planetary probes and a man intimately concerned with the nature and possibilities of alien life, deftly expands his area of concern in *The Dragons Of Eden* into the nature and evolution of human intelligence.

His accessible investigations outside his primary sphere of interest lead through genetics, the physical structure of the brain, the growth of intelligence, the emergence of man, primate communication, sleep and dreams, the sensory circuits, then on to speculate about new frontiers.

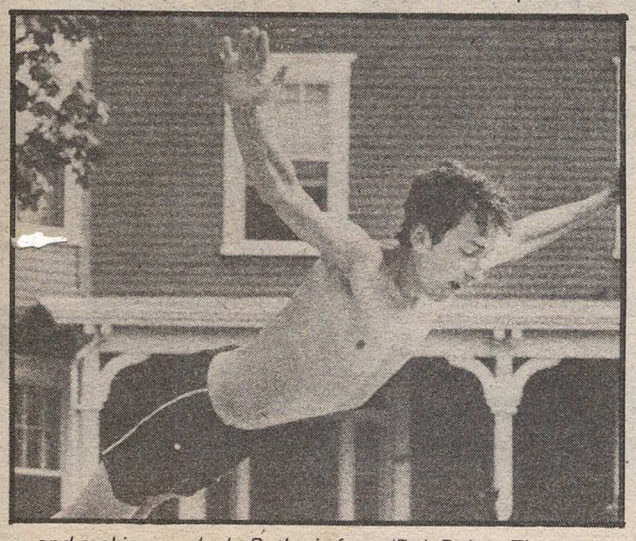
This important new synthesis draws together important insights from a wide range of disciplines, and Sagan's fresh enthusiastic approach brings new meaning to the term "popular science".

He points of that if the whole of time from the Big Bang to the present day was condensed into a single year, the dinosaurs would have emerged on Christmas Eve and men and women at 10.30 pm on New Year's Eve. All of recorded history occupies just the last ten seconds of December 31st; from the Middle Ages to the present is just one second. How about that for a new perspective?

Animal liberationists will be heartened by Sagan's attitudes. The excellent chapter on the various communication experiments with apes sees the author visiting a primate centre and commenting: "I was powerfully reminded of those American motion pictures of the 1930s and '40s, set in some vast and dehumanized state federal penitentiary . . . . I think it is certainly worthwhile to raise the question: Why, exactly, all over the civilised world, in virtually every major city, are apes in prison?"

By forcibly emphasising how short the time is between our cave days and the present, by demolishing cherished notions about our 'separateness' as a species and, most of all, by not talking down to his readers, Sagan attacks our consciousness and demands a change of attitude. Readers will find themselves forced to respond.

Dick Tracy



. . . and making a splash. Both pix from 'Bob Dylan: The Illustrated Record (Harmony Books).

STATUS QUO: THE AUTHORISED BIOGRAPHY
By John Shearlaw
(Sidgwick and Jackson £8.95.)

Status Quo are special. This book is not special. How could it be?

Status Quo are special because they have, accidentally, turned their triviality and limitations into a career that will last them as long as they want, which is one sort of ultimate rock'n'roll success. This book is not special because it slowly and drily tells a story that is mildly amusing but not fascinating, because it refuses to get under the skin of the Quo men but instead strokes fondly, and because it's written with a looseness you don't really expect from a glossy book costing nine quid.

The research, though, is faultless. *Record Mirror* News Editor John Shearlaw has faithfully and with great detail if not liveliness built up the two-decade Quo story with the eager assistance of old friends, new friends, past members, present members, relatives and a couple of incongruous sports stars, James Hunt and Dave Watson. Fawning quotes from Watson and Hunt adorn the back cover: an unusually and subtly symbolic helping of courage and determination, perhaps.

The result is one dimensional but, as a fan biography, complete. To say that it's annoyingly superficial and sycophantic is probably not a criticism but a compliment. The message is that Quo are hard working, honest — and pretty dull. The one thing about the book that is likely to attract a lot of purchasers are the pictures; hundreds of black and white, a handful of colour, they tell the story of the slow bubblegum rise, the dull fall that should have been the end of it all, the discovery of denims and greasy honesty and the immense, almost invincible, rise a lot more vividly than the straining prose.

It's a shame really that the pictures couldn't have been squashed into a floppy LP-sized book, simply explained with some tight history, and sold for a reasonable and reachable price. And if anyone's searching for an analysis of the Quo phenomenon, rather than an acceptance of it and a defensive pride, it's no use looking inside these pages.

This is just a little way higher than a Tremlett job — which, again, may be a compliment.

Paul Morley

INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS
By Jack Finney
(Sphere 85p)

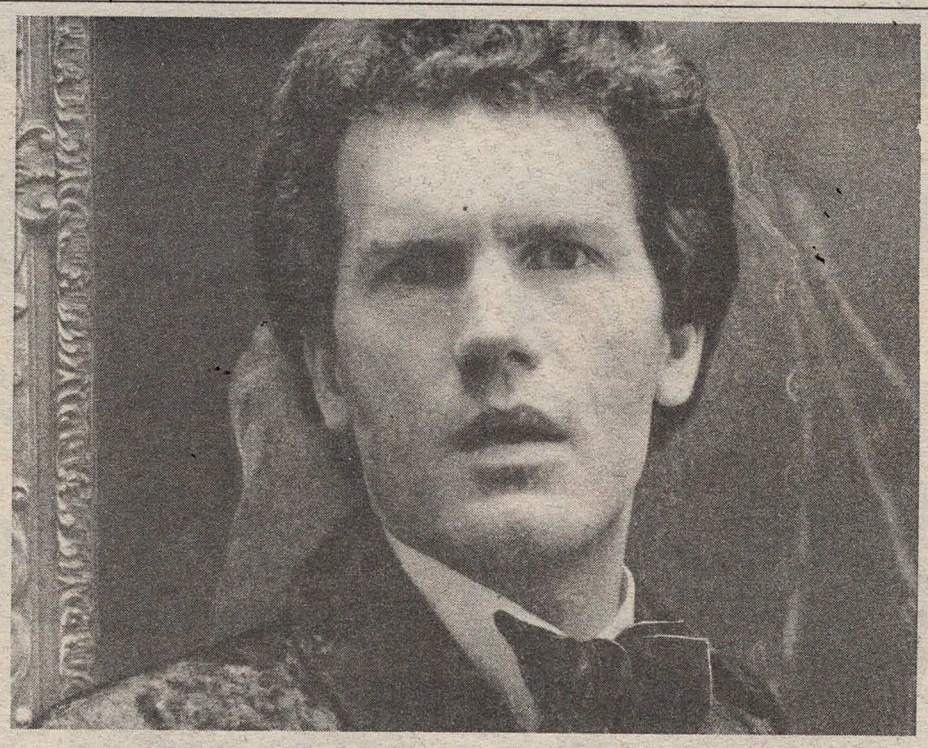
"The seed is planted . . . the terror grows"? Not in this breast.

If this former '50s classic (the film was a classic, anyway) is now, in its present incarnation, a 'super-shock movie', it must have undergone considerable transformation between page and screen. The present edition of the book is said to be 'revised and updated', but apart from the substitution of Carter for Eisenhower, and jogging and macrame for (presumably) jitterbugging and Italian crochet, it remains firmly in that genteel decade, in the mainstream genre of Nasty Things From Outer Space That Come Here To Piss Us About and have to be shown that America Can Take It.

It's all stern moral stuff. I mean, if you or I found a carbon copy of ourselves growing quietly in the wardrobe, might we not hesitate for a few moments before choosing our course of action? Not so the inhabitants of Mill Valley, California. Instantly divining a threat to civilisation as they know it, they mutter a few maxims from World War II and get down to showing the aliens where they get off. Off the planet, that is. It's a desperate struggle, of course; but they win, of course.

You never really doubted that they would.

Kate Phillips



Robert always stands out in a crowd. He's got style, great personality, animal magnetism,

and bad breath.

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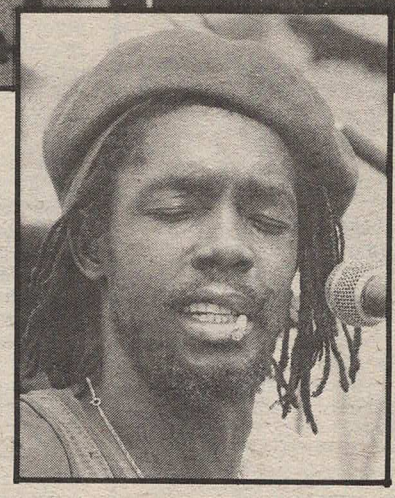
cassette
RAC 19

PETER TOSH flanked by Chao (left) and Robbie Shakespeare with Sly Dunbar on drums. Pic: ADRIAN BOOT

PROMOTING JAH BY MONOCYCLE

ADRIAN THRILLS catches up with PETER TOSH — almost



FOR A MAN who vowed never to tour again when the original Wailers split five years ago, Peter Tosh seems to have grown relatively accustomed to the lifeblood-sucking rigours and rituals of life on the road.

He is now well into his second extensive European tour in six months — a seven-week affair taking in France, Germany, Britain, Scandinavia and Italy. Before that, he completed a sizeable US trip, his first visit to those shores since supporting The Rolling Stones on their coast-to-coast trek last year. And before that he was busy putting the finishing touches to his upcoming fourth solo album, 'Mystic Man,' at Dynamic Sound Studios in Jamaica.

A heavy workload willingly undertaken but not one that isn't without its moments of terminal tedium, the most pressing at the moment being soundchecks.

On my arrival, courtesy of EMI, at the first date of the French leg of the tour in the massive Pavilion de Paris, I discover the former-Wailer's novel manner of dealing with that one.

When he is not bellowing 'one-two one-two' or, with a little more conviction, 'JAR RASTAFARIIII!' into one of the mikes onstage, Tosh is whizzing around the arena on his chrome-plated monocycle, spliff in hand, looking more like an escapee from the adjacent big top. And not even a hint of a bicycle clip at the bottom of his immaculately-pressed denim flares.

A hard man to pin down at the best of times (catching a monocyclist in a place the size of an aircraft hanger is No Fun), Tosh — after a hasty confab with his manager Herbie Miller — eventually agrees to an interview, although his demeanour during our ten minutes or so of talk is one of slightly stubborn disinterest.

This heavy touring lark seems tough enough to have quenched even Tosh's renowned flair for grandiloquent bravado.

TOSH QUIT the Wailers to persue a solo career, along with Bunny Livingstone (aka Bunny Wailer), in the winter of 1974 after a particularly arduous and unsuccessful British tour. At the time they both pledged to undertake no further live work, but Tosh has since reversed his decision.

"After realising that reggae has so much potential and so much recognition to get I have to be here to represent the root of reggae music," he says rather pompously.

"Reggae did not get the recognition it deserved. I and I is the root of reggae. So, though you can recognise the branches and the trees, they would all die without the root. What the root says, the trunk and leaves cannot say."

Tosh puts the blame for the original Wailers' split firmly on the shoulders of their label, Island.

"When we first toured England it was just The Wailers, but the next time we toured it was Bob Marley and The Wailers. That was where the segregation began.

"But it was not me who created it. It was the company.

"Me and Bunny said that we would not tour again because of the shitstem. You have to go through too much fuckery.

"When I left The Wailers I had been singing for 12 to 14 years. Now, if a man has been doing something for 12 years, he should be professional by this.

"Well, I wasn't getting the professional recognition that I demand. When the segregation came in and it was *Bob Marley and The Wailers,* I wanted my own recognition."

Just in case the contribution of Tosh to The Wailers should be underrated, it is worth remembering that it was he who gave such gems as 'Maga Dog', '400 Years', 'No Sympathy', 'Stop That Train', 'Get Up Stand Up', and 'One Foundation' to their repertoire, in addition to his vocal and instrumental prowess.

And though I beg to differ, he vehemently refutes any suggestion that his music as it was then is in any way superior to the work he is producing now.

However, after his first solo set, 'Legalise It', had been well-received by the critics and his second effort, 'Equal Rights', lauded, his most recent offering, 'Bush Doctor', was greeted with an almost universal panning.

"But now the music is more perfect. It is more beautiful. It is more properly decorated than it was in those days," he argues.

"In those days there was no synthesisers and clavinets and them bloodclat t'ings! It takes more instruments to make the music more decorative."

But surely it is the soul — sorely lacking in Tosh's current work — and not the ornate decoration that makes music great?

"To you and me it is the soul, but to the people, the commercially-minded people who listen to progammed music it is not. You can't tell them that about the soul.

"I know that not everyone thinks on that level. I know how to get across to the minds of people who love to be attracted to music. Once upon a time reggae music was behind the iron curtains but now it has been exposed."

But your music seems to have lost a lot of its toughness, a lot of its rough edges along the way.

"Reggae don't have no rough edges! What I'm trying to say to you, man, is that reggae music have to be music!

"You see, I and I is the foundational creator of reggae music so no-one can tell the creator of the music how that music must be made because this is no invention or adoption of influence. This is an inborn concept of inspiration!

"So I know what it takes to make the music more acceptable and I'm not talking about no rough edges because reggae has no rough edges.

"Once upon a time all the people out there used never to listen to reggae music. What makes you think they begin to listen? Because reggae is beginning to get more ingredients. It takes nice natural ingredients to make reggae acceptable to the ears of people.

"The best is yet to come. Reggae is for instruments of all descriptions. I want to play all sorts of instruments — organ, synthesiser and clavinet."

Seen.

Trying to put even mild criticism to Peter Tosh is rather like talking to a brick wall while sucking a mouthful of gobstoppers. So, realising that I'm probing mostly a series of blind alleys, I change the subject to Tosh's frequent altercations with the JA authorities, the last of which, in September, resulted in his hospitalisation with head injuries and a broken hand.

His brushes with the law have ostensibly been on ganja raps. But Tosh himself sees them as something more sinister, as he starts to explain just as Herbie Miller pops his head around the dressing room door instructing us to wind up the interview.

"The injustices to me because I smoke herb are not because I smoke herb. They are because of my so-called political stand against imperialism, colonialism and fascism and all forms of ism that are here to discriminate and to kill and to gwan with all the evil forms of fuckracy in the world.

"So every time I sing songs like 'Fight Against Apartheid' they don't like that because they are the supporters of apartheid.

"The police dem actually tell me that the reason I have so much trouble is because of my songs. Dem don't like the truth.

"And my job is to let the people know the truth. My job as a musician is to keep on keeping people in the light of reality."

At which he is back off on his monocycle to finish his soundcheck.

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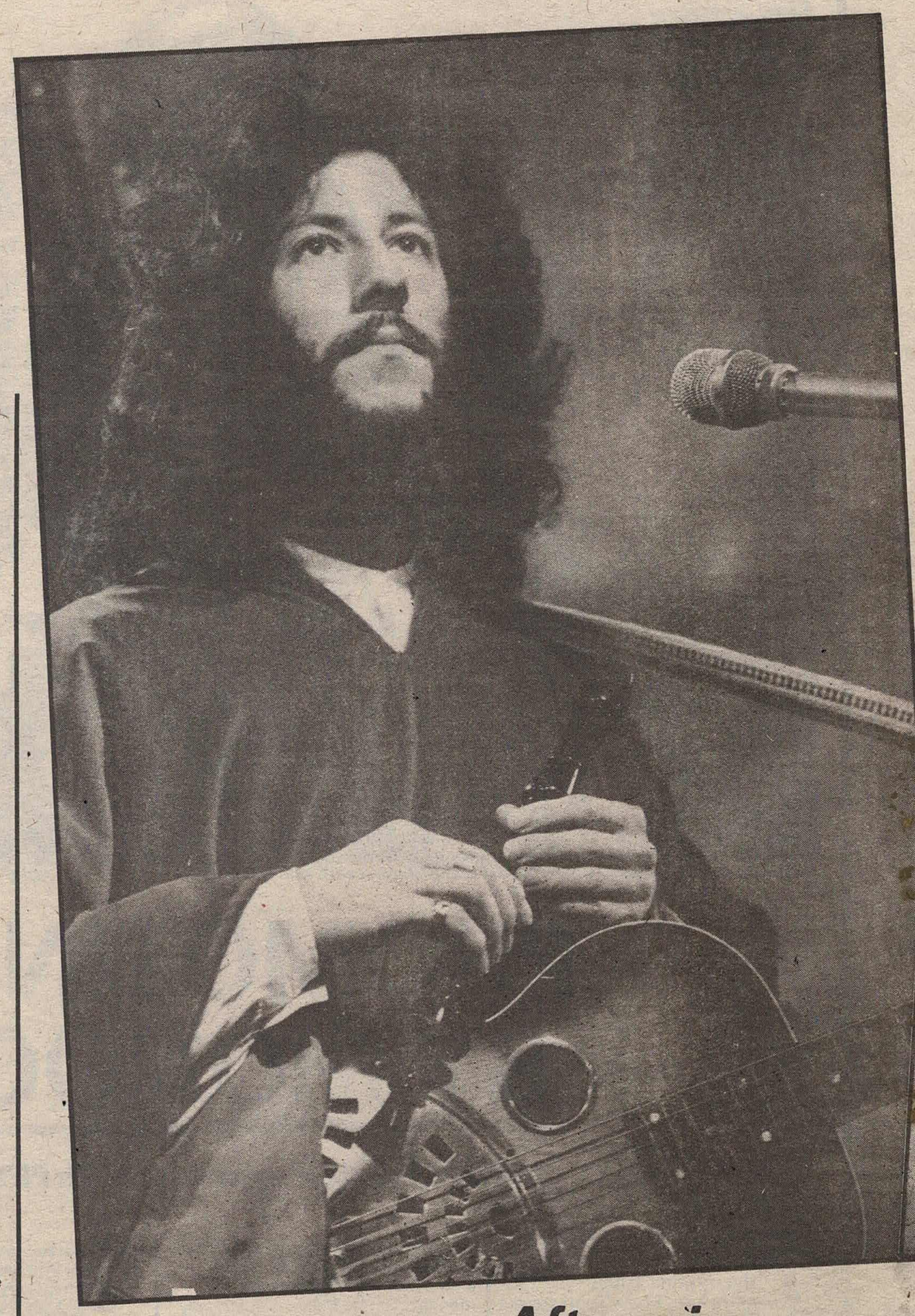
THE JEWISH BOY WHO WANDERED . . .



After nine years PETER talks to STE

OUR APPOINTMENT was for 2.30, but it came as no surprise when the hotel receptionist said that Mr Green, registered under his real name of Greenbaum, wasn't in his room.

After all, Peter Green hasn't exactly lived the most regular of lives since abdicating from Fleetwood Mac nine years ago.

Although I'd never met him, I vividly remember Green being pointed out to me in 1976 at a lavish party WEA records hosted for F. Mac to celebrate the American success that finally blossomed with the 'Fleetwood Mac' album.

By that time, of course, the band bore little resemblance to the denim-clad blues group he had formed in the late '60s, and which over a period of 18 months scored heavily with a quartet of superlative singles — each master-minded by Green himself.

In 1969 Fleetwood Mac were the number one singles band in the land, ahead of even The Beatles.

At the reception Green was unrecognisable as the former strong-jawed, square-faced skinny young dude with a thick black mane tumbling down his shoulders. His locks cropped, he had aged dramatically, and his former resolute expression was replaced by a listless grin.

Overweight and dressed in clothes more suited to a middle-aged business executive enjoying a weekend with the family, his ambience contrasted sharply with the superstar sheen of his former colleagues.

Success had sent him on a downward, identity-seeking spiral, while the new Fleetwood Mac, complete with California gloss courtesy of Lindsay Buckingham and Stevie Nicks, appeared to revel in it.

Worse was to come. The following year Green was arrested then committed to a mental institution after a row with his accountant. Brandishing a rifle, he had demanded that royalty payments from his hit records should be *stopped.*

The amount involved was in the region of £32,000 a year.

As far back as late 1969 Green had talked of the guilt he felt over earning "easy money". Before appearing at London's Lyceum in aid of a Jewish charity, he said: "I want to do it because I won't have to touch the money." In 1977 his father estimated that he had given away "tens of thousands".

One story long in circulation around the music biz tells of Green, accompanied by his then-manager Clifford Davis, seeking out the offices of the charity UNICEF. Pointing to a map of the Indian sub-continent, Green asked the UNICEF person how much it would cost to put things right there. On being told, he immediately wrote out a cheque for the amount.

SINCE Peter Green quit a stunned Mac in the spring of 1970 his life has been shrouded in a mist of fact and fantasy. Like Syd Barrett, Brian Wilson and dear old Neil Young, he has attracted as much interest as The Bermuda Triangle.

Green sightings have been reported with all the gusto of a UFO freak spotting a new unidentified flying object.

Gossip has had him living with a German commune, working as a gravedigger, barman, as a member of a kibbutz, employed as a hospital orderly, as a petrol pump attendant, and even venturing into the hotel trade.

Following his time in the mental institution he startled the music world when it was announced that he'd signed a recording contract with an obscure label, PVK Records; a similar announcement in 1973, this time by Clifford Davis, who said that Green had inked a six-album, three-year deal, came to nothing.

The news from PVK came last February, by which time even the most optimistic observer had given up hope that the traumatized Green would ever record again. He'd sold his last guitar in 1976 and hadn't played for some years.

News of his marriage was also reported and, in an interview conducted around the same time F. Mac's drummer/manager Mick Fleetwood said that Peter Green was once again firing on all cylinders — and playing great guitar. There was even speculation that Fleetwood, who'd somehow kept Fleetwood Mac together through their seemingly endless difficulties, would manage and produce him.

But seeing is believing, and after no Peter Green releases were forthcoming — save for one single, 'The Apostle', withdrawn because of a row with PVK's distributors WEA (1500 copies were released) — it looked as if Mick Fleetwood's optimism was misplaced and that PVK had failed to coax the guitarist back into action.

Several weeks ago, however, with no advance publicity, a copy of 'Into The Skies' reached the *NME* office — Peter Green's first album for nine years. It wasn't even preceded by as much as a paragraph in the music press news pages.

Could it really be true that after all these years Green had got himself together? And who the hell were PVK, anyway?

The answer was affirmative, and the record proved that, miraculously, Green had lost none of his old magic. In contrast to his last elpee, the prophetically entitled 'The End Of The Game', released in late 1970, 'Into The Skies' is an assured, confident set on which he seems completely in control of his talent.

The obvious stand-out is 'A Fool No More', a down-tempo blues. The voice is still positively breath-taking, saturated with understated passion and melancholy. The guitar too is delicately understated, cliche free and effortlessly sensual.

Not surprisingly much of the album has a religious flavour. Like F. Mac's other wayward guitarist, Jeremy Spencer (who, you may remember, was hi-jacked by the Children Of God in LA while the group were on tour, and has remained in the sect ever since), Green has long been big on God.

In 'Oh Well', still an innovative piece of rock 10 years after its release, Green sang of his conversations with God. And at the time he said: "I spent a lot of time finding out about God and coming back in a big circle where I found the only thing a person could do was good.

"I had strong feelings that I was walking and talking with God. I was drawing away from music into just being a Christian person and it made me very happy, but it only lasted two or three weeks.

"Although my faith was strong it was jarred by people who didn't want to know and I made the mistake of trying to explain it to them. From now on I'm going to stop going to clubs and seeing girls as much as I did because that is a waste of time."

His last recording was an undistinguished affair, a single called 'Beast Of Burden' on which he collaborated with one Nigel Watson, a relative of Clifford Davis, released in 1972.

Concurrent with sending *NME* the new album PVK said that Green would do an interview. However, he was living in Los Angeles with his wife and baby daughter, and it would have to be conducted by transatlantic telephone.

Though still doubtful of Green's condition, naturally I was very keen to meet him.

However, several days went by and the promised interview seemed no nearer. Then Peter Vernon Kall (pronounced Cale), one of the directors of PVK, told me the man would soon be coming into the country — albeit under wraps because of litigation between him and Clifford Davis. Consequently the interview could be conducted in person.

A week or so went by, and after some confusion it was arranged that I should meet Green at his London hotel, the £100 a night Montcalm, in Marble Arch, a luxurious habitat beloved by rich rock stars and where Green had first stayed when Fleetwood Mac were in town back in '76.

WITH ME at the hotel is photographer George Bodnar. PVK's Vernon Kall has given permission for him to be present — "But don't be surprised if Green refuses to co-operate. He's just shaved off his beard and because of it is more camera shy than usual."

Incidentally, PVK are relative newcomers to the music business. With the possible exceptions of The Platters' Herb Reed and White Plains, Peter Green is the label's only name artist.

Vernon Kall, however, is a successful business man. He drives a Rolls Royce Corniche, lives in a large house in Twickenham, replete with a couple of whippets — one of which he used to race — and claims to have been a member of The Detours, the early '60s West London band which metamorphosed into The Who.

He tells me he had a rough time of it with The Detours and vowed not to return to the music business until he'd made some money.

GREEN with Steve Clarke.

He also says he was a contemporary of Pete Townshend's at art college.

However, returning to Peter Green, I am told by other PVK people that Green's condition has deteriorated of late, the primary cause being his stay in America, where he went a year ago, shortly after completing the album.

"He's slipped back a bit," says PVK's Peter Cormack. "It's a great pity he went there. When he's left to his own devices he gets bored."

Another PVK guy told me earlier: "He's in one of his funny moods. He'll walk off and lose his mind again. Shove him in a boozer and he'll be all right."

Two days prior to our interview, Green had blown out an interview for *The Old Grey Whistle Test* and had also elbowed a Tyne Tees TV slot. Even Vernon Kall couldn't succeed in getting Green in front of the cameras.

Vernon Kall was less forthcoming about Green's current state of mind when I asked the day before the interview.

"He's just a little jet-lagged," he said.

Given these opinions, Green's history and my experiences with interviewing Jeremy Spencer and another erstwhile F. Mac guitarist, Danny Kirwan, it's with ice in the pit of my stomach that I sit and wait with George in the hotel lobby.

Kirwan, who joined F. Mac at Green's invitation in '68 and was asked to leave in 1972, was in a pitiful state when I talked to him a couple of years later, and should never have been allowed to have to cope with an

New-pix: GEORGE BODNAR

. . . TOO FAR FROM HOME

in the wasteland

GREEN

EVE CLARKE

Vintage FLEETWOOD MAC: (from left) Jeremy Spencer, Green, Mic Fleetwood, Danny Kirwin, John McVie.

interview situation.

As these thoughts are passing through my head, Peter Green arrives.

"THIS IS Peter Green, announces Peter Vernon Kall in an accent that doesn't do justice to his double barrelled name. Hands are shaken briefly. Will it be okay if George takes some pictures? No pictures, mumbles Green. The answer does nothing for my nerves.

The two make a singularly odd-looking pair. Vernon Kall, squat, bald, dressed in a tired leather bomber jacket and cords and carrying a regulation music biz briefcase, hardly looks the epitome of the record company man. Still, Green doesn't quite look like a guitar hero.

Vernon Kall says George might as well come and have a drink, and the four of us troop into the hotel bar, Green walking with an awkward rolling gait.

We take a corner pew. And unprovoked, Green immediately goes into a rap about how musicians shouldn't be held in great esteem.

When the Oriental waiter asks us what we'd like to drink I'm tempted to order a triple brandy. I feel jittery. But instead I plump for a beer, and Green and Kall order coffee.

Clearly Green is going to need the kid glove treatment. While he isn't the burnt-out case I'd feared, neither is he your regular rock star interview. Flattery obviously won't get me anywhere. His mental state is not such that I'd feel comfortable asking him difficult questions or pressing him when he says something out of the ordinary.

He doesn't look so much wasted as dazed and disorientated, his conversation often disjointed, flying off at a tangent for no apparent reason. He pauses frequently and sometimes his voice disintegrates into an inaudible mumble. He talks like an East End boxer who's taken one pummelling too many (he was brought up in Bethnal Green in the heart of London's East End).

Occasionally I feel guilty for interviewing Green at all and keep a steady eye on Kall in case he signals that Green has had enough. Peter Cormack had told me it would be best if Kall sat in as he's able to get Green to answer questions, and I'm more than glad he's present.

Sometimes I even get a feeling that Green is playing up to his role as "Rock casualty" just to freak me out, but I'm probably wrong. Whatever, I never relax.

(Later Kall tells me while Green was recording 'Into The Skies' he was "as sharp as a razor blade. When he first started playing he was very insecure, but he slowly came out of it, and by the time he started recording he was totally on the ball. When he's playing I won't let him near anyone. When we were recording he'd ring me up at 8 o'clock in the morning and want to know when we were going to start the day's session. On the other hand if he wasn't feeling right he wouldn't do anything.")

Thirty-three this year (for what it's worth, Green, like Neil Young, is a Scorpio), he is unrecognisable as the ace Fleetwood Mac guitarist of yore. His hair is short and instead of the velvet flares and peasant smock of old he wears bright tan slip-ons, uncomfortable looking new jeans, an open neck shirt and a pricey looking cardigan with suede gussets.

He looks ill at ease. His manner is distant. A lot of the time I feel as if he's talking to himself.

I ask him about the new record. When did he start recording it?

"I dunno. When did we start, Pete?"

Vernon Kall tells me that 'Into The Skies' was recorded over a three-month period at the beginning of last year.

It all happened in the first place because, by an amazing coincidence, one of Green's two brothers, Mike, had got himself a job as a promotions man at PVK, and brought Green into the office.

Green had recently discharged himself from the mental institution to which he'd been sent after the incident with his accountant.

"He was in a diabolical state then," Kall later tells me. "It was like something out of, what's its name? *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest.* He was eating with his hands and everything. In the loony bin they'd pumped him up to his eye balls with drugs. It was disgusting. That's no way to treat a person.

"He came to stay with me for a few months and I told him if he was going to live with me he wasn't going to behave like a pig."

Before being committed Green had spent several weeks in Brixton Prison — an experience which, according to Vernon Kall, he found far from disagreeable.

"He liked it in there. He didn't want to leave. He thought the people were interesting. He has a totally open mind. He'll sit down and talk with a murderer or a rapist and take them for what they are and get on with them, whereas he won't necessarily talk to a millionaire."

But he was less enamoured of the mental hospital.

Says Kall: "I once had a friend round and Peter was talking about his time in the loony bin. He told him he couldn't stand it in there, all the people were driving him mad." He laughs at the obvious irony.

Of his own meeting with Vernon Kall, Green says: "I was just motoring around doing nothing with my life and my brother said to me do I want to come and meet this guy, you know. And see what sort of . . . maybe I could come on the label. What he said to me, I don't know how much . . . 'Come on, it'll secure my job'.

"I think he just persuaded me to come back to playing 'cause I was cabbaging it up a bit, you know. I was doing a lot of wondering, drifting and dreaming."

He pauses, and momentarily is miles away.

"Thinking about whether I should go back to work or get a day job or whatever it was. And, anyway, I was in a dream world.

"Mike said, 'Come and meet Pete and see if you fancy doing some stuff'. So I said, 'Okay, I'll see', just to keep . . . just to pass the time, you know. I went to see him and we talked and that. Said, 'Yeah, I suppose I could do something', just to keep my hand in, you know."

Green hadn't played for six years. The Gibson Les Paul he used to such telling effect during his halcyon duys with Fleetwood Mac now belongs to Gary Moore, and Vernon Kall had to buy him another. At first he couldn't play for more than half an hour without his fingers getting sore.

When they first met, Kall says that Green was determined never to play again, let alone record.

By coincidence, Kall knew Mick Fleetwood through other business connections — and Fleetwood too expressed the opinion that Green would never play again.

So how come Kall's succeeded where others failed?

"I don't know, but I think it might be because he knows I don't need him for anything, financially or emotionally. I'm also not afraid to tell him what I think of him. If he's being a cunt I'll tell him."

OBVIOUSLY FOR Green one of the attractions of working with PVK is that he doesn't have to involve himself with the machinations of a big record deal. He says: "We're not fanatical about anything but we don't want to be any more than . . . We don't want to get fanatical any more because we find that leads to nervous breakdowns and things. And, erhh, we're just going to turn out a record here and there. Keep things casual . . . just keep in touch with the music world."

Does he enjoy playing again?

"Yeah, I love playing. Yeah, I like it."

His guitar playing, I suggest, seems as good as it ever was.

"In some ways it's better. I've learned a lot of things. Since I've done the LP, actually, I've learned some fantastic things. Actually, I'll tell you one thing. I'm on one of the tracks on Fleetwood Mac's LP. One of Christine's tunes.

"Are you Persian?" he asks suddenly, focusing on George Bodnar, heavy featured but obviously European. George tells him he's Hungarian.

"Let him take some pictures of you," interjects Vernon Kall.

"Well, I don't know," mumbles Green, a little confused. "What are you going to do with the pictures?"

Put them in the paper with the piece.

"What paper's that?"

The *NME*, say I.

Vernon Kall orders a cigar from a passing waiter and the matter is dropped. George takes his first snap. Green sighs.

You're on the new Fleetwood Mac album? I venture.

"I think they're going to use it," Green replies. "I don't know if they'll use it. I was experimenting around, you know, and Christine says, 'I just want you to do something — experiment around. Do something, anything you like', you know. So I had a good time. I had a real good time . . .and I think they're going to use it. I'm not sure."

What's the track called?

"I don't know what it's called, actually. I remember there's a title line, but I don't remember what. So I'm quite interested in waiting until the LP comes out. Hearing it again, you know."

There were some stories a couple of years back that you were going to rejoin Fleetwood Mac?

"I would love to . . . Whoop, I would love to rejoin Fleetwood Mac. After all the scenes we went through. Group gone through a lot of turmoil. You only see the sort of side of it, from a . . . what's it called side? Interview side . . . and more often than not when a group is famous they've lost their original flair and . . ." He mumbles.

"I tried to pull out of the famous side of things and just come back to the original flair and get behind it again, to try and remember what I was like before I went into the business at all, and I can't remember. I'm completely stumped. I can't remember what I was like. And it's quite frighteningly horrible.

"That's why Peter (Vernon Kall) just made a deal that we're gonna do things on a very casual level. We're going to release one record here and there. And we're gonna do no big deal. Just a little thing in a rack. A little reminder. A little remembrance. Maybe it will, maybe it won't."

If the record sells, will that encourage you to make some more?

"No. No. No. No. I don't think so. It might do but I don't think so. I'm not interested in

■ *Continues over page*

■ *From previous page*

crazys. I've done that trip. It's interesting and . . . but no way."

You were talking about esteem earlier . . . ?

"When I first met Eric Clapton I thought he was something very special, and erhh . . . but anyway I'm into Arabian style stuff. So it's . . . There's a lot of . . . how do you say? A lot of something. A lot of wisdom to be expressed, you know, from my heritage and things like that. And this is what I'm trying to express. I'm going to try and follow the trail of the Arabian now. That sort of thing."

You're still into blues.

"No. I'm trying to be out of it."

You play blues on the record, though?

"Yeah, there is one there just to fill the LP up." He laughs. "Just to fill up the LP. The whole thing. Every track is to fill up the LP, you know." More laughter.

The first thing Vernon Kall recorded (he produced the album) with Green was 'The Apostle', a big production number similar to 'Oh Well (Part 2)' with Green's acoustic picking well to the fore. The number would be perfect for use in a religious epic. Kall played the number to Mick Fleetwood in Los Angeles and he was so moved at hearing Peter play again that he wept.

Green was later taken over to LA by Kall. I ask Green if there was in truth that Fleetwood was going to produce him?

"Yeah," he says, sounding sharp for the first time during the interview. "There was truth in it, but I turned down a deal." There's anger in his voice now. "I had a big deal to do, one of those things where they were going to give me so many thousand dollars, so much this and that, and I just said, 'Oh, I don't fancy it'.

"I said, 'Screw it, I'm not all that interested.' This other guy started making a big fuss and later on . . . and he phoned my wife and tried to make a date with her or somefink, you know. I started to stick a knife in him and all that, you know."

This was in LA?

"Yes, this was in Los Angele," he says pronouncing it without the S. "I had a good time out there."

What in fact happened was that Green was offered a $900,000 deal from Warners for four albums over four years, delivered when he chose. But Green is as anti-money now as he was ten years ago.

"He thinks nothing of giving £500 to a down-and-out he sees in the street," reveals Kall. "Only yesterday we nearly had an accident in the car because Peter wanted to stop and give somebody some money."

And yet his anti-materialism doesn't stop him from enjoying the good things of life. When he first met Kall Green kept pestering him to let him have his E Type Jaguar until finally he gave in. After running the car into a bollard Green returned it to Kall.

"He likes to own things," says Kall.

RETURNING TO his relationship with Fleetwood Mac, I ask Green if he's still friends with them, despite his turning down the Warner Brothers deal.

After a lengthy pause he says: "Oh yeah, 'course I'm friendly. I know 'em all, But they're so busy, you see. I can't get in there . . . I can't . . . They ain't got time for me, you know. So I don't see too much . . . I see 'em a couple of times. John McVie's married a Jewish girl. I met him once. He introduced me to his wife . . . She's a nice girl."

So Mick Fleetwood isn't going to produce you?

"He might do, but me and Peter's getting by all right. There was some talk about some other business. I don't know what we're going to do. Me and Peter don't hold each other down in any way — I hope. So far we haven't. But you know what usually happens. It's always," says Green smiling, while Kall chuckles, 'the . . . This is what happens, Pete, you know full well.

"Look at the business Fleetwood Mac had. So it's a bit nerve-racking. And me and Peter are trying to keep it very cool and just do one record, then we'll think about doing another record."

You're not going to play live?

"I can't see it. I can't see it. I don't think so."

Why not? A lot of people would love to see you play live.

"Yeah, I guess in a way I would love to play live if I've got something really unique to offer. I was only . . . Before I was only doing playing B B King stuff. I was only imitating . . . Although, you see, to learn how to play as good as some of these Arabian guys play. They never make mistakes or anything."

But B B King himself said you were "the only guitarist that made him sweat".

"Oh, I did a bit more, I entertained . . . You pick up . . . As I say I've got to now follow my own course. I'm learning to do this and it takes a long time. So it might be four years before I do anything on stage."

Kall later tells me that despite his obsessive humility Green is under no illusions about his talent. "He firmly believes he's got a gift."

So does Kall think Green will tread the boards again?

"He says he won't but he said he wouldn't make an album again and he did."

In fact so accurate a guitarist is Green, Kall tells me, that when he double tracks he records *exactly* the same notes he played for the first take, no mean achievement. And apparently he has scant praise for nigh on all other rock guitarists.

"He only likes B B King, Albert King and Eric Clapton." (Green, of course, had the thankless task of replacing Clapton in John Mayall's Bluesbreakers when E C stepped out in 1966 and formed Cream).

Kall recalled how he played Green the Dire Straits album, thinking that he might be impressed by the axe antics of Mark Knopfler. He wasn't, and instead grinned at the bum notes.

As for his writing prowess, something which is beyond doubt with the likes of 'Man Of The World' and 'Green Manalishi' having spewed forth from the Green muse, Kall told me Green wrote these songs over an absurdly short time period.

"He goes in flashes . . . He wrote all those classic songs in 20 minutes. Twenty minutes to write an 'Oh Well'!"

So what of the years when he wasn't playing? I ask Green about all the stories in the press.

"I don't know what the press is about too much. I don't know how much a blues guitar player likes to . . . is always very conscious of the press because we fear that if we're over-exposed we'll lose something, yet again, you see a blues guitar player never realises that he's ever going to lose the blues. Now when I was in America, you know, I saw Lightnin' Hopkins. Some blues men they don't want to lose the blues. That's all it is. So I don't know, erhh, whether I should play happy music or . . . do whatever."

But he hasn't lost the blues.

"Well you lose the blues or you progress, I guess. Progress on to something more interesting."

Does he think that, say, Eric Clapton has lost the blues?

"I think Eric Clapton is a very special person. I wish I could see him more often than not. I haven't seen him for a long time. We bump into each other occasionally. He's a lovely person. His new wife, you know. Beautiful girl."

But I read that you stayed with him recently.

"Did I? Oh, I stayed with him for a few nights."

Did they play together?

"Yeah, we mucked about a bit. Nothing much. We both got down there. I played the bass. He played the guitar. Nothing much, just playing about, as I say. Trying to keep it on a happy level so we don't bring too much tragedy into the world. So much tragedy we can bring. Or we can do something nice."

I try a different tack. He must have money to stay in a place like the Montcalm?

"No, I haven't got any money. Peter's got all my money. I left some money in America. I try not to worry about it. I try not to be a rich person 'cause I don't want to be a rich person. I don't want to be poor, but I don't want to be rich."

Why not?

"Because there's a . . . I'm just fearful of being rich. I won't be able to communicate with the poor, the so-called poor, which is the everyday man. But when you are the everyday man you do realise that you are considered poor, you know, and that you can't afford a super car, you know. So it's a lot of fun to be driving about in a Rolls and that with Peter. I love a lot of fun. I wouldn't have a Rolls so far, but then again I always used to say I would'nt have an E Type Jaguar but I saw Peter's and I asked him if I could have it and I fell in love with it."

Once again Green brings up how he's in to Arabian music right now, and unprompted begins to talk about his Jewishness:

"Sometimes it (his Jewishness) means a bloody hell of a lot and sometimes we wish we were French. Sometimes we wish we were something else, you know. I'm glad I'm Jewish. I feel it's like a nice medium between the ordinations and whatever that might mean to everyone. I love being Jewish. I think it's a good obedience test, you know and (grinning) I fail dismally. And it's great for me to meet Jewish kids. Just be that.

"I was thinking of forming an all Jewish group and playing Jewish music. I might still do it, but right now we're just relaxing and laying back on the front porch and enjoying the fact that we don't have to work every day."

Is he going back to LA soon?

"No, I might not go at all."

He might stay over here?

"Yeah."

Where would he live over here?

"I don't know. I might stay in an hotel. Peter might get me a room or something. I might get a little house. I won't go back. I don't think so. It's a bit hard for me in the States. There's my wife particularly who wants to go over there, and my little girl. I might go, but I don't think so."

Vernon Kall agrees with Green that LA isn't good for him.

"I left him out there with Mick Fleetwood," he recalls, "and after three or four weeks it was all over. He can't control him. No-one else can control him. Everyone thinks I'm his manager, but I'm not. I'm a record producer not a baby sitter, but you can't leave a guy like that to his own devices.

"He has to be constantly fired. When he goes over there he's with the old lady and he gets bored. And he eats."

What about drugs?

"He smokes a bit, but that's all right. There's all that other stuff flying around out there — coke, angel dust."

I ask Green if he recorded anything apart from the tracks that appear on the album.

"Have I done anything else, Peter?"

Kall mentions 'Beast Of Burden', but later tells me that another six songs were recorded which may or may not surface in the future.

How does Green regard the old Fleetwood Mac stuff?

"It's all interesting. A bit weak. It's whatever it is for the listener."

Does reissuing 'Albatross' bother him?

"What . . . a third time, wasn't it? I don't think they should release it so many times. If they release it, they release it. If it sells, it sells."

Returning to the subject of Fleetwood Mac, I ask if he regrets leaving the band?

"Yeah, I regret it a lot. You know, when I was over in the States I was thinking of going around and saying I'd rejoin, but how can I? There's no room for me. I can't play as regular as they can. I like to play more for fun. I'm not all that interested in the responsibility of having to play right. I just like playing and experimenting, you know, like Japanese. I don't want to have the responsibility of having to play the thing dead right."

Does he keep in touch with his former colleagues Spencer and Kirwan?

"I see 'em a couple of times, but none of them have got much time for me, and I guess if they'd have time for me I wouldn't have much time for them. They're just ordinary guys to me. I used to like Danny a lot. Jeremy's very self sufficient. He's got his own family situation and . . . Jeremy ain't got much time for anybody. He's into Jesus and I'm into Jesus. Whatever it might mean to anybody."

What else has he been up to in the past seven years, the time since his last recording surfaced?

"Seven years? Nothing really. Nothing interesting, anyway. I think that when you're playing music you lose something. Within a social gathering I may be lacking something. On the other hand I wasn't . . . I was a musician so it's interesting to see if you can combine the two. But it seemed to be that I couldn't combine the two for some reason. I don't know what happened."

"You were under a lot of pressure," chips in Vernon Kall.

"Maybe, but I was just hanging around. It was, erhh, a chat with a guy that I had that made me start thinking very seriously whether I should give it up, and I did. This chap I met in New Orleans. I don't know . . . and he seemed to have a message to get across to me. He seemed to think I was forsaking friends. Something like that. And maybe he's right. So I stopped playing anyway, to pick up some pieces. And ever since that I've been struggling around."

Does he feel happier now that he's playing again? "Yeah, it's just something. I was into playing a lot but these things happen and you stop and think. Jewish boy mustn't wander too far from home and get too friendly with people 'cause it's dangerous. Anything can happen. Anything can happen."

Did he actually work as a grave-digger or venture into the hotel business?

"No, nothing to do with a hotel, unless you're talking about this place here. That's what I say, there's too many people talking about you, making fun of you. If you're in the limelight you're a target. Some guys can handle it. I can't handle it. I guess I'm just a very ordinary guy. I can't handle too much fame. Fame and glory, so I pulled out."

Kall tells me that Green worked as a gravedigger in Kingston hospital, and also had a job as a hospital orderly — not in Southend as reported, but in Slough.

I ask him what music he listens to?

"I like to go to restaurants and listen to Arabian stuff."

Does he like what Clapton does today?

"No, not really. I don't know too much about it really. He's doing similar . . . He's just laying back in there doing little bits and pieces."

What about Fleetwood Mac's current music?

"Same thing. Not bad. I can take it or leave it. Some of it's fair enough. I see them a couple of times when I was in the States. One time I had a great time. Went down this big hall and they were practising and messing around. And I was having a good time. And it was a lot of fun. A lot of fun. That Stevie Nicks, she's a fabulous girl. Hell of a lot of fun."

Have they finished the new album?

"I'm not sure. I did go down the studio a few times but I was unable to get in, they were so busy, so I just drove off with this chick I was with and see what else I could get up to."

Did he stay with John Mayall, another LA resident?

"I stayed at John Mayall's house a few nights and had a lot of fun with John in the swimming pool and that."

Did he ask you to play with him?

"No, I think I asked him if I could play with him, but he had other plans. It was interesting. Me and John always have a laugh.

"I'll tell you what I did see recently, Paul McCartney and Wings. I've never liked them much. Just one time they broke into that old Beatles feeling, you know. Phew. Unbelievable . . . just taking us back through all the so much nonsense and then hit you with that old feeling, that old hard-worked feeling." A lengthy pause. "And Jimi Hendrix too, Jimi Hendrix' film, *Rainbow Bridge*, very interesting. I didn't like Jimi Hendrix all that much. I liked him as a guy but his music didn't do too much for me. It's very interesting to look back and see."

With that the tape clicks to a halt. Vernon Kall has gone off to attend to a phone call. Green seems slightly dazed, lost in thought. Feeling awkward and thinking what a parasitic job this can sometimes be, I lamely ask Green what he thinks of London. A lousy question, I know. What seems like an eternity passes. Vernon Kall returns. Obviously Green doesn't think such a question is worth answering.

But then he answers: "Big city, big people. But where else can I go? Wales? I can't take my degradation there. Why should I spoil their countryside?"

I say nothing.

SMALL TALK continues. The subject of money raises its ugly head. Green says he gives all his money to friends. Vernon Kall smiles. Green waxes lyrical about his American lawyer's secretary. "She's just like a fish," he enthuses. "You know how perfect a fish is."

Somehow the interview is wound up and Green seems friendlier than at any time during the conversation as he accompanies Vernon Kall to his Rolls Royce.

The following day Vernon Kall calls me up. "You know that thing Peter said about me having all his money, it's not strictly true. I haven't got any of his money."

A week later Green has checked out of the sumptuous comfort of The Montcalm and into — an £8 a night hotel where he's under lock and key writing songs for his new album.

"His aura is incredibly intense," Vernon Kall says. "He drains people. I've seen him crack people up . . . the effect he has on people."

He relates the tale of how another interviewer fared with Green: "He didn't know what he was talking about. He asked if Peter was kicked out of Fleetwood Mac, so Peter told him he lived in France. Your interview was the best he's done so far."

It doesn't say a lot for the others, but then as Vernon Kall had told me earlier: "You've only got to listen to his playing, that's where it all goes. Why should he talk when he can play like that?"

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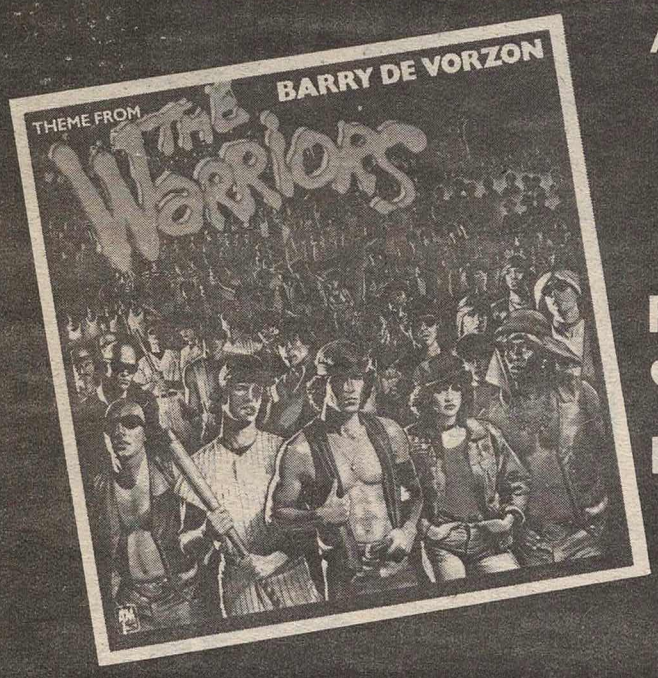

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SILVER SCREEN

William Katt, Jan-Michael Vincent and Gary Busey in an ongoing Odorono situation.

Big Wednesday

Directed by John Milius
Starring Jan-Michael Vincent, William Katt and Gary Busey
(Warner Bros)

The story of three surfing buddies down California way, *Big Wednesday* attempts to put America's 'youth' years (1962-74) into some sort of perspective.

John Milius' perspective, to be precise. And writer-director Milius — best known, if at all, for *Dillinger, The Wind And The Lion* and his involvement with *Dirty Harry, Taxi Driver* and *The Hardcore Life* — employs a horrible mishmash of styles in the process (including sub-*Graffiti/Animal House* gross-out comedy and pathetic *Wild Bunch* parody).

If the pompous, sombre music absurdly allied to the rituals of surfing doesn't immediately put you off, then the boorish behaviour of the three chums — an introspective, maudlin drunk (Vincent), a loud-mouthed yobbo (Busey) and the sensible one (Katt) — surely will. Cute food fights, silly slang, party gatecrashers being beaten up, a hero whose idea of a good time is to instigate bar-room brawls and car pile-ups and then mope about it — it's all here.

"It's really different here," says the girl from Chicago, starry-eyed. "Back home being young was just something you do 'til you grow up — here it's everything!"

Only until Vietnam arrives, honey, which it will. But what the hell, let's go ride another wave.

Monty Smith

The Texas Triangle

Days Of Heaven

Directed by Terrence Malick
Starring Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard and Linda Manz
(CIC)

Terrence Malick is a master of dramatic claustrophobia. His first major film, *Badlands,* found Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek pitting their rough adolescent love affair against the perversities of a sprawling landscape which nurtered their passion, concealed their crimes and eventually betrayed their isolation.

In *Days Of Heaven,* a far more ambitious, epic encounter, Malick has developed another theme where young folks' moral uncertainty and financial dependence dictate their destinies.

Unlike *Badlands,* whose contemporary setting suggested an up-dating of *Rebel Without A Cause,* Malick's new film is a period piece based around the corn prairies of the Panhandle in 1915.

To extend the earlier comparison, Malick is here experimenting with the territory popularised by Elia Kazan in *East Of Eden* and any number of Tennessee Williams' scripts, while possessing all the associated pyschological tension and very little of their sentimentality.

The camera focuses on a central cast of four, the duplicity of itinerant farm workers Bill (Richard Gere) and Abby (Brooke *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* Adams) who are lovers masquerading as brother and sister, and their callous exploitation of a youthful employee land owner (Sam Shepard) who falls for Abby first time he sees her traipsing across his land. The whole is filtered through the eyes of Bill and Abby's child worker buddy Linda (Linda Manz), a fragmentary narrative device which seems slightly clumsy in retrospect though Malick uses it sparingly enough.

The background to the period is the American class war, the encroaching depression and the Great War but Malick doesn't need to stress the climate of the 'I Won't Work' movement, Eugene Debs and Roosevelt to charge his film with foreboding; the protagonists' emotional traits, dishonesty, jealousy and murderous hatred do that for him.

As in an Ibsen play, Malick's direction of his characters draw them towards an increasingly insular demise. While Bill and Abby are quite content to mislead the farmer, and seemingly at home indulging his wealth on the ranch, he is searching for a simple companionship to alleviate his physical and mental pain.

Malick alternates the angles of the triangle until it breaks, contrasting soft focus pastoral vistas with rapid, electric close ups of man and nature, threshing machines and the wiles of city technology. Unbeknown to them, Bill and Abby will destroy everything the farmer stands for, they are "the devils" who are driven by the knowledge that "If you don't work they ship you out in a day, they don't need you, they can always get somebody else" and the overriding socialist tenet of the age — namely, "Some people need more than they got and some people got more than they need".

What might appear cracker barrel truism is strengthened by a greater reality; apply these dictums to emotions and they become meaningless. For all his money and privilege the farmer is at the mercy of Bill and Abby's wordly corruption.

Malick resists the temptation to allegorise his plot, preferring the stark metaphors of natural disorder, lunacy in the old sense of the word, a plague of locusts and an all consuming crop fire to reinforce the farmer's fate.

Days Of Heaven provides its ironic, amoral commentary in the shape of an epilogue wherein the lovers are forced

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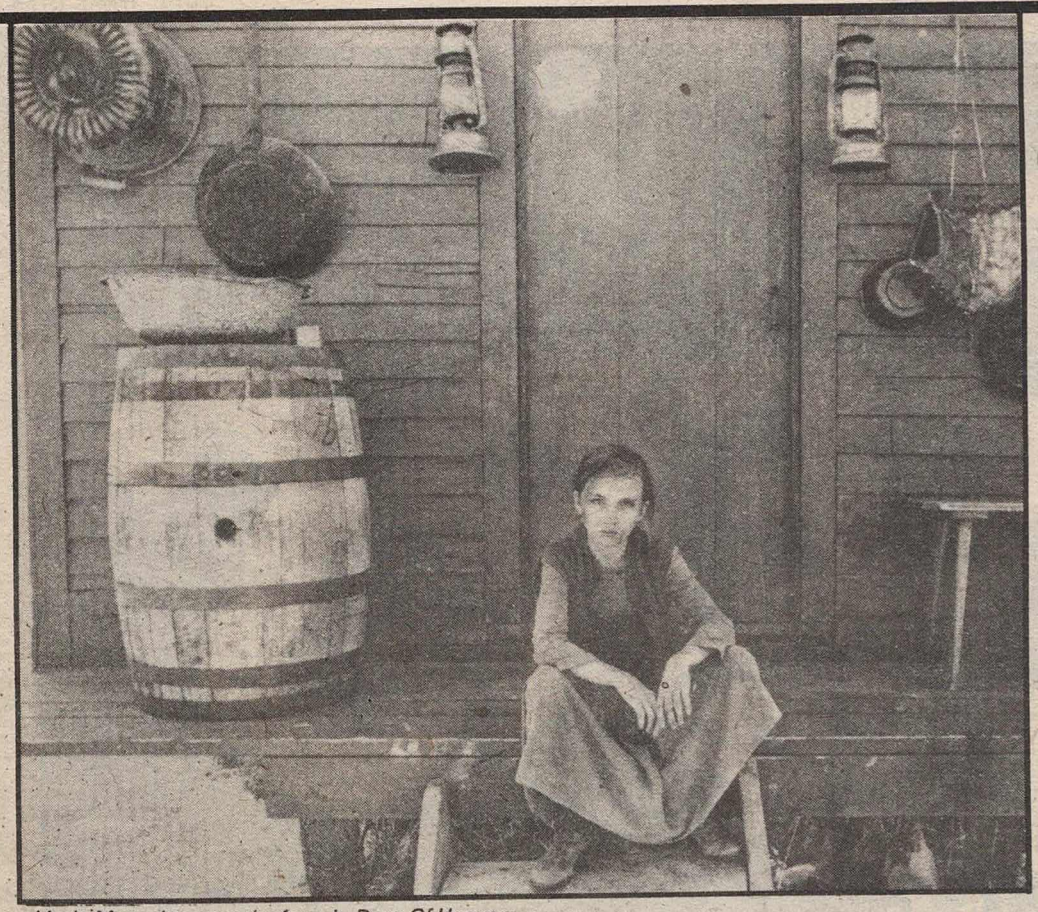

Linda Manz down on the farm in Days Of Heaven

to become fugitives from a vengeful gun law reminiscent of *Badlands*. The film closes on the Chicago prosperous and the 1916 troop trains (a paradox of strained patriotism), and Linda pursuing a new sister figure down a railway track.

Terrence Malick is a man who pictures his subjects through a very wide lens; and if it's true that America is a country in search of its past, then Malick, like Altman, is a film maker with the perspective to find that past.

Max Bell

The Private Files Of J. Edgar Hoover

Directed by Larry Cohen
Starring Broderick Crawford, Rip Torn
(Mainline)

After making a horror film about a fanged baby, director Larry Cohen has come up with a political thriller about a boy scout with absolute power. John Edgar Hoover was director of the FBI for 48 years, but he retained the emotional maturity of a twelve-year old.

As a result, his morals were simplistic to the point of absurdity — women secretaries in the FBI were not allowed to smoke, male agents forbidden to grow moustaches. But this trait, combined with ruthless efficiency, marked him as a very dangerous creature indeed.

At the same time, his strange code could render him sympathetic — in the closing sections of the film, when Hoover is contrasted to the Nixon crowd, the point is made that even stunted ethics are preferable to no ethics at all.

The film also acknowledges the personal toll Hoover paid — paranoia about scandal deprived him of any sexual contact, of almost all personal warmth, throughout his years of rule. The film leaves open the question of whether this paranoia was rooted in a desire for power, genuine moral distaste, or a neurotic fear of sexuality. But, whatever the case, Hoover ended up a sad and lonely right-wing monster.

Cohen's biopic adopts, tongue-in-cheek, the style of a '40s thriller, epitomised in the dated melodrama of the music. It's well-paced, humorous, and edgy in its refusal to make simple judgements. The film's form further confounds any attempt to categorise its maker's attitudes. Newsreel shots are spliced into the narrative, lending it a quasi-documentary authority; other scenes are pure farce. Two actors play Hoover — James Wainwright (young) and Broderick Crawford (old) — a device which distances the audience, even as their superb performances attract your sympathy.

"If I can't outlive them, I might just take them all with me," Hoover remarks of the Nixon administration. And did a few of those private files survive the massive shredding operation that followed his death? Were *they* the source of the leaked information that ensured Nixon's downfall?

It doesn't exactly matter any more, but *The Private Files Of J. Egar Hoover* reminds you that you'd still *love* to know.

Graham Lock

The Getting Of Wisdom

Directed by Bruce Beresford
Starring Susannah Fowle, Barry Humphries, Hilary Ryan and John Waters
(Tedderwick)

'Given the proliferation of State film-funding bodies . . . the pressure will be for films to fit in more and more with the safe and respectable values of the educated classes, and to reflect less and less the disruptive anarchic entertainment values of the cinemagoing public.' — Tim Burstall (Director, *Alvin Purple* etc).

Bruce Beresford is included in Burstall's line of fire — the latter considers it symptomatic of Australian cinema that *Don's Party* never recouped a relatively small outlay of $275,000 — and 1977's *The Getting Of Wisdom*, a low-key art house effort by the Victorian Film Corporation and the Australian Film Commission, is ripe for thrashing with the same stick. Let's hear it for disruptive, anarchic *Newsfront* and *Picnic At Hanging Rock*.

Although set in Victorian Victoria, *Wisdom* isn't primarily an attempt to tap the vein of nostalgia bled dry since *Hanging Rock*. Laura (Susannah Fowle) sees her education as a means of getting on as well as getting wise and the film's mild but persistent tension centres on whether her wilfulness will cause her to slip off the ladder. Since her mother is a widowed postmistress and her remaining names are Tweedle Rambotham Laura comes in for a hefty amount of the kind of stick boarding school inmates are notorious for meting out to anyone unusual and/or gifted. Initially desperate to keep her origins a secret, she remains anxious for acceptance while becoming increasingly sure of her attributes.

These are not inconsiderable, since the excess leisure of her outback existence has been spent largely in solitary self-improvement. Thus, although an excellent pianist, she is humiliated when asked to read French out loud: her grammar is perfect, but her pronunciation pure Woolamalloo.

Apart from the principal, Reverend Strachey (played by Barry Humphries in archly resonant tones) and a parched headmistress, the staff look on Laura much as the nuns regarded Julie Andrews before she left to trill at the von Trapp family. ("How do you solve a problem like Maria?" etc.) Pretty miserable themselves — the French teacher sobs over Cartland-type lush and one of the others tells the common room, "I'd marry the first man to ask me, if he had one foot in the grave and the other on a banana skin" — they develop an envious admiration for this resident free spirit.

Various traumas follow, none of them fatal. As in a Rohmer film, a succession of dilemmas and mini-crises melt away, leaving Laura with both feet firmly on the escalator of life. Susannah Fowle's skilful fluctuation between awkward plainness and precocious sophistication kept my interest throughout.

There's a certain kind of French film that makes the humdrum seem both significant and entertaining and *The Getting Of Wisdon* has that same knack.

Harry George

GLASTONBURY FAYRE

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NINA HAGEN BAND
Nina Hagen Band *(CBS)*
PETER BAUMANN
Trans Harmonic Nights *(Virgin)*

Intruiging rumours about the esoteric German exotica of Nina Hagen have wafted over to this country during the last few months, tantalisingly.

We held our breath and prepared to recieve the persecuted passions of this fervent feminist freedom fighter, and nodded knowingly when we learnt of the interest shown by Lydon, Bowie and Zappa. This was going to be some declaration of freedom, some depth of feeling.

We can let our breath out now, and easily ignore the comic sensationalism of Nina Hagen and the regressive histrionics of her band's 'rock music'. The legend of Hagen is a lot more luscious than the reality, which is comparatively conservative, certainly laboured, and about as refreshing and relevant as the latest Dire Straits tease.

Hagen is nothing more, nothing less than an irrepressible and approximate caricature of those who flirt with chic suffering and alienation. A defector from east to west, a delightful decadent, but Hagen is not so much the urgent, unexpected revolutionary as a stubborn, spoilt show-off.

Sympathisers may well defend the studious and reactionary hard rock Hagen is backed by — composed and executed by four competent glorified session musicians — as being adventurous considering the circumstances; where it was recorded and why. But even apart from the fact a portion of the most imaginative rock music of the decade has surfaced in Germany, the Hagen band have roots firmly entrenched in the tedium of early '70s Anglo-American 'progressive' rock and totally avoid even the basic implications of the punk redirection. The Hagen Band advocate a music closer to indulgent, meandering boogie than limited, compact punk. The music takes no risks. It is mediocre.

Grafted clumsily onto this characterless rock is the illusory nonsense of the Hagen mirage-image. They seem strange partners; the hard Floyd extravangance of the band, and the rhapsodic Hagen meglomania, but in a way they're well suited. If the music was a good deal more stimulating and controversial then Hagen's naivity, vulgarity and her laughable cosmic ego would have been well out of place.

Hagen's humourless, remorseless vanity and her ugly spiritual emptiness are helpfully disguised, at the moment, by being presented in her native tongue. The look and sound of the German language illuminates the lyrics with a mystique and profundity the content just doesn't merit. The lyrics are also given a sense of the epic by the puritanical and operatic intonation of the classically trained Hagen. The language and the fastidious pomposity of her delivery supplies a screen in front of impotent intensity that Patti Smith sure could do with these days.

It's the theatrical exaggeration of Hagen's hysterical vocals that will win the fans. Her voice is the one thing that's unusual on the record. It reminds me at times of some of the gothic flights of Magma. The themes Hagen deals with are obvious, all her yearnings and fantasies revolving around basic emancipation — such as the dogmatically feminine 'Unbeschreilblich' — but little feel of authenticity transcends the lazy melodrama of the words or fights through the torturous intricacy of the singing. The music throbs with neither experience or frustration but flippancy and exhibitionism. Look at me! Hey, don't stare too hard!

There's ten shrewd hard rock songs and a fifty-one second comedittie 'Fisch Im Wasser' ('Fish In Water'). A version of The Tubes 'White Punks On Dope' starts the album and immediately indicates the techniques used to tart up basic thud riffing; dramatic rushes of sound, neat little melody frills. The injurious extent of Hagen's extraordinary vocals is best felt on the slow, wishful 'Naturtrane' ('Nature's Tears') where she screeches up here and growls down there with great effect if no emotion. Side two starts off revealingly plain with 'Superboy', flutters drearily through 'Heiss' and never really recovers. All of it the sort of overwrought smug rock I was rejecting back in the early '70s. Except of course for the voice, the cosmetics and the image.

After playing the Hagen LP I'm left with a feeling of annoying emptiness. Peter Baumann's more personal and more mythographically ambitious 'Trans Harmonic Nights' softly and systematically enriches the listener, even one as greedy as me. It is a genuinely distinguished and unself-conscious collection of modern music that deserves all the attention Hagen is going to receive purely because of her spiritless eccentricity.

Baumann's work is simplistic and slender but conveys brilliantly an ecstatic sense of nature and one person's response to their surroundings. It emphasises in its dignity the triviality of The Nina Hagen Band and, incidentally, the reactionary snobbery of much of our response to music.

Of the two records it's the Hagen album that is the more oppressively narrow minded and old fashioned, the Baumann that is the most questioning and contemporary. But appearances and preconceptions colour our responses. Baumann is ex-Tangerine Dream and plays synthesised electronic instrumentals and is dismissed immediately; Hagen has mystique, a good complexion and the right friends and she can't fail.

But it's the Peter Baumann record that has all the personality, soul and desire of rock'n'roll music, the strength and certainty of great music. Baumann isn't making background music, noises to doze off to, but attempting to interpret and explain deep feelings and urges in a sophisticated musical form. 'Trans Harmonic Nights' tells me more about despair, hope, love, joy than a dozen Nina Hagen albums — and, to be fair to her, just about any rock LP released this year. It's an uplifting masterpiece of composure, wonder and vision. It would be a tragedy if it is ignored because of dogmatic views.

It contains eight immaculate, honest reflections each with individual mood, pace and structure: 'This Day', 'White Beach And Black Beach', 'Chasing The Dream', 'Biking Up The Strand', 'Phaseday', 'Meridian Moorland', 'The Third Site, and 'Dance At Dawn'. There's dub tendencies, genuine provocative eeriness, a waltz, a hymn, a cry and a sigh. Music that shines a light; dedicated to romance. Music that aches with humanity and profundity.

Live a little — of these two records, choose the modern one.

Paul Morley

John Cooper Clarke: Shadeless In Gage *Pic: Saddm'*

JOHN COOPER CLARKE
Walking Back To Happiness *(Epic)*

If you think a 10" clear vinyl live album of John Cooper Clarke for £2.99 sounds like a real bargain, listen again.

There's just over twenty minutes of Clarke on 'Walking Back To Happiness', little more playing time than a 12" single for a little less than twice the price. There are also a lot of pauses on the album — one 'track' is actually a silence punctuated only by Clarke asking the audience if anyone's seen a notebook he's mislaid.

Then, it's not well recorded, and not an especially good performance by Clarke — he goes off mike, chats inaudibly to the audience, fluffs some lines. And, apart from the last track, it's him *solo voce;* so the record didn't exactly *cost* very much to make. Does clear vinyl turn this into a bargain? Beware of record companies bearing gimmicks.

Least satisfying of all, though, are the actual poems on the album. 'Bronze Adonis', following 'Tracksuit' and 'Health Fanatic' as an attack on, er, physical culture, is the only really funny track.

Little else comes near the best of 'Disguise In Love'. The brief 'Nothing' is about, well, nothing; but at least it's supposed to be — I'm not so sure about 'Split Beans'. Then 'Majorca' is a less imaginative re-run of the Monty Python 'travel agent' sketch; 'Twat' is just stream-of-abusiveness; 'Pest' is a big-deal exercise in alliteration. And so on.

On 'Limbo' even Clarke's humour almost deserts him, and he comes across like a bad imitation of mid-60s Dylan: *"Savage orphans hopskotch/outside the silver gates/the witchdoctor's wristwatch/has stuck at five to eight"*. Well, I like 'Gates Of Eden' too; but if this is a parody (and he can't be serious, can he?) how come it isn't very funny?

A lot of people thought 'Disguise In Love' was spoiled by the music. I reckon this album proves them wrong. Clarke needs the variety the music provided — if only because it requires him to alter his mode of delivery sometimes. Here he gabbles his way through the entire album in the same jerky, rapid-fire harangue. "These are all the same tune", he jokes at one point; but he's right and it's a drag.

The greatest loss, though, is that the insight and sympathy displayed on 'Disguise' are rarely discernible here; and Clarke's comedy suffers accordingly. There are still many funny lines, but too often he goes for the easy laugh — relying on the mere enunciation of words like "snot", "phlegm", "piss" or "shithouse" to raise a moronic guffaw.

Worse, unlike 'Disguise', there's nothing here to suggest that Clarke actually *cares* about people — note instead the implicit misogyny of 'Twat', the locker-room mentality of 'Gaberdine Angus'. Maybe I'm being unduly heavy on him. But in Trevor Griffiths' play *Comedians,* one character claims: "Most comics *feed* prejudice and fear and blinkered vision, but the best ones, the best ones . . . illuminate them, make them clearer to see, easier to deal with. We've got to make people laugh till they cry. Cry. Till they find their pain and their beauty. Comedy is medicine. Not coloured sweeties to rot their teeth with."

And on this album, John Cooper Clarke comes close to rotting your teeth.

Graham Lock

TELEX
Looking For Saint Tropez *(Sire)*
THE LIZZARDS
Who Dares? *(Blackmail Records)*

Telex speak French: they're ultra-chic and stylised, flighty and facetious. The Lizzards speak Dutch: they're earnest and desperately unfashionable, stolid and plodding. Better examples of polar-opposite national stereotyping (facile but fun) it would be hard to find. Now I'll probably be told they're all bloody Belgians anyway.

Telex bear eloquent witness to the French infatuation with form, and their continuing difficulties with content. The record comes in fancy wrapping, seductively bright and modern and technological; the music is synthetic and sub-Kraftwerk. *"C'est ca la Nouvelle Musique/Et les rythmes automatiques"* smirks the I-speak-your-weight machine vocalist.

Pitilessly insistent, it's a clever exercise in Euro-chic disco with intellectual pretensions. It includes an electronic 'Ca Plane Pour Moi' and a computerised 'Rock Around The Clock' — presumably to guarantee immunity from charges of promposity. I think you're supposed to spend your wages on 'Looking For Saint Tropez' and feel contemporary and smart. I think it's drivel.

Still, a little fashion-sense and you can get away with *merde.*

The poor old Lizzards lack even that saving-grace. Their album is a ponderous, gothic effort, irredeemably bogged down in 1970 notions of 'progressive' rock — whether through tenacity or cluelessness I don't know. If you picture Telex as smart-alec market research men in white coats, The Lizzards at least look like dedicated musicians, permanent on-the-roaders, lumbering after an audience that's in danger of extinction before they ever reach it.

The group's heavy rock meanderings are weary, their cynical hippie philosophing is risible, the odd attempts at humour are very odd indeed.

If Telex's motives are all too transparent, The Lizzards' ambitions mystify me.

Paul Du Noyer

THE RECORDS
Shades In Bed *(Virgin)*
THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES
Jumpin' In The Night *(Sire)*

An odd couple? Possibly, but it seemed a good idea at the time. After all, both bands purport to purvey clean, classic pop-rock — 'power-pop' even (gulp).

Even so, I can well imagine both groups being well peeved at this blind date. The Records may find affiliation with the Groovies' time-warp soundtracks spurious while the Groovies . . . well, going by recent interviews given by their leader Cyril Jordan, the only comparisons they'd find agreeable would be those with The Beatles, Byrds and 'Between The Buttons' Stones.

Jordan himself has taken on production chores with 'Jumpin' In The Night' and, surprise, Dave Edmunds isn't at all missed. Although no masterpiece, 'Jumpin' 's strengths pretty much outweigh its shortcomings. And this after the opening, a note-for-note 'Please Please Me' which — beyond reminding one just how innovative and inspired the original was — hardly augurs well for what follows. Ironically, that's an original, 'Crying' and this is where the ears start perking up. Not only do Chris Wilson's vocals capture John Lennon's intonation (circa 'Imagine'), it captures the intensity, the flair. 'Down Down Down' follows, well-wrought and sprightly but no advancement on Dave Edmunds' rendition. Still, nice to hear again.

Later in the side the Groovies pull a maverick stunt in daring to interpret Dylan's sublime 'Absolutely Sweet Marie'. One of the bard's greatest rockers, it's given a snappy instrumental work-out with all the right punctuation points. The only problem lays in Wilson's vocals, wherein he opts for a fairly 'cool' style of enunciation. Still, a courageous choice.

The final and title track on side one is the *piece de resistance,* dense and tough with taut guitar overlays and a mellotron driving the number like a hellbound train. Above all it succeeds in capturing the sound that Jimmy Miller and the Stones fleetingly caught with 'Street Fighting Man' — territory that no other band has been able to reach.

It's a track like this that makes 'Jumpin' ' so frustrating overall, as the second side dismally fails to attain this kind of density or potency.

The Stones' '19th Nervous Breakdown' is performed perfunctorily and The Byrds' LSD paean '5D' reverentially but soppily (their version of David Crosby's 'Lady Friend' is also embarrassingly tepid).

The Records have a better idea about all this non-original malarkey. Given away with an album of all originals is a 12-inch EP featuring Will Birch and Co reshaping Spirit's '1984' (a well-constructed rendition), the Stones' 'Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby' (like the Groovies, respectable), Ray Davies' 'See My Friends' (sturdy enough) and 'Abracadabra', from the little-known Blue Ash (understandably so).

The album itself is modern pop-rock matching incisive, witty lyrics with strong melodies, rhythmic muscle and harmonies. It's unfair to match the Groovies with The Records because whereas the former are besotted with the '60s the latter are concerned with the state of contemporary rock action, drawing inspiration from the likes of Cheap Trick (particularly), Costello (partially) and the early '70s Anglophile mavericks like Raspberries and Big Star. Probably they're diametrically opposed to the Groovies' pop credo but whatever they've come up with an auspicious debut, all the more so considering that their style of music is considered oh so reactionary in the face of all this new musick blah blah (cont page 94).

Recently The Records have been extravagantly lauded by Phil McNeill and Max Bell and whilst I denote merit in much of what they do their music remains a touch too calculated at times, too coy or clever-clever. 'Teenerama', the new single, is a perfect example of this — full of obvious word-play and imagery on lyricist Birch's part while the melody just doesn't click.

The first side of 'Shades In Bed', despite the self-conscious slickness of 'Teenerama' and the vacuity of 'Up All Night', still hits the bullseye with a song like 'Girls That Don't Exist' and 'Starry Eyes' is one of those tunes that nags at the memory incessantly.

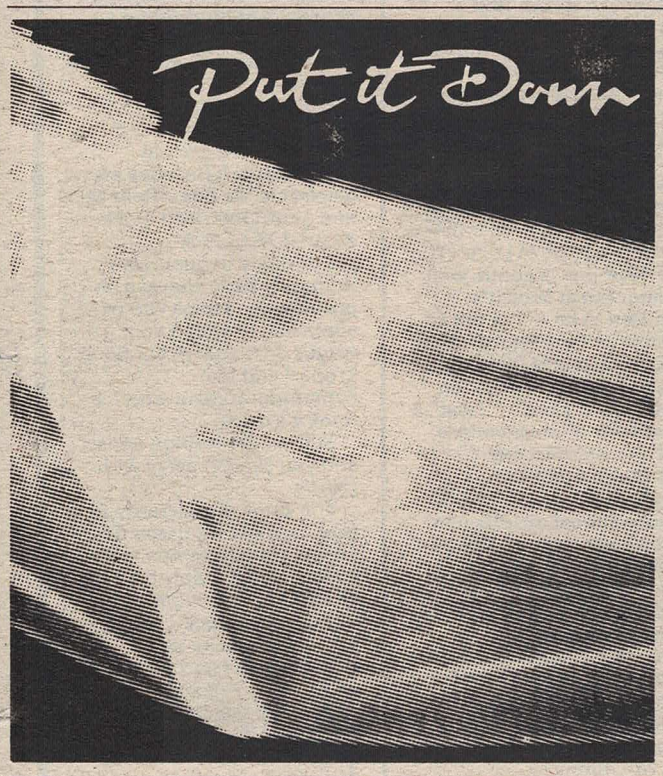
Side two cleverly mixes the staple fare with some subtle touches that slyly undermine the inevitable 'powerpop' definition. 'All Messed Up And Ready To Go' is the sound of a band listening very, very carefully to Cheap Trick. Ditto 'Insomnia' until you listen to the subtle little touches; a bit of extra texturing here — you could even imagine Bowie tackling the song.

The final track, 'Another Star', is the most idiosyncratic, leaving one with the feeling that The Records is a band out for big stakes, certainly in terms of creative achievements.

The biggest irony is that the Groovies are rabid Anglophiles while The Records are actively influenced by Anglophile set-ups like Cheap Trick.

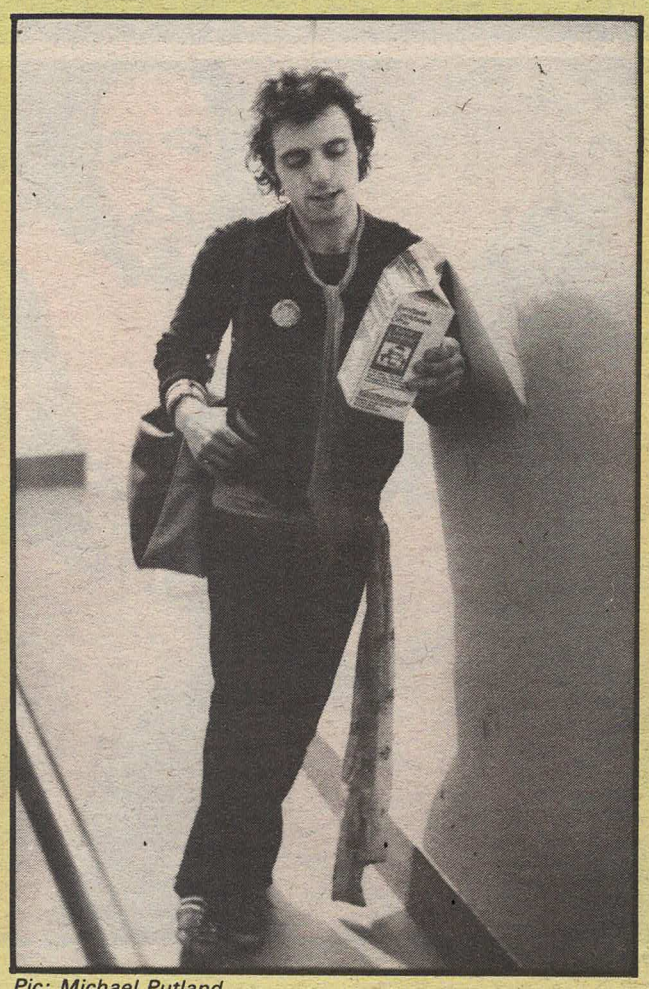
The Records will be the winners though because they're attuned to modern pop-rock. As for the Groovies . . . well, the composer of 'Absolutely Sweet Marie' said it all in three short words: don't look back. You never know what might hit you.

Nick Kent



Nils Milks Frills

NILS LOFGREN
Nils *(A&M)*



Pic: Michael Putland

Come on, let's talk about girls. Let's talk about Lofgren, the bruised heart.

Four years ago, when such things were deeply unfashionable, former Neil Young protege Nils Lofgren made an album of economical, gritty pop. He wrote about love and hard luck and carried himself with sufficient street-corner swagger to be called — in the grand Springsteenian romantic sense — a punk. Four years later, after two more solo albums and an ineffectual live double, the romance has grown decidedly sour.

This is Lofgren's first studio album in two years. It follows a year's sabbatical during which he recorded only one song, 'Bullets Fever', written for radio after his local basketball team, the Washington Bullets, had suddenly become big league contenders.

Lofgren has lately written songs with Lou Reed (an unlikely pairing of what you'd think were opposite ends of the spectrum) three of which appeared on 'The Bells', and three more of which appear here, alongside two written with producer Bob Ezrin, three of his own, and a weary version of 'Baltimore' wherein what was compassionate in Randy Newman's hands becomes condescending in Lofgren's.

The soft core Philly soul inflections of 'I Came To Dance' have been abandoned. 'Nils' features sessioners Bob Babbit and Alan Schwartzberg plus Nils' brother Tom on guitar and the despicable Bob Ezrin on keyboards and production — a typically crass, heavy-handed job livened up with a few points of style borrowed from Reed's recent work.

The first cut is the deepest: a prizefight scenario called 'No Mercy' with the spotlights and the pressure turned full on. Lofgren paints his picture with characteristically simple brush-strokes that are very nearly swamped by the big, coarse production gestures — a trait of Ezrin's that does nothing to redeem more maudlin efforts such as 'Shine Silently' and 'Steal Away'.

In 'No Mercy' Lofgren, as one of the boxers, casts himself up against an opponent who has to *perform,* whose girlfriend and mother are at the ringside edging him on to eventual defeat. A curious twist, full of uncharacteristic scorn for the female players in this particular mind game.

Lofgren was mapping out the emotional landscape in pointed personal terms long before Elvis Costello decided to expose his wounds. 'I Don't Want To Know', for instance, on his first solo album — a wry, sad story of the pain caused by a certain sort of pillow talk. But whereas he was once a martyr in a callous world (a role with obvious appeal to big softies everywhere), he seems to no longer feel so sorry for himself. He sounds bitter, resentful and cynical, no longer so sentimental.

There are love songs on this album, but they're not particularly nice. They catalogue jealousy ('I Found Her'), spite ('I'll Cry Tomorrow'), betrayal ('Steal Away') and they laugh at the possibility of a genuinely fruitful liaison ('A Fool Like Me'). Then there's 'You're So Easy', which tries musically to be what Bob Seger's 'Hollywood Nights' was to US top 40 disco format radio, and is lyrically an exercise in thinly disguised contempt. ***"Once you told me that to get my hands on you there were special things that I would have to learn to do . . . Tired of counting hearts that you've defeated, you say that all you want is to be needed. You're so easy. Easy to meet. You know that out on the street I see your kind all the time."***

It's not the content that irks so much as the lack of insight. Lofgren's perceptions lack the scalpel edge required for these seething exercises in open heart surgery.

Trouble is, it's cold and obsessive, but neither cold nor obsessive enough.

Paul Rambali

THE REGULARS
Victim *(CBS)*

ISRAEL VIBRATION
The Same Song *(Harvest)*

Time for some rooting about, or wha'?

Considerations of current reggae, especially when it comes in album form, struggle between standard pop-tune aesthetics as one boundary and vague notions of international radicality as the other. Appreciation is usually seen as occurring in that space — R.A.R.'s recent approach is a graphic instance of this tendency: militancy in its place and entertainment in its place; the music acts as glue, supposedly.

The problems are literally cloudier with reggae. My personal 'critical' reticence in matters of Jah music is a partial result of a lack of confidence in the consensus underlying most of the critical machinery developed for *rock* being brought to bear on reggae. This problem has to be faced. It's not a matter of 'Can a white boy criticise the bluebeats?' One must try to penetrate the historic sense of misapprehension latent in the indigenous patois.

How do you determine the relationship between reggae and Rasta, if it *is* 'dread to go to Zion', especially when you're just another Western consumer. As Penny Reel has said, 'the roots of reggae are closer to New Orleans R&B than they are archetypal Africa' and, as just another Joe Public whose presence on the metaphoric, spiritual journey is really only occasioned by what records I might frequent, etc., what can I realistically articulate beyond the statement that there *are* some if's and but's?

These two albums afford yet another space to notice the problems. Israel Vibration are a vocal trio, Wiss, Skeleton and Apple, backed by JA's best sessioneers. 'The Same Song' was *pre*-viewed in these pages awhile back, and now reappears with a wider nod courtesy good ol' EMI. Quite frankly, chaps, I take a dim view of this liaison with the labels of Babylon; not just in an armchair-revolutionary way, either, because the unavoidable fact is that for the uninitiated audience albumised reggae is hard to really hook into.

The music on 'The Same Song' is slurred, enveloping, cloudy, and clouded. It may well help 'prophecy to fulfil', Babylon to crumble etc, but placed in the marketplace as it now is its *essential* structures stand or fall on . . . standard pop-tune aesthetics. The pleasant homogeneity of its parts is therefore only wholly palatable to an already attuned ear (hello, Neil). And, as sleeve notes go, 'There is but one GOD. Jah Rastafari Selassie I. I&I will serve the lord with the whole of I&I heart and will show forth His marvellous works continuously' is a pew or two on from Cliff Richard's potted-biogs.

I'm not trying to be flip. Facts have to be faced, and the Rastafari language-map of the world is, necessarily perhaps, at very best obscure to the uninvolved. No one can deny another person their religion; alternatively, no religion can deny that its meditations are something inner, something privately made public if you like.

Reggae Regular have finally been made public with 'Victim', and there is cause for more than aesthetic concern. The 'subtle' shift in nomenclature conceals a sweetening of nature for this Britain-based seven piece. 'Victim' comes replete with lame window display-orientated cover art, a sticker shouting 'FREE 3 TRACK 12" SINGLE', and all lyrics rolled across the gatefold.

At this juncture it might seem unreasonably harsh on The Regulars to pull their practice to pieces — but *why* might it seem so? 'Victim' is a jumblesale of all the reggaestreet's palatable aspects, a process answering the aforementioned demands and desires of a white audience. Special treatment for a particular set of musicians or peoples stinketh also of inverted jingoism.

I'm having trouble sorting through the contradictions shot through reggae's lyricism, a moreoftenthannot completely unappealing business: a meta-narcotic, metaphysical, misogynistic mish mash, a — *hold* on! a universe unto whom?

I don't wanna hear about your 'weed stalk', I want to talk Special Branch surveillance (something along those lines, you know) or the Government's wider designs.

I think uncertainty can be expressed better. I tend toward Linton Kwesi Johnson: *'this is the age of decision, so mek we leggo religion . . .'*

We're all going to chuck the same brick?

Ian Penman

REMEMBER

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
Discovery *(Jet)*

Fact: the previous ELO album sold over nine million copies. Apparently, this surprises Jeff Lynne. It shouldn't. After all, as composer / guitarist / vocalist / producer and overall grand fromage of the Ork, Lynne must be aware that there are an awful lot of people out there in Recordland who aren't getting nearly enough — hardly any, in fact — vinyl shots of their favourite product, the species Beatles and Eagles.

And own up, ever since Roy Wood was, er, usurped by Mr Lynne in the ELO hierarchy most of their stuff has sounded like one bloody great long 'Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band' tarted up with high-flying harmonies.

Safe as houses as a formula and this time around it's bolstered by THE DISCO BEAT! ('Discover' = 'very disco'; Jeff Lynne, clever geezer, sure don't hedge his beats.)

The odds are that each of the nine songs here will sound somewhat familiar, this time with knobs on. The single ('Shine A Little Love', first up) for instance gallops towards you like an old acquaintance, an anaemic, near-Bee Gee vocal style vying with the clinic-clean guitar, the calumphing rhythm section and the hooray handclaps for your attention. Funnily enough, though, it's the strings — members of the Munich Philharmonic actually — that lend it substance, forcing the melody, making it hummable. Clever, that.

As you'd imagine, it doesn't have one helluva lot to do with rock or, indeed, roll. There's only one song on 'Discovery' that does, the last: 'Don't Bring Me Down' owes more to The Pretty Things than The Beatles and with its Kraftwerk-like whiplash percussive precision would make an entirely reasonable jukebox hit this summer.

Otherwise . . . well, is Jeff Lynne an aristocratic Nick Lowe, or what? I mean, 'Discovery' is that well put together you can't hear the joins, just the influences. 'The Diary Of Horace Wimp' (a track which the radio seems to have picked up on) is emblematic: it's a sort of a 'Day In The Life' (McCartney's middle section) blown up to a week's worth, with a lengthy string-scrubbing coda under a litany of chanted day names ('I Am The Walrus' anyone?) — and, no, it's not remotely amusing.

Demis Roussos would love to get his mitts on 'Confusion', I'm sure, and also 'Need Her Love', undeniably pretty but featherlite and the choir is a silly extravagance. 'Wishing', too, is wet and pretty (pretty wet, in fact. If you were in your cups, 'Last Train To London' might impel you to the dance floor and 'On The Run' — The Beach Boys are sardonically and belatedly acknowleged — might make you smile with its harmony st-st-stutters and well identifiable flying synth bleeps. But these songs aren't really *about* anything (save four minutes a piece and gushy romanticism).

It's no wonder that Hollywood wants Jeff Lynne to write movie soundtracks; he's got all the over-emotive qualifications, that's for sure — he just lacks discrimination.

ELO fans can investigate with pleasure, as if they haven't already.

Monty Smith

BILL HALEY AND HIS COMETS
Rock The Joint!
(Rollercoaster)

Now listen: all this picking on Bill Haley has got to stop. He's been the Rock'n'Roll Class Fat-boy for too long.

True enough, it only took a blast of the 20-year-old Presley to relegate Old Bill straight back to the realms of history-book irrelevancy. But let's not forget that in the course of one glorious year ('54 to '55) it was this tubby, avuncular, careerist Country crooner who carried the torch of rock music.

Haley it was that, in attempting to salvage his sagging professional fortunes, cross-bred a brand of bozo Western Swing with gritty down-home Negro R'n'B, spicing the results with the High-school patois of sprogs a third his age — spawning that Monster we all, in its various guises, embrace.

No Bill Haley no Big Beat, no nothing-going-down-at-all.

From such improbable origins rock'n'roll was born.

This month's Golden Stetson award, therefore, to the Surrey independents Rollercoaster for their astute issue of 'Rock The Joint!' — a cute li'l 78-sized elpee, adorned with authentically period-awful cover and info-packed sleeve notes. It brings together a truly illuminating cross-section of early, pre-hysteria Haley and provides a fascinating glimpse of Pop's trash roots.

And it's catchier than malaria. To the generations weaned on sterner stuff, these easy-going toe-tappers (Grandad slashed the cinema-seats for *this*?) may seem a trifle weak, half-assed or just plain daft. But if you're tolerant (or stoned) enough then these ten tracks can yield literally minutes of undiluted pleasure.

For all the ingredients are here: slap-happy bass (upright, natch) and elephantine back-beat, farting saxophone and polite pedal-steel, solid-sent dumbo guitar licks and worst of all, Haley's pathetically inadequate, unconvincing, 'hep-cat' vocals. Love it.

No song-writer himself — to praise him for recording million-sellers would be like describing pools-winners as financial wizards — Bill's selection of material wasn't so much eclectic as desperate. From kindergarten ditties ('Pat-a-Cake') to cornball ersatz folk ('Dance With A Dolly With A Hole In Her Stocking'), nothing escaped the fevered quest for novelty; all was reduced to cash-box formula, grinning identikit mediocrity.

Crazy, man, crazy. Cats, that music's *gone*. Follow it.

Paul Du Noyer

Watch Out For The Old Bill

Fury

BILLY FURY
The Billy Fury Story
(Decca)
The Golden Years *(K-Tel)*

"Billy Fury did one fantastic album that I've lost . . . songs he'd written, like people do now. His other scene was the hits, heavymoody ballads and the lead pipe down the trousers." Keith Richard, *Rolling Stone*, 1971.

The ten-incher in question, 'The Sound Of Fury', is included on 'Story', a double album that snuck out Decca's back door a few months back. Keef was right, too. For the time (1960), it's outstanding. Derivative, sure, but beneath the 18 year-old Fury's Elvis inflections something individual stirs. Joe Brown's Carl Perkins / Scottie Moore guitar — the only thing remotely resembling music in the current *Oh Boy* revival — fairly sparkles and a minor classic is born.

Presumably at Larry Parnes' suggestion, this prodigy then promptly adjusted his inside leg, acquired mild notoriety with his 'suggestive' movements and committed musical hara-kiri. Side three covers this ultra-successful period with merciful brevity. But the spark wasn't quite stamped out. Before the Beat Boom blew him away, Fury did an R & B session in '64 which hinted at what might have been and can be found on side four. His versions of 'Nothin' Shakin' and 'Baby What You Want Me To Do' are hardly essential.

Then it was downhill all the way, till he was excavated, a dinosaur at 29, to play Stormy Tempest in *That'll Be The Day*. A dodgy ticker that precludes much live work prevented him capitalizing.

The K-Tel set is a Twenty Golden Greats job featuring all the quavering, string-laden mush that made him second only to Elvis and Cliff. Lacking the vocal presence of a Presley, Fury's failure to transcend his material is near-total, making this one for kitsch-seekers only. Yet a little part of me marvels at titles like "Wondrous Place' and 'Fool's Errand (Do You Really Love Me)'.

Look out for 'Story' in the bargain bins. **Harry George**

RICKIE LEE JONES
Rickie Lee Jones
(Warner Bros)

Beware beret-toting U.S. bints with pretensions to funkiness. I'd hoped Joanne Mackell was my first and last, but RLJ just had to prove me wrong.

What we have here is a Carole King attempting a Laura Nyro, sentimentalising 'street' characters in a way that would have turned Chandler's stomach. When Jones is hot, she approximates milk-and-water, 'Ladies Of The Canyon' Joni Mitchell. When she gets torchy, it's like the same singer doing 'Twisted', only minus the wit and zest. Jazz 'feel' required? She slurs Like Melanie after a few drinks.

'Company' and 'The Last Chance Texaco', both free of myth-mongering and synthetic nostalgia, suggests a greater core of experience than most. The latter compares lost love to a car breakdown — an extended metaphor on the lines of Mitchell's 'Electricity' — but the mood of lush desolation is agreeably reminiscent of Bowie's 'Win'.

The Norman Seeff sleeve shot and the slew of 'name' credits tell the rest of the story.

Harry George

TUBEWAY ARMY
Replicas *(Beggar's Banquet)*

Tubeway Army is really Garry Numan who writes, sings, plays guitars and synthesisers, and poses on the sleeves and enclosed poster in a desperate attempt to look arty, significant and futuristic.

His songs are full of aliens, machines, non-communication and vague, sinister scenarios in cities of the future. Few of them make any sense or point. They appear to be a bad attempt to rewrite 'Low' while he delivers them in a voice modelled on Bowie in his 'Man Who Sold The World' phase.

The music is grey, tuneless, anonymous. Interchangeable soundtracks for Numan's half-realised visions of the New Man; but far from satisfying to the present listener. The constant emphasis on a lonely, loveless, sensitive hero suggests this is just a late '70s version of bedsit music, transposed to a trendy but unconvincing SF setting. Alienation by numbers meets It Came From 1971.

Graham Lock

IMPORTS

THERE'S a track on **Esther Phillips'** 'Here's Esther — Are You Ready?' (Mercury) album that's called 'Oo Oop Oo Oop', which, I guess, is just about the ultimate in disco titles.

But the one-time Little Esther has always been more than a cut above the usual flow of rhythm machine embroiderers — and so, after the obligatory whooping chorus and swooping string opening, she brings things down to earth by rapping reflectively: "Ooh, Esther Mae, you've come a long way baby, from Texas to Watts. But look atcha now — you're in the big league now, girl, doin' things you never thought you'd do when you used to hide your radio under the covers and listen to the blues."

That listening has paid off in spades for Esther. She's always stuck close by the blues. No matter what fashion of the day she's had to latch onto in order to raise a dime, she's seen that it's come permeated with a touch of the deep azures, providing soul where formerly none existed. Trouble is, that Esther is too good, too rootsy. Sure, she's had a hatful of hits and even received that accolade from The Beatles who — bright lads that they were — imported her for a TV show back in '65.

But Esther Mae's never been hailed in the regal manner that she deserves, never logged the amount of chartbusters she surely would have accrued if quality equated with record sales. And the sad thing is that 'Here's Esther', might not even see the light of day as a British release — not all of her US Mercury issues have surfaced on this side of the Atlantic — which is something of a pity. For the album is a disco-oriented job of some quality, produced with a touch of class by Harvey Mason. And right now, we need all the class we can get.

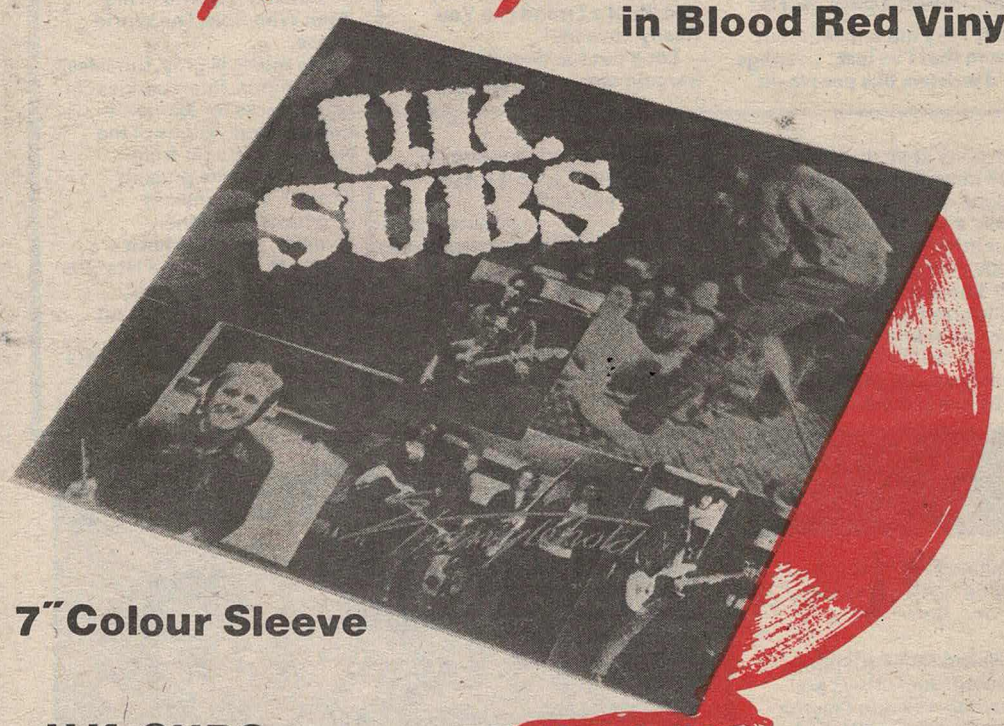
The subject of class brings to mind 'Naked Child' (Capitol), a new **Lee Clayton** album that Parke Records and others are currently shipping in. It would be uncharitable to dub Clayton 'this year's Dylan' but to tilt an ear in the direction of 'Naked Child' without, at some point, reflecting upon the similarities between Clayton and Chairman Zim, would seem to be in the nature of an impossiblity.

A grower of a record — only the opening, rock-till ready, 'Saturday Night Special' emerges at instant appeal level — Clayton's sweet and sour nasal voice drags its way through poingnant love songs ('I Love You'), tales of times gone wrong ('A Little Cocaine') and thoughts of holocausts to come ('10,000 Years/Sexual Moon') in a manner that's never less than rivetting. And like Esther Phillips, he takes time out to reflect back to starting-gate time via 'If I Can Do It — So Can You', which also acts as a kind of nod of encouragement for all those who wish they could but haven't yet. A song formed from lines such as *'My father — I watched him die, one TV show at a time'* and *'In Nashville — living like a dog and getting God Damned'*, it is, in it's angular, jagged word way, totally compelling.

Which, come to think about, is something that could be said about most of the album.

Fred Dellar

U.K. SUBS
NEW SINGLE
Stranglehold
in Blood Red Vinyl



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13th June	Music Machine, London	9th July	Adam & Eve Leicester
15th June	Porter House, Retford	11th July	Pop Club York
17th June	Royal Standard, Bradford	12th July	Fan Club Leeds
18th June	Tracys, Ipswich	13th July	Wigton Market Hall
21st June	Ajanta Club, Derby	14th July	Rock Garden, Middlesborough
22nd June	Glastonbury Fair	20th July	Penthouse, Scarborough
27th June	High Wycombe Town Hall	21st July	Whitcombe Lodge Cheltenham
2nd July	Caribbean Reading	22nd July	Grey Toppers, Jacksdale
3rd July	Limit Sheffield	27th July	Barnsley College of Technology
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Live Bird...

CHARLIE PARKER
The Complete Savoy Studio Sessions
(Savoy/Arista)

This is a five-album boxed set of every note Charlie Parker recorded for Herman Lubinsky's Savoy label in the mid-40s, including master takes, alternative takes, false starts, fragments et alia.

With anyone else, this might have seemed an unduly academic exercise, but not in Parker's case. His own genius, together with his largely improvisational way of working, resulted in an astonishing variety, even between two consecutive performances of the same song.

The bulk of these tracks are either improvisations on a standard blues structure; or else tracks on which Parker would compose (in the studio) his own melody line over the chord structure of an existing song, and then improvise around that.

There were seven sessions in all. The first, from 1945, features Parker playing on a Tiny Grimes date; another, from 1947, has him switching from alto to tenor on a set led by Miles Davis. He leads on the remaining five, supported on all tracks by Miles Davis (trumpet) and Max Roach (drums) and variously by Dizzy Gillespie, Bud Powell, Duke Jordan, John Lewis (piano) plus Curly Russell, Tommy Potter (bass).

The recordings cover the period (1945-8) from Parker's emergence as a leader of the Bebop movement to his absolute peak as a uniquely daring and innovative musician. The Savoy sessions, together with those on Dial from the same period, are arguably the cream of his output — and undeniably one of the most brilliant musical flowerings of the century.

Among the gems here are two complete (and one nearly-complete) takes of 'Parker's Mood', the insuperable 'KoKo', rare examples of a contrapuntal Parker theme on 'Chasin' The Bird' and 'Ah-Leu'Cha', plus classics like 'Bluebird', 'Barbados', 'Perhaps', 30 different and complete masters in all. The boxed set comes with a useful booklet, packed with musical and historical information plus an interview with Teddy Reig who produced all but one of the sessions. But if you're hesitant about a large outlay (it costs about £16), there's a double album set of just the masters — 'Bird / The Savoy Recordings (Master Takes)' — for around £7 which I'd recommend to anyone.

This is essential music. Beautiful, provocative, feelingful, incisive. After Charlie Parker, most rock'n'roll is like a fart in a thunderstorm.

Graham Lock

ANDY BOWN
Good Advice *(EMI)*

"Bown", spiels the market research consultant, "we want an orchestral rock/pop album, and you're our man! Check this computer read-out — . . . Andy Bown, long-time associate of Peter Frampton (since Herd '67); hence he's soft-centred . . . Expose him to a couple of Paul Simon acoustic numbers, a flutter of Wings, a smattering of John Miles . . . Throw in a rocker, a fast blues, steep it all in gluey suburban romance . . . It will go gold in Milton Keynes *overnite!*"

Thus, suitably programmed, Bown assembles a session army that leans towards synthesizer and strings. Earnestly he veers from lullabye to frivolous bop number with hardly a hair out of place parading before us scenes from a disillusioned domestic text. The end result is a spotless, sterile album that plumbs new depths of dilution; a perfectly placid offering from the singer / songwriter circus.

Its only distinction is its cover shot of a shaved head that looks unnervingly like an enormous toe with ears.

Mark Ellen

Dead Duck?

SYLVESTER
Mighty Real
(Fantasy)

On the inner sleeve we see The Star bowing low taking the applause. Humble and thankful, you're rilly wunderful, I could play all night. Bathed in the spotlight and here we get just two previously unreleased tracks out of a cast of eight. Once more he wheels out 'Mighty Real' and 'Disco Heat' from the last album; 'Down Down' and 'Over & Over' are from 1977. (Though the latter pair are the LP pinnacles seeing how the former are edited down afterthought fillers.)

The remaining quartet are both sides of the current (ish) single and two lazily written — but well delivered — leftovers from some spare studio time.

On 45, Sylvester still has exceedingly checkable worth. Visually Sylvester is an expensive, showbizzy, obsessed transvestite with some humour, but not nearly enough. He steps out here with a trashy goldchain mail lampshade affair pressed over his dome and looks silly. BUT! On his right side he can kick a soccer ball a hundred and fifty yards! He can arm wrestle with a bear! Bend solid **(cont p65)**

Danny Baker

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Imperial Rockabillies Vol. 2
(United Artists)

. . . And when will it stop? No-one knows. Except perhaps that tireless archaeologist, Rocco Bill E. Millar, who had already excavated the prime vaults of southern, white, '50s country rock 'n' roll to compile and annotate the majority of such albums on the market, and now seems to be sifting through silt at rock bottom.

There are a few thousand slap-happy cowboys around who'll buy this album as a matter of course. Some will even enjoy most of the 20 tracks. For the rest of us mainstream rock 'n' roll fans, here is an entertaining, though hardly essential, EP surrounded by a 2½-inch band of excess vinyl emitting the unedifying noise of assorted hicks and hacks and hucksters failing to make a name for themselves. (Those that did raise some kind of ruckus — Johnny Burnette, Bob Luman, Merle Kilgore — certainly didn't do it with these samples of their efforts).

Louisiana boy Al Jones fronts the most interesting track, 'Loretta', a Diddleyish rocker that sounds like a cross between Dale and Ronnie Hawkins. Other than that I can just about recommend The Strikes' pop bop 'Rockin', a passable Carl Perkins imitator in Lew Williams, who gives out with some 'Cat Talk' and an untypical pop-rock track from R&B star Roy Brown, 'Be My Love Tonight', a dire song saved only by Brown's voice and a chirpy guitar solo.

Tell you what, though — the cover's pretty nifty.

Cliff White

GONZALEZ
Haven't Stopped Dancing Yet *(EMI)*

As the title and the action-blurred dusky maiden on the sleeve would appear to indicate, this album was conceived and created with a view to inspiring 42 minutes of high-kickin' disco fury.

Unfortunately, when stylus is put to groove, this would appear not to be the case, and it doesn't take long to realise that not much is coming out of the speakers. An amalgam of watery jazz-funk, wheelchair disco fodder, and painful sub-Stevie Wonder vocalese strains to assert itself under an avalanche of strings so syrupy you could stand a spoon up in it.

To be played three times a day for toothache.

Rick Joseph

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Tuesday June 19th £1
Reggae Night with AMBER + Dam X

Thursday June 21st 75p
THE JAGS + Mark Andrews & the Gents

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071

208 RADIO LUXEMBOURG IN ASSOCIATION WITH MSP presents

The REAL THING

PLUS SUPPORT
Compere ROB JONES

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
TUESDAY 19th JUNE 8.00pm
TICKETS £3.50 £3.00 £2.50 £2.00
Available from advance theatre bo. 748 4081
London Theatre Bookings, Shaftesbury Ave. 439 3371
Premier Box Office, 240 2245 and usual agents

KLINGONS

7.30-12.00 Adm 50p

NEWTOWN NEUROTICS
THE RULES
EDEN + THE CLOCKWATCHERS

Mayhem
5 Patchem Ter,
Battersea Park Rd.,
SW8

MM presents

THE SKIDS

plus THE EDGE
Saturday 16th June 8.00pm
THE APOLLO GLASGOW
Tickets: £2.50 £2.00 £1.50 Available from box office
Telephone: 041 332 9221/2

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

THE LURKERS
THE CHORDS
BACK TO ZERO

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 24th JUNE at 7-30
TICKETS £2-50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

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CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE - N.W.1

Wednesday June 13th £1.50
U.K. SUBS
+ Cyanide
+ Security Risk

Monday June 18th £1
LITTLE BO BITCH
+ Kameras

Thursday June 14th £1.50
DOLL BY DOLL
+ Razor

Tuesday June 19th £1
ZONES
+ Gnasher

Friday June 15th £2
FUSION
+
BOMBSHELL

Wednesday June 20th £1
Mod Night
Featuring
SECRET AFFAIR
+ Merton Parkas
+ Squire

Saturday June 16th £2
Mungo Jerry
+ The Realists

Saturday June 23rd Pay at door £2.00
THE ADVERTS

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OVER 18s ONLY

FRIARS

AT THE MAXWELL HALL
AYLESBURY

Saturday June 16th at 7.30 pm
Truth hits everybody
THE POLICE
+ From New York City
THE CRAMPS
+ Bobby Henry
A.C. Sound & Vision
COMPLETELY SOLD OUT
Unfortunately no tickets will be available at door on night.
Masoko Tanga Human Fly

1979 CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL

27th, 28th & 29th July, 1979
Cherry Hinton Hall Grounds, Cambridge

Artists contracted so far:
RY COODER; DOC WATSON; MADDY PRIOR; ROCKIN' DOPSIE & THE CAJUN TWISTERS; BOYS OF THE LOUGH; NOEL MURPHY; TANNAHILL WEAVERS; LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III; DAVE COUSINS; LOUIS KILLEN; HARVEY ANDREWS; DAR AR BRAS; TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS; NEW VICTORY BAND; ORRIN STAR AND GARY MEHALICK; PLUXUS; EARL OKIN; ANNI CHESTER; JOE STEAD; NEIL LEWIS; JULIE MAIRS & CHRIS STOWELL; WARREN WYSE.

24-hour catering facilities and licensed bar throughout performing times. Complete camping facilities available — 20p per person. Off-site car park and bus service.

Tickets: £7.50 (weekend — including Friday evening)
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Tickets from the Box Office, Central Library, Lion Yard, Cambridge. Telephone 57851.
Promoted by Cambridge City Council

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday, June 14th 40p
SPECIAL BRANCH
Dave Flett, Matt Irving, Mark Pinder

Monday, June 18th 50p
Mods Monday
SECRET AFFAIR
+ **THE CROOKS**

Friday, June 15th 50p
GERRY McAVOY JAM
with friends and special guests

Tuesday, June 19th 40p
LITTLE ROOSTERS
+ Cockney Rejects

Saturday, June 16th 50p
RAMROD

Wednesday, June 20th 40p
DOG WATCH
+ Alsatians

Sunday, June 17th 40p
R.D.B.
+ Skinflicks

Thursday, June 21st 40p
SPECIAL BRANCH
Dave Flett, Matt Irving, Mark Pinder

DUKE OF LANCASTER

Approach Road, NEW BARNET (beside BR New Barnet)

Thursday June 14th
SKINFLICKS
Friday June 15th
JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
Saturday June 16th
THE LITTLE JIMMIES
Sunday June 17th
SHOOTERS
Tuesday June 19th
WILD LIFE

dog watch

Thursday 14th June
HARROW ROAD
Windsor Castle

Saturday 16th June
CATFORD
Saxone Tavern

Sunday 17th June
EAST HAM
Ruskin Arms

Wednesday 20th June
WANDSWORTH
Nero's Palace

Thursday 21st June
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The Mod Sound live at

TONYPANDY, Legion Club June 18th
TREORCHY, Rugby Club June 20th
WALTHAMSTOW, Saxon House. June 25th
STOKE NEWINGTON, Pegasus June 27th
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Band Enquiries:
Doc Trimby 01-739 1870
01-739 1413

THE Venue

160 VICTORIA ST, SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5500
Doors open 6pm

Wednesday June 13th
Thursday June 14th
THE ALBION BAND
On Stage 9.30pm £3.00

Friday June 15th
H TENSION
+ SPOOKEY
On Stage 9.30pm £3.25

Saturday June 16th
GREG KIHN
+ X-Dreamysts
+ The 1
Doors Open 7pm £3.00

Sunday June 17th
LOS JAIVOS
On Stage 9.30pm £3.00

Friday June 22nd
Saturday June 23rd
ROGER CHAPMAN
+ The Short List
On Stage 9.30pm £3.00

Sunday June 24th
FOLK NIGHT
with
Martin Carthy, The Watersons, John Kirkpatrick, Sue Harris.
Doors Open 7pm £3.00

Thursday June 28th
SON SEALS BAND
On Stage 9.30pm £3.00

"I say, C.J., What Would It Cost Me To Take My Secretary To See That Popular Little Rock Ensemble

PTARMIGAN

at the Balmoral, Worthing, on Weds and Thurs, June 13th and 14th

And The Old Mill, Holbury, on Monday June 18th?"

Your Reputation".

(Phone Madhatter Music on Emsworth 3537)

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Thursday 14th NORWICH BOOGIE HOUSE
Friday 15th ROYAL OAK, STOWMARKET
Saturday 16th HASTINGS PIER
Wednesday 20th WINCHESTER COLLEGE OF ART
Thursday 21st CROWN INN, EASTLEIGH, SOUTHAMPTON
Friday 22nd HOPE & ANCHOR, ISLINGTON
Band enquiries 0273 21713
Bron Agency: 01 267 4499

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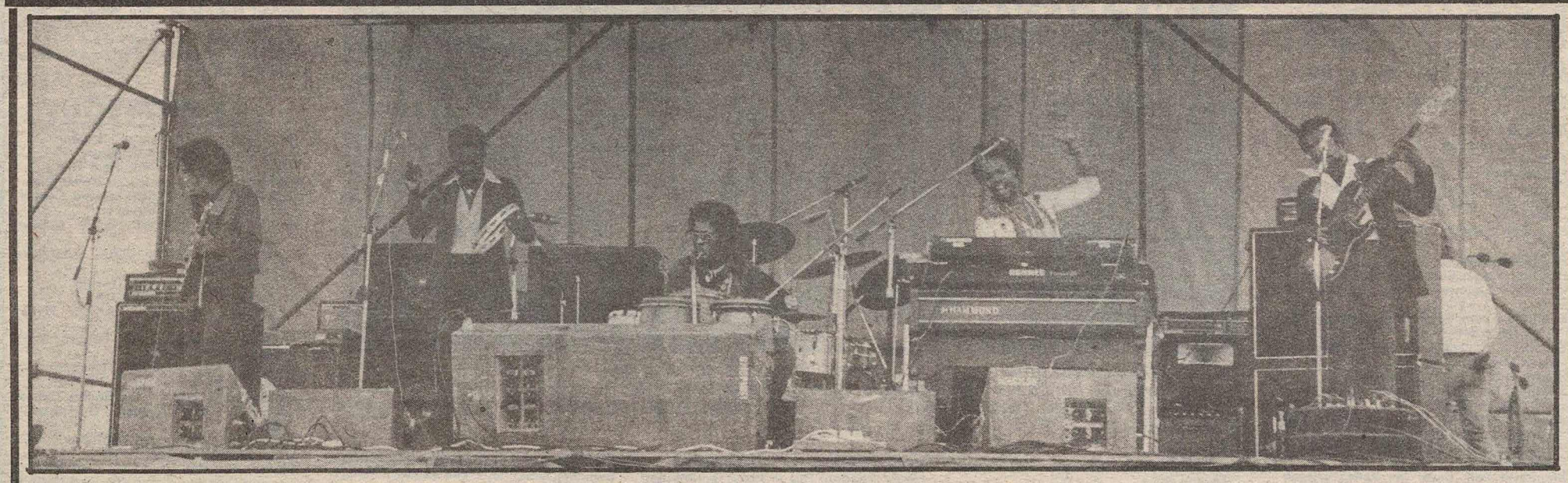
NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE



Jamaican stars in take-over

THIRD WORLD *(above), who stopped off in Britain at the end of last month to take part in the Loch Lomond Festival, have now finished their European gigs and return here for a full concert tour — opening in Edinburgh (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday) . . . and* ***PETER TOSH****, who's also been busy on the Continent, flies in with his band for a string of major appearances — kicking off at Wolverhampton (Monday), Manchester (Tuesday) and Cardiff (Wednesday).*

Thursday

Bedford Cranfield Institute: **Sniff 'n' The Tears**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **The Tourists**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham The Bell: **The Clerks**
Bishops Castle Three Tons: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **The Damned / The Ruts**
Bradford Maxim's: **T.C.O.J.**
Bradford University: **The Soft Boys**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **The Crooks**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Status Quo**
Chatham Tam O'Shanter: **One-Eyed Jacks**
Chesterfield Fusion: **The Cure**
Colne Union Hotel: **The Tunes**
Corsham Art School : **The Rules / The London Cowboys / The Modettes**
Coventry Swanswell Tavern: **The Wild Boys**
Derby The Ajanta: **The Fall / The Corridor**
Derby Talk of the Midlands: **Matchbox**
Desford Miners Institute: **Electric Direction / Generated Strangers**
Doncaster Tiffany's: **Sponooch**
Durham Collingwood College: **Radio Stars**
Durham West Cornforth Club: **Days Of Grace**
Edingburgh Astoria: **Human League / Flowers**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **The Accelerators**
Exeter Routes: **Writz**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Underhand Jones**
Gt. Yarmouth Tiffany's: **Zorro / Girlschool / The Crabs**
Hailfax Civic Theatre: **Patrik Fitzgerald / The Teardrop Express**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Take Away**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Sinceros**
Hornchurch The Bull: **Jerry The Ferret**
Horwich Leisure Centre: **Mike Harding**
Hull College Auditorium: **Stagefright**
Leeds Fan Club: **The Records / Local Operator**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Juno's Claw**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Fumin'**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe / Lew Lewis Reformer**
Leicester University: **John Cooper Clarke / Essential Logic**
Liverpool Eric's: **Greg Kihn Band**
London Brixton Canterbury Arms: **The Heartdrops / The Lucys**
London Camden Brecknock: **Special Treat**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Sugar Minott**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Special Branch**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Agenda**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Dangerous Rhythm**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Reg Laws**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Amba / Resistance**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Dog Watch / Tour de Force**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Inmates**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Late Show / The Stereotypes**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Martin Taylor & Ike Isaacs**
London Leytonstone Green Man: **The Jags**
London Marquee Club: **The Knack**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Thieves Like Us**
London New Boulevard Theatre: **Jeremy Taylor (for a season)**
London New Malden The Fountain: **The Merton Parkas**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **Speedball**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Stylus**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Shades**
London St. Moritz Club: **Red Tape**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Albion Band**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **John Otway**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Plain Characters / The The**
London W.C. 1 Institute of Education: **Lee Fardon & The Legionaires**
London W.C. 1. New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Lowestoft Talk Of The East: **Sweet Sensation**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Skids**
Manchester Ardri Cinema: **The Lurkers**
Musselborough Broughton Hall: **Johnny & The Hurricanes / Del Shannon**
Newcastle City Hall: **Dire Straits**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **The Police / The Cramps / Bobby Henry**
Normanton Woodhouse Club: **Red Eye**
Norwich Cromwells: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Oxford New Theatre: **Manfred Mann's Earthband**
Port Talbot Troubador: **Yachts / The Edge**
Portsmouth HMS Nelson: **Soul Direction**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Peter Bond**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Mud**
Rugby Benn Memorial Hall: **Chris Barber Band**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Mungo Jerry**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Artery / TV Products**
Southend Shrimpers: **Steve Hooker Band**
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: **The O.K. Band**
St. Helens Glassbridge Club: **Any Trouble**
Swanley Recreation Centre: **Homocide / Air Mail / The Chevrons / Hot Rocks /Rebel**
Wellingborough Sports & Social Club: **Houndog**

Friday

Aberdeen University: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
Aberystwyth University: **The Late Show**
Beckenham Tites Club: **Souled Out**
Birmingham (Balsall Heath) New Inn: **Ferrari**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **The Lurkers**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Birmingham (Moseley) New Inn: **The Wide Boys**
Birmingham (Small Heath) The Sydenham: **The Crack**
Birmingham University: **Little Acre**
Blackpool Jenkinsons Bar: **Dick Smith Band**
Bolton (Hedgeworth) Barlow Institute: **Brian Dewhurst**
Bournemouth Capones: **Interference**
Bradford Norfolk Hotel: **Black Gorilla**
Bradford Technical College: **Gang Of Four**
Bridlington Spa Ballroom: **Sponooch**
Brighton Hanbury Arms: **Ijax/The Devil's Dykes**
Brighton Lewes Road Inn: **Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Real Thing**
Bristol Portishead Youth Club: **The X-Certs/Review**
Bromsgrove Stars Night Club: **The Injections**
Burnley The Hop: **Chimp Eats Banana**
Buxton Playhouse: **Mike Harding**
Camberley Ragamuffins: **Soul Direction**
Carlisle Wigton Market Hall: **Patrik Fitzgerald/The Teardrop Explodes**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Jags**
Durham Shildon Club: **Days Of Grace**
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: **Close Rivals/Deadly Toys**
Edinburgh Pollock Hall: **Another Pretty Face**
Exmouth Pavilion: **Writz**
Glasgow Custom House Quay (lunchtime) and Greenock Town Hall (evening): **Underhand Jones**
Halifax Maxim's: **T.C.O.J.**
Hamilton Bell College: **The Trendies**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **The Damned/The Ruts**
Harrow The Havelock: **Take Away**
Hull University: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders / China Street**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kings Langley Ovaltine Buildings: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**
Kingston Noise Factory: **The Rules / The Modettes**
Knaresborough Folk Club: **Ar Log**
Knutsford La Belle Epoque: **Chris Barber Band**
Leeds Cosmo Club: **Natural High**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Prey**
Leeds University: **Rockpile with Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe/Lew Lewis Reformer**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The City Limits**
Lewes The Lamb: **Dirty Weekend/Chicane**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **The Cure**
Lincoln The Hall: **Black Slate**
Liverpool Eric's: **John Cooper Clarke**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Camden Brecknock: **Sucker**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Charles William Ainley Band/Fraser Nash**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **London Blitz**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Merton Parkas**
London College Of Fashion: **Supercharge**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Reg Laws**
London Covent Garden The Basement: **Exhibit A**
London Enfield Hop Poles: **Tour de Force**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Linton's H-D Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Dangerous Rhythm**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Writz**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Starjets**
London Lewisham Black Bull: **Johnny & The Jailbirds**
London Marquee Club: **The Chords/The Mods/Squire**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **Zilch**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London School of Economics: **Thieves Like Us**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Danny Moss Quartet**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Agenda**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Amba**
London Victoria The Venue: **Hi-Tension**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The V.I.P.'s/Jab-Jab**
London Westminster Tower Club: **Matchbox**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Plain Sailing**
Loughton College: **Mungo Jerry**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Dire Straits**
Manchester The Factory: **Human League/Essential Logic**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Zorro**
Morecambe Broadway Hotel: **Juno's Claw**
Newcastle Centre Hotel: **American Echoes**
Norwich Whites: **Crime**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Fashion**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **The Sinceros**
Nottingham University: **Judie Tzuke/Far Image**
Oakengates Town Hall: **S.P.G.**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **The Wall**
Poole Brewers Arms: **Refugee**
Port Talbot Afan Lido: **Status Quo**
Retford Porterhouse: **UK Subs**
Rugby Emmaline's: **Capital Letters**
Rugby The June Swoon: **Incredible Kidda Band**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Yachts/The Edge**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Headboys**
Shrewsbury Manor House School: **Bastille**
Stirling The Caley: **The Deft Jerks**
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: **Scandal**
Swansea Hafod Inn: **Dyfatty Flats**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Grant Santino**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **Stranger Than Fiction**
Watford Mex's: **Autophobia**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **The Records**

Saturday

Aylesbury Friars: **The Police/The Cramps/Bobby Henry**
Barrow Maxim's: **T.C.O.J.**
Basingstoke Magnum's: **Interference**
Bilston Rising Star: **Sky Train**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **John Cooper Clarke**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **School Sports**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Sigma**
Birmingham (King's Heath) Hare and Hounds: **Harvey Andrews**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Odeon: **Manfred Mann's Earthband**
Birmingham Rialto: **Capital Letters**
Birmingham University: **The Wide Boys**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Media**
Blackpool Jenkinsons Bar: **Dick Smith Band**
Blackburn Winsor Hall: **Brian Dewhurst**
Blyth Golden Eagle: **East Side Torpedoes**
Bognor Ocean Bar: **High Flames**
Brighton Art College: **The Prime Movers / The Executives**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Dire Straits**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Bristol Granary: **Little Acre**
Burslem Queen's Hall: **Johnny and The Hurricanes/Del Shannon**
Cambridge Pye Sports Ground: **Mud**
Canterbury Odeon: **The Cure**
Cheltenham Whitecombe Lodge: **UK Subs**
Chichester Bishop Otter College: **Thieves Like Us**
Chipping Norton Football Club: **Natural High**
Coventry Dog and Trumpet: **Incredible Kidda Band**
Droylsden White Hart: **Tanx**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **The Real Thing**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **The Bombers UK**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Skids**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Radio Stars**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Static**
Hanwell Carnival and Fete: **Dangerous Rhythm**
Hastings Pier Pavilion: **The Piranhas/ Nicky and The Dots/The Lillets/Smeggy and The Cheesey Bits**
Hatfield Forum Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Teen Beats**
Ilkley College of Education: **Days Of Grace**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **The Tourists**
Knighton Norton Arms: **The Accelerators**
Lancaster New Planet City: **The Smirks**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Red Eye**
Leeds Staging Post: **Prey**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The Vye**
Leicester University: **The Damned/The Ruts**
Lincoln Drill Hall: **Patrik Fitzgerald / The Teardrop Explodes**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Lurkers**
London Battersea Mayhem: **The Klingons/The Rules/The Clockwatchers/New Town Neurotics**
London Brixton George Canning: **Zilch**
London Camden Brecknock: **Tennis Shoes**
London Camdena Dingwalls: **Fumble/ 2TV**
London Camden Music Machine: **Mungo Jerry**
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **Dog Watch**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Zorro**
London City Polytechnic: **The Passions Amba**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Cannibals**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Morrissey-Mullen Band**
London Enfield Hop Poles: **Scandal**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool and The Icebergs**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Crooks**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Soft Boys**
London Marquee Club: **The Purple Hearts / The Little Roosters**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **The Little Jimmies**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **The Spoilsports**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Left Hand**
London Plumstead Green Man: **First Aid**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson Trio/Dick Morrissey**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Amba**
London Victoria The Venue: **Greg Kihn/The Xdreamysts**
London Waterloo The Wellington: **The Merton Parkas**

MORE GIG GUIDE

London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Tour de Force/Scandal**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Traitors Gait**
Manchester The Factory: **The Specials**
Manchester University: **Mike Absalom**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Human League/Flowers**
Morecambe Broadway Hotel: **Juno's Claw**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Lee Fardon and The Legionaires**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Records**
Nottingham University: **The Jags**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Rockpile with Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe/Lew Lewis Reformer**
Plymouth College of St Mark and St John: **Writz**
Ponteland College: **The 45's**
Reading Target Club: **Double Xposure**
Rochdale Champness Hall: **The Albion Band**
Rushden Town Band Club: **Johnny and The Jailbirds**
Salisbury Playhouse Theatre: **Pasadena Roof Orchestra**
Sheffield Clifton Hall: **Matchbox**
Sheffield Parsons Cross (afternoon): **The Parts/Disease**
Sheffield The Marples (evening): **The Parts/Vendino Pact**
Sheffield University: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Staindrop Folk Club: **Ian Parmley/Dave Milner**
Watford Mex's: **The Notion**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

Sunday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Birmingham Strathallen Hotel: **Chris Barber Band**
Bishops Stortford Triad Lesiure Centre: **The Merton Parkas**
Bognor Esplanade Theatre: **Pasadena Roof Orchestra**
Bradford Royal Standard: **UK Subs**
Bridgend Drones: **The Lurkers**
Brighton Buccaneer: **The Piranhas**
Brighton Skateboard Park: **Close Rivals-/Deadly Toys**
Bristol Locarno: **The Damned/The Ruts**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Manfred Mann's Earthband**
Croydon Greyhound: **Matchbox**
Dunfermline Kinema: **The Skids**
Fareham Working Mens Club: **Soul Direction**
Garstang Cabus Village Hall: **Brian Dewhurst**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Underhand Jones**
Hanley Out Of Town (lunchtime): **Any Trouble**
Harrow Railway Inn: **Zorro**
Huddersfield Albion Hotel: **The Bombers UK**
Kingston Grove Tavern: **Navigator**
Leeds Victoria Hotel (lunchtime): **Best Friends**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Just Frank**
Liverpool Dove & Olive: **Dick Smith Band**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **The Real Thing**
Liverpool The Sportsman: **Mistress**
Liverpool Tiffany's: **Spoonoch**
Lochmaben Balcastle Hotel: **Turbo**
London Alexandra Palace: **The Resistance/Amba/Immigrant/Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea Park (3 — 5pm): **Three Steelbands**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Bears**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Bumpers**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**

PATRIK FITZGERALD *promotes his new single 'Improve Myself' and recently-released album 'Grubby Stories' by going out on his most important tour to date. Backed by his new band, he opens his travels at Halifax (Thursday), Carlisle (Friday), Lincoln (Saturday), Leeds (Tuesday) and Wolverhampton (Wednesday).*

London Finchley Torrington: **Morissey-Mullen Baid**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Little Acre**
London Greenwich Well Hall Open Theatre: **Five Hand Reel/Stan Arnold-/Mel Harrold/Johnny Silvo/Harvey Andrews/Joe Stead**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Dire Straits**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Robert & The Remoulds/Between Pictures**
London Holbourn Royalty Theatre: **John Cooper Clarke/Joy Division**
London Marquee Club: **The Chords/Back To Zero/The Killermeters**
London Palladium: **Lata Mangeshkar**
London S.E.1. Duke of Clarence: **The Leopards**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ron Rubin**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Police/The Cramps/Bobby Henry**
London Waterloo The Wellington: **The Flixations**
Manchester Midland Hotel: **Tanx**
Manchester (Satlybridge) Commercial Hotel— **School Bus**
Newcastle The Red House: **Hot Snax**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich Boogie House: **Pressure Shocks**
Norwich St. Onan's College: **Spillage**
Norwich Whites: **Cruiser**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Oxford St. Edmunds College: **Matchbox**
Poole Arts Centre: **Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe/Lew Lewis Reformer**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Roaring Jelly/Steve Turner**
Salford Willows Leisure Centre: **T.C.O.J.**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Dionne Warwicke**
Southend Shrimpers: **Speedball**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **The Jags**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Brighton Dome: **Dire Straits**
Bristol Crockers: **The Bombers UK (for three days)**
Bristol Stonehouse: **The Fans**
Bromsgrove Stars Night Club: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Coatbridge Beechwood Bar: **Underhand Jones**
Durham University College: **Blue Sky / Landscape**
Godalming Shackleford Centre: **Five Hand Reel**
Halifax Vivic Hall: **Johnny & The Hurricanes/ Del Shannon**
Ipswich Tracey's: **UK Subs**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **The Vye**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Beats Working**
Leeds (Yeadon) The Peacock: **Ray Morgan Quartet**
Liverpool Everton F.C.: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
London Camden Brecknock: **Scarecrow**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Bozos / Exit / Zorro**
London Camden Town Dublin Castle: **The Stickers**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Crooks**
London Covent Garden Rosk Garden: **Rio Grande**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Big Chief**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Medium Medium**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Bram Tchaikovsky**
London Marquee Club: **The Sinceros / Bruce Woodley & Camera Club**
London Putney Half Moon: **Jim Page / Short Stuff**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Clark Terry Big Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Girlschool / Spitfire**
London Woolwich Public Hall: **Don Rendell's Earth Music**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Ewan MacColl / Peggy Seeger**
London W.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London W.14 The Kensington: **London Zoo**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Neon**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **The Real Thing**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Dionne Warwick**
Milton Keynes Walton Hall: **Matchbox**
Newcastle Eldon Square Festival (noon) and Gosforth Hotel (evening): **The Noise Toys / Arthur 2-Stroke / Treatment Room**
Newcastle Heaton Buffs Club: **The 45's**
Newcastle Playhouse: **American Echoes**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **Sabrejets**
Nottingham Commodore Suite: **Supercharge**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Tiffany's: **John Cooper Clarke**
Oundle Red Lion: **The Name**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **The Jags**
Peterborough Wirrana Stadium: **Hi-Tension**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe / Lew Lewis Reformer**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **They Must Be Russians**
Southend Zero 6: **Musicians Workshop**
Swansea University: **The Yachts / Mungo Jerry**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Peter Tosh**
Worcester Hideaway: **The Specials**
York Pop Club: **The Records**

Tuesday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Speed Limit**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Brimingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Scandal**
Black Raikes Hall Hotel: **Brian Dewhurst**
Canterbury College of Art: **Flying Saucers / Blue Jean Bop**
Cardiff College: **Mungo Jerry**
Chatham Van Dam Club: **64 Spoons**
Derby Old Bell: **Sister Ray**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Third World**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Manfred Mann's Earthband**
Epworth Rio Theatre Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Exeter Routes: **Fischer-Z**
Isle of Sheppey Island Hotel: **Matchbox**
Lancaster University: **John Cooper Clarke**
Leeds Fan Club: **Patrik Fitzgerald / The Teardrop Explodes**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The Fast Corner**
Linwood The Clippers Inn: **Just The Job**
London Camden Brecknock: **Kestral**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Girlschool**
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **Schorched Earth**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Mirrors**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Agents**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
London Islington Hope and Anchor: **The Crooks**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Amba**
London Marquee Club: **Yachts / The Edge**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **One-Eyed Jacks**
London N4 The Stapelton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Invaders / Dansette**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Japanese Toy**
London W1 Maunkberry's: **Ripple & The Body Snatchers (for three days)**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Peter Tosh**
Newcastle Quayside Redhouse: **Roxoff**
Norwich Boogie House: **The Distrainers**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **The Albion Band**
Rochdale Champness Hall: **Johnny & The Hurricanes / Del Shannon**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Landscape**
Sheffield The Marples: **Reflex**
Southend Talk Of The South: **Hi-Tension**
St Helens Haydock Club: **Lies All Lies**
Swansea Talk Of The Abbey: **The Late Show**
Swansea Top Rank: **Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe / Lew Lewis Reformer**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Neon**
Telham Black Horse: **Five Hand Reel**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Walsall Town Hall: **Littel Acre**
Worcester (Wychbold) The Crown: **Wide Boys / Out**

Wednesday

Birmingham Barrle Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Limelight**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Real Thing**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Crooks / The Mods**
Bournemouth Pinecliff Hotel: **Thieves Like Us**
Bradford University: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Tinsels**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Peter Tosh**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Flying Saucers**
Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Navigator**
Hazel Grove Youth Centre: **The Ant**
Ilford Oscar's: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **The Speedy Bears**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **25 Rifles**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Loser**
London Camden Brecknock: **Traveller**
London Camden dingwalls: **Racing Cars**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Merton Parkas**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Rednite**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Lee Fardon & the Legionaires**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Void / The Monitors / Come Ons**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Gotham City Swing Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Dire Straits**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Marquee Club: **Human League / Spizz Energi**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Chris Barber Band**
London Paddington Western Counties: **The Little Jimmies**
London S.E.1 Duke of Clarence: **Billy Karloff & The Beverly Sisters**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Campbell Burnap Quartet**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Earthbound**
London Wandsworth Rose & Crown: **Dog Watch**
London West Ealing Halfway House: **Dangerous Rhythm**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Music Club / Blamange**
London wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: **The Jags**
London Woolwich Public Hall: **Blue Max / Ezekiel / Blind Wolf**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Third World**
Manchester Pembroke Hall: **The Late show**
Middlesbourgh Madison's: **T.C.O.J. (for four days)**
Nelson El Tropicano: **Natural High**
Newcastle City Hall: **Manfred Mann's Earthband**
Newcastle Quayside Redhouse: **Sabrejets**
Newport (Gwent) Stowaway: **The Records**
Norwich Boogie House: **Writz**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Plymouth Tops: **The Lurkers**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Sinceros**
Salford The Champion: **Lies All Lies**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Status Quo**
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: **Nicky & the Dots**
Southampton University: **Supercharge / Fischer-Z**
Staindrop Folk Club: **Huckleberry Hollow**
Wigan Bluto's: **Speedball**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Patrik Fitzgerald / The Teardrop Explodes**
Wolverton Cowpers Folk Club: **Five Hand Reel**
York Oval Ball: **Yakety Yak**

Summer Specials

BICESTER in Oxfordshire stages a charity open-air concert on Saturday, July 7, with all proceeds going to the International Year of the Child. Local bands taking part include The No, Stereotypes, Sore Willies, The Liggers, Ego Tripps, Electric Voyage and Necro, and there are also guest appearances by The Brain Surgeons (from London) and The Zoom Club (Northampton). The site is The Courtyard, Launton Road.

RADIO LUXEMBOURG'S 1979 Summer Roadshow visits most of Britain's main seaside resorts from July 13 for six weeks — from Bridlington to Bude, and from Margate to Rhyl. 208 disc-jockeys Mark Wesley, Rob Jones and Tony Prince will host the proceedings, which include competitions such as "Miss Disco 79", a disco DJ championship, top disco band and local DJ.

THE THIRD annual 'Bite Of Yarmouth Rock' mini-festival is being held tonight (Thursday) at Great Yarmouth Tiffany's. Bands featured include Zorro, Girlschool (who toured Britain recently with Motorhead) and a special guest outfit formed from members of The Crabs.

THE STEELBAND Association of Great Britain is staging a number of open-air concerts in London parks this summer, with an average of three bands taking part in each show. Dates are Battersea Park (this Sunday, 3-5pm), Crystal Palace Park (July 1, 3-5pm), Golders Hill Park, NW3 (15, 3-5pm), Horniman Gardens, SE23 (22, 6-7pm), Blackheath Park (29, 3-5pm), Southbank Jubilee Gardens (30, noon-2pm) and Holland Park, W8 (August 5, 3-5pm).

BRIGHTON'S second Country Music Festival, featuring the top British acts in the C&W field, takes place at the 5,000-seater Brighton Centre over the weekend of July 13-15. Among the many confirmed acts are Frank Jennings Syndicate, Jeannie Denver, Poacher, Brian Golbey, Frank Yonco & The Everglades, Little Ginny, Country Shack and The Down County Boys.

TOUR & GIG NEWS

WRITZ — who, as reported last week, have just been signed by Electric Records — promote their debut 12-inch picture disc single 'Night Nurse' at **Exeter** Routes (tonight, Thursday), **Exmouth** Pavilion (Friday), **Plymouth** College of St. Mark & St. John (Saturday), **Burton** 76 Club (June 22), **Reading** Bulmershe College (23), **Cardiff** University (25), **London Camden** Music Machine (27), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (29), **Halifax** Good Mood Club (30), **Sheffield** Limit (July 20), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (21), **Leeds** Fforde Green (22), **Bristol** Granary (28), **Newbridge** Memorial Hall (29), **Swindon** Brunel Rooms (31), **Newport** The Village (August 3), **Nottingham** Penthouse (4), **Kirklevington** Country Club (10), **Dudley** J.B.'s (11), **Port Talbot** Troubadour (14) and **Newport** Stowaway (15).

VOYAGER have added another nine dates to their UK tour, reported last week and tied in with the release of their new Mountain Records album 'Halfway Hotel'. They are **Preston** Polytechnic (June 20), **Chesterfield** Fusion (21), **Dudley** J.B.'s (22), **Slough** Blues Club (27), **Nottingham** Boat Club (July 1), a re-scheduled gig at **Newport** Stowaway (10), **Bournemouth** Stateside Centre (11), **Coventry** City Centre (12) and **St. Austell** New Cornish Riviera (21).

THE LATE SHOW are playing a number of dates this month — at **London Kensington** Nashville (tonight, Thursday), **Aberystwyth** University (Friday). **Swansea** Talk Of The Abbey (June 19), **Manchester** Pembroke Hall (20), **Bournemouth** Town Hall (27), **Barnstaple** Chequers Club (28) and **Newton Abbot** Seal Hayne College (29).

STUFF, the band comprising six of New York's most in-demand session musicians, now play their debut **London** concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on July 24 — and not July 26, as announced last week.

CHAS & DAVE continue to bring their 'Gertcha' hit to the nation with extra gigs at **Oxford** Polytechnic (this Saturday), **Reading** Caribbean Club (June 18), **Sheffield** University (22), **St. Albans** City Hall (23), **Coventry** Warwick University (28), **London Leytonstone** Green Man (July 5) and **Gloucester** College of Education (6).

COWBOYS INTERNATIONAL, who recently toured with Penetration and appeared in the Loch Lomond Festival, have their own headline dates at **London Kensington** Nashville (July 2), **Port Talbot** Troubadour (5), **Sheffield** Limit (6), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (7), **Leeds** Fforde Green (8) and **Birmingham** Barbarella's (14), with more still to be slotted in. Providing lead singer Ken Lockie has recovered from a bout of pleurisy, they also support Fischer-Z at **Southampton** University on June 20. Their new single 'Nothing Doing', issued by Virgin on June 22, includes a free transparent flexi-disc called 'Many Times'.

AFTER THE FIRE, currently finishing off their first CBS album for September release, are on the road for most of next month. Confirmed dates are **Brentwood** Hermit Club (July 6), **Farnborough** Technical College (7), **Sheffield** Limit (12), **Aberavon** Nine Vaults (13), **Melksham** Assembly Hall (14), **Newbridge** Memorial Hall (15), **London Kensington** Nashville (16), **Swindon** Brunel Rooms (17), **Bishops Stortford** Triad Leisure Centre (18), **Liverpool** Oscar's (19), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (20), **St. Albans** City Hall (21), **Norwich** Cromwells (24), **Derby** Ajanta Club (26), **Burton** 76 Club (27) and **London Camden** Music Machine (28).

LITTLE BOB STORY return this month for one of their regular visits and among their dates are **London** appearances, supported by Private Vices, at Camden Music Machine (June 22) and Fulham Greyhound (23 and 24).

THE REGULARS, whose new album 'Victim' has just been issued by CBS, are supporting Peter Tosh on his UK concerts starting this week (see Gig Guide).

THE YACHTS and **THE EDGE** have dates together at **Liverpool** Eric's (June 22), **Wolverhampton** Polytechnic (23), **Edinburgh** Clouds (27), **Leeds** Fan Club (28), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (29) and **London Camden** Music Machine (30).

FISCHER-Z return from a Dutch tour to play **Exeter** Routes (June 19), **Southampton** University (20), **London Camden** Dingwalls (21), **Scarborough** Penthouse (22), **Sheffield** Limit Club (29) and **Nottingham** Boat Club (30).

THE PEGASUS in **London's** Stoke Newington is resuming regular gigs, a month after the announcement that it was closing as a pub-rock venue, though henceforth the management will book their own acts — starting with A To Z on June 20. And Big Chief continue their Saturday residency.

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY, who now feature new guitarist Dennis Forbes in their line-up, have a one-off **London** appearance next week — it's at the Nashville in Kensington on Monday (18).

THE LITTLE ROOSTERS

will be playing
Maximum R'N'B
at the **Mod Festival**
at the
MARQUEE CLUB, WARDOUR STREET, W.1.
Saturday June 16th
BE THERE EARLY!!

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

THE CURE
THE RUTS
PURPLE HEARTS

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 1st JULY at 7·30
TICKETS £2·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

DINGWALLS
RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
THURS 14
FROM JAMAICA, FIRST EVER U.K. SHOW
SUGAR MINOTT
FRI 15
THE CHARLES WILLIAM AINLEY BAND
SAT 16
FUMBLE
SUN 17 R&B NIGHT WITH
STAN'S BLUES BAND
WED 20. 6th ANNIVERSARY PARTY NIGHT WITH
RACING CARS
01-267 4967 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

ROYALTY THEATRE
(Portugal Street, Kingsway, W.C.2)
Outlaw Concerts present

JOHN COOPER-CLARKE

+ FASHION
Sunday June 17th at 7.30pm
Tickets £3.00, £2.50, £2.00 from Box Office and usual agents.

DUBLIN CASTLE
CAMDEN TOWN
THE COAL BIN

Wednesday June 20th

THE MODS
+ Support

EARTHBOUND

announcing
... from the wilds of Hertfordshire
GEOFF COOPER
our new drummer

June 20th Upstairs at Ronnies, W.1.
Tickets from 01-203 4632.
24th Duke of Lancaster, New Barnet
27th The John Peel, Gosport, Portsmouth
30th The Robot's Garden Party in Kent
Enquiries 01-203 4632
July : Extensive tour of Italy. Details in next weeks ad.
Enquiries: Archway Records
01-203 4632

EARTHBOUNDERS CLUB
01-444 7768

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

THE POLICE
THE CRAMPS
BOBBY HENRY

EXTRA CONCERT
LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 17th JUNE at 7·30
TICKETS £2·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

THE RICHMOND HOTEL
Richmond Place,
Brighton

Tuesday, June 19th at 8 pm

A Mod Night With
THE CHORDS
Speedball
and The Lambrettas

FOR FULL DETAILS OF ADVERTISING
Ring Brian B on
01-261 6153

HERMIT LIVE Brentwood Youth House, Shenfield Road, Brentwood.

Friday June 15th £1
FAST EXIT (Ex-Vipers)
+ Special Guests ***Magnus Opus***

Monday June 18th 50p
An Evening of Rock with
CAROLINE ROADSHOW

THE CROOKS
+ The Mods

Saturday June 16th

at the Greyhound,
Fulham Palace Road

The Penthouse, Scarborough
presents

BEELZEBUB

on Thursday 21st June
at St Nicholas Street
Enquiries: 0723 63204

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medium **London, Harrow Road**
Nottingham
Corby
Derby

medium **Mon 18th Windsor Castle**
Sun 24th Harty
Tues 26th Shafts
Thurs 28th The Bell

LANDSCAPE

June Dates
Durham Univ. 18
Limit Club, Sheffield 19
La Sainte Union C.H.E., Southampton 23
Seale Hayne College 29
Plymouth Arts Centre 30
ENQUIRIES 609 8787

TWIST & SHOUT PRESENTS

V.I.P.s
Thursday 14th
Greyhound,
Fulham Palace Road.
Friday 15th (8.30pm)
Moonlight Club,
West Hampstead.
Sunday 17th
Two Brewers,
Clapham Common.

SQUIRE
The Face Of Youth Today
Friday 15th (8pm)
Marquee.
Wednesday 20th (8pm)
Music Machine.

Bookings 01-223 6481.

1000 FACES TOUR

SPEEDBALLS

RUBYS — LEEPERS
Appearing at

Thurs 14th	*Old Swan, Kensington*
Fri 15th	*Green Man, Plumpstead*
Sat 16th	*Esplanade, Southend*
Tues 19th	*Richmond Hotel, Brighton*
Thurs 21st	*Hope & Anchor*
Tues 26th	*Richmond Hotel, Brighton*
Sat 30th	*Wellington, Waterloo*
Wed 4th July	*The Castle Tooting*

SPEEDBALLS Single:
Is Somebody There? c/w No Survivors
Out Soon on **NO — PAP RECORDS**

Huddersfield Polytechnic Student Union,
Queensgate
present
Northern Mod Night
with

SECRET AFFAIR KILLERMETERS
THE SPECIALS
TEEN BEATS THE SCENE

Saturday 16th June at 7.30 pm
Admission £1.50 on door. Scooter owners half price

LONDON PEOPLES FESTIVAL

Sunday, June 17th
Alexandra Palace
11am — 11.30pm

★ Immigrant, The Resistance, Gina 'n' The Rocking Rebels, Ambo in evening concert
★ Stan Tracey Quartet & Solar Heating
★ Bob Davenport & other Folk Singers
★ Films, theatre, silver band, six-a-side football, discussion forums, political rally, children's festival, creche, exhibitions, licensed bars, refreshments.
All this and much more at London's greatest event of the year. Organised by London Communist Party.
Entrance: Adults £2.50, children 60p, OAPs/claimants £1; evenings only £1.50 (after 7pm)

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enquiries tel: ambergate 2443 or 3491 STD 077385

The HEAGE SUMMER SENSATION

Disco-Dance
Late-Bar
Barbeque available

saturday 23rd june '79 at 7·30pm
at chapel farm, school lane, heage, derbys
Covered accommodation for over 3000

Come and dance to the sensational sound of the

REAL THING

with
RADIO TRENTS D.J.
GUY MORRIS
and the SAFARI ROAD SHOW

£4·00 or £4·50 on the night

THE BEARS

Sunday June 17th
BRECKNOCK

Friday June 22nd
WINDSOR CASTLE

A.J.'s CLUB
HIGH STREET, LINCOLN
TEL: 30874

Friday June 15th
THE CURE
Friday June 22nd
SPECIAL A.K.A.
Friday June 29th
ANNIVERSARY
Friday July 6th
CUDDLY TOYS

SATURDAY 30 JUNE 7.30 pm

A NEW MUSICAL EXPERIENCE

VEENA the primordial instrument seen in the hands of Goddess Saraswati (Goddess of art, music and learning) is played by a real genius Shri V Raghurama Ayyar who recreates the ancient atmosphere of spiritual India.

COLLEGIATE THEATRE Gordon St WC1
Tickets £5, £3, £2, £1.
Booking at box office tel (01) 387 9629.

DINGWALLS MONDAY JUNE 18th

THE INJECTIONS

+ Special Guests
The Arrogants
+ The Attendants

Other Injections dates:
June 16th Windsor Castle
19th The Castle, Tooting
20th White Swan, Southall
23rd Hambrough Tavern, Southall
26th The Castle, Tooting

BARBARELLA'S

41 Cumberland Street, Birmingham

Saturday June 16th
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
+ Fashion

Sunday June 17th
ORPHAN

Thursday, June 21st
THE RECORDS

Friday June 22nd
ESSENTIAL LOGIC

Panic Promotions Present
Mods by the Sea Mods by the Sea Mods By
The Buccaneer
10 Marine Parade, Seafront, Brighton

THE PURPLE HEARTS

+ Support
Monday, June 18th at 7pm
Bar till 11pm £1

THIEVES LIKE US

Winchester 62581/Alresford 2188

Loon In June Tour

Thursday 14th: Queen Mary College, Mile End Rd, London E1
Friday 15th: London School of Economics
Saturday 16th: Bishop Otter College, Chichester
Sunday 17th: The Buccaneer, Brighton
Wednesday 20th: The Pinecliff, Bournemouth
Thursday 21st: The Swan, Hammersmith
Friday 22nd: Magnums, Basingstoke

To Be continued . . .

MARK ANDREWS & THE GENTS

Sunday June 17th: Duke Of Lancaster, New Barnet
Tuesday June 19th: The Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road
Wednesday June 20th: Moonlight Club, West Hampstead
Thursday June 21st: Nashville, West Kensington
Friday June 22nd: Windsor Castle, Harrow Road

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday June 14th & Friday June 15 £1 — **INMATES**	Tuesday June 19th 75p — **THE CROOKS**
Saturday June 16th 75p — **THE CLEANERS**	Wednesday June 20th £1.25 — **CHUDDY NUDDY**
Sunday June 17th 75p — **PRIVATE VICES**	
Monday June 18th 75p — **THE BLUES BAND** *Featuring Paul Jones, Tom McGuinness, Hughie Flint.*	Thursday June 21st 75p — **RUBY**

TICKETS . . TICKETS . . TICKETS

AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

June 17 John Cooper-Clarke
June 17 The Police
June 19 The Real Thing
June 21/22 Peter Tosh
June 23 Sylvester
June 23/24 Third World
June 24 The Lurkers
June 24 Dionne Warwick
June 25/27 Status Quo
June 26 Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe
June 28/29 Van Halen
June 30 Steve Hackett
July 1 The Cure
July 7/8 Weather Report
July 8 The B52s
July 9 Sonny Rollins
July 15 UK Subs
July 22 Squeeze
July 24 Stuff
July 27/29 Cambridge Folk Festival
July 29 The Pretenders
Aug 4 Led Zeppelin
Aug 5/12 Ian Dury
Sep 4 Boney M.

For further info send s.a.e. to

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS

96 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.1.
General Enquiries: 01-439 3371
Telephone Credit Card Bookings: 01-240 0681

Moonlight Club
Railway Tavern, West Hampstead
presents

SCANDAL

shouldn't be allowed

+ TOUR DE FORCE

Saturday June 16th
Admission £1

RAY DORSET and MUNGO JERRY
ON THE ROAD AGAIN

June 13 Yarborough Social Club
June 14 Penthouse Club, Scarborough
June 16 Music Machine, LONDON
June 18 Swansea University
June 22 Crewe & Alsager College
June 26 Hamiltons Club, Birkenhead
June 27 Lancaster University
June 28 University of Warwick
June 29 Reading University

100 CLUB

100 Oxford St, London, West One

2 Great Jamaican Imports!

Thursday, June 14th
THE HEPTONES

Friday, June 28th
SUGAR MINOTT

Panic Promotions Present
Coming soon . . .
Mods at the
Notre Dame, Leicester Palace, Leicester Square
Friday June 22nd
The CHORDS
+ 3 Support Bands
Admission £1.35, Why Pay More?

TRIAD LEISURE CENTRE

Southmill Road
Bishops Stortford

Tuesday June 19th
SCANDAL
Pay at door 20p

Wednesday June 20th
More Mod Madness . . .
THE CROOKS
+ The Vandellas
+ Low Numbers

Pay at door £1

Enquiries:
Bishops Stortford 56333

TOUR DE FORCE

Thursday June 14th
WINDSOR CASTLE, Harrow Road,
Friday June 15th
HOP POLES, Enfield.
Saturday June 16th
MOONLIGHT CLUB, W. Hampstead.
Enquiries 01-892 9462.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 1 'Gertcha'; 4 Rasta; 8 'We Can Work It Out'; 9 'Sunday Girl'; 11 Bette (Midler); 13 'SOS'; 14 Lost Planet (Airmen); 16 Ozark (Mountain Daredevils); 17 Dave Vanian; 18 (Hank) Marvin; 20 Bob (Geldof); 22 Mike (Love); 23 "Aja"; 24 'Route (66)'; 25 Red Noise.

DOWN: 'Go West'; 2 Rick Nielsen; 3 'Contact'; 5 Stooges; 6 'At The Budokan'; 7 'Crying In The Chapel'; 10 'Lisztomania'; 12 (Yvonne) Elliman; 14 (Radio) Luxembourg; 15 David Bowie; 17 Dickies; 19 Rumour; 21 Blues.

NME BY POST

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	Sunday	24th ISLE OF MAN Palace Lido
	Tuesday	26th SHEFFIELD City Hall
	Wednesday	27th CARDIFF Top Rank

PYE RECORDS

LIVE!

Peter Tosh

Paris

Former Wailer Peter Tosh likes to give himself a lot to live up to: his dreaded than dread reputation stalks before him wherever he and his band play.

Standing well over six foot on the stage of the Pavilion de Paris in a majestic red and purple kaftan, he cuts a figure worthy of the manifold titles that rest on his shoulders — the Toughest, the Minister of 'Erb, the Bush Doctor and now, to coincide with the release of a new album, the Mystic Man.

But despite the grace afforded by the backing vocal trio The Tamlins and the best rhythm section in the world with Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, his live show is a let-down.

Apparently making an unashamed bid for the International stardom that his old buddy Bob Marley enjoys, Tosh is forsaking much of his militancy and spontaneity for the new holy trinity of compromise, accessibilty and bland musical sophistication.

Particularly disappointing in his current set is the bias towards orthodox rock guitar breaks and keyboard soloing (Daryl Thompson and Robbie Lyn respectively) and the horrendously excessive use of synthesized disco percussion (Keith Stirling). They're unnecessary concessions to commercialism.

Maybe it has them skanking in Strasbourg, but I doubt whether British audiences preoccupied with authenticity are going to be swept off their feet.

Still, he opens this third date of his lengthy continental tour promisingly enough with a sprightly '400 Years'— the old Wailers' standard losing none of its original magic. 'Stepping Razor' and 'African' from his still unsurpassed second solo album, 'Equal Rights' follow with The Tamlins predominant on soaring harmonies.

It's with the fourth song of the set 'Burial' that Tosh picks up a guitar for a dreadful solo and the rot starts to set in. The songs become increasingly long and drawn out, the arrangements increasingly grandiose and cumbersome.

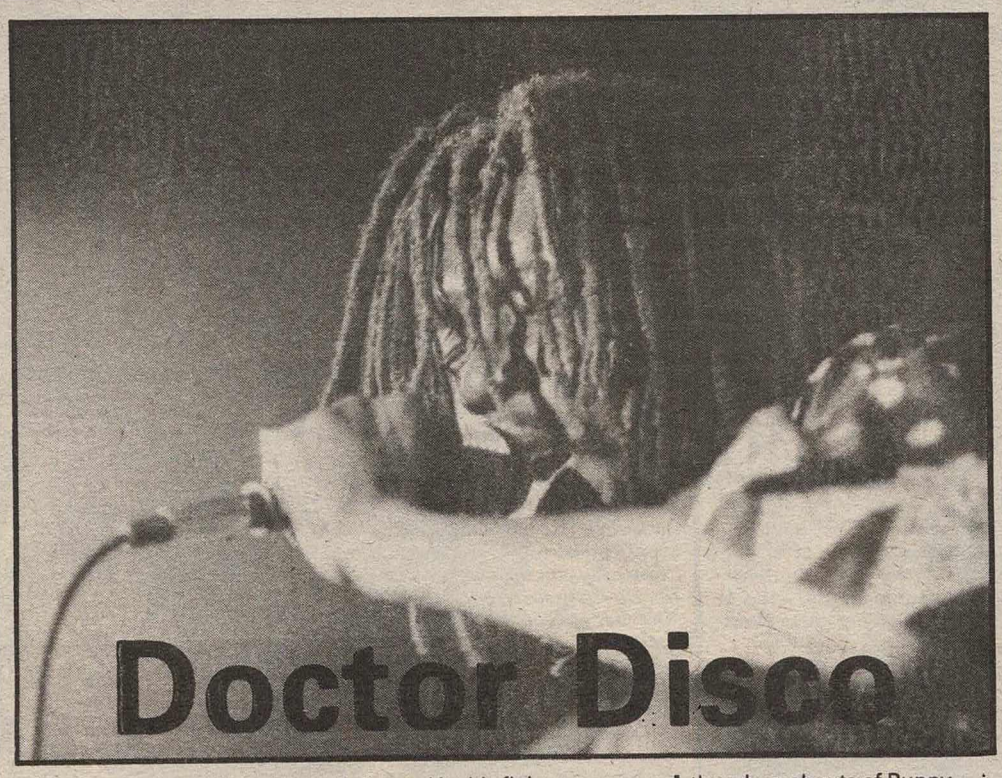
Then through the more recent stuff like 'Mystic Man', 'You Gotta Walk', 'Bush Doctor' and even the once classic 'Get Up, Stand Up', it's downhill all the way with just about each and every member of the Word Sound And Power backing ensemble taking their own star spots with Tosh offstage for long periods.

Worst of a bad lot is Robbie Shakespeare. The bassist's work is exemplary for most of the evening until he replaces his Paul McCartney-style Hofner violin bass for one on which he can indulge in a lengthy bout of guitar-hero posing.

Yet it is still Tosh who is the biggest disappointment of the night.

I expected to come away floored by his flair, flamboyancy and rhetoric. Instead I was left wondering the whereabouts of Bunny Wailer now that we need him most.

Adrian Thrills



Peter Tosh. Pic Alain de la Mata

Doctor Disco

Iggy Pop

Hammersmith

Legend has it that the Handsomest Man in rock and roll, H. D. Manitoba to you toots, once stood side-stage at an Iguana Pop (nee Stooge) concert and regailed the centre of attraction during one of his slacker periods with the immortal line "Heeey Yiggy! Entuhtain me!"

The great Ig riposted in kind. "And who let you in here, ya fat jerk?" Real Oscar Wilde stuff anyway.

Had Handsome been present at the esteemed Pop's Hammersmith special he probably wouldn't have broken wind at all, so lacklustre were the goods on view.

Granted, Pop and band had reached the end of a long tour, but this finale was no real celebration. It was stale, predictable and finally dull — cardinal faults one doesn't expect to find in this performer.

Much of the problem rests with Iggy's new material. The clipped, cynical hard rock funk which permeates 'New Values', rendering it a trite but enjoyable extension of the Ig's 'Me Generation' rant and cant fixation, fails to transfer to venues as soulless as the Odeon.

With the sound muddier than a week of festivals and the atmosphere as lethargic as can be expected when a group plays at (not with) its audience, Iggy never looked like rising above his surroundings.

The band — Scott Thurston and Jackie Clarke alternating guitars and keyboards; Glen Matlock on bass, drummer Klaus Kruger — should be setting Iggy's wild manoeuvres into sharp relief as foils *not* stooges. Instead they plodded through a systematic recycling of dumb metal licks, turning potentially dangerous mini-masterpieces like 'Billy Is A Runaway' and 'New Values' into tepid complacencies.

Iggy's jungle dances his balletic graces, his sexual heat were visual irritants, all choreography and technique; no spontaneity. He even insulted his fans who looked too young and healthy to remember the glorious sacraments that won Ig his spurs ten long years ago anyway. And they lapped it up.

Still, the band gave any true hostility the lie by grinning inanely when their leader delivered his half-hearted vitriol.

"You're a fucking prick!" yelled one worthy in the stalls.

"But you're useless." Pop quickly returned. Laugh? I never thought I'd stop.

The best new songs, 'Five Foot One', 'Girls' and 'Endless Sea' retained their integrity when the singer bothered to add class and style to the phrasing. But this was immediately dissipated when Thurston or Clarke soloed, which they did frequently. Matlock was content to stand at the back and look sheepish.

The rhythm section was a deadweight and when required to supply some backheat for 'Sister Midnight' and the ironic 'I'm Bored', they merely shuffled around the theme, not one of them capable of wielding the muscle a Pop group needs.

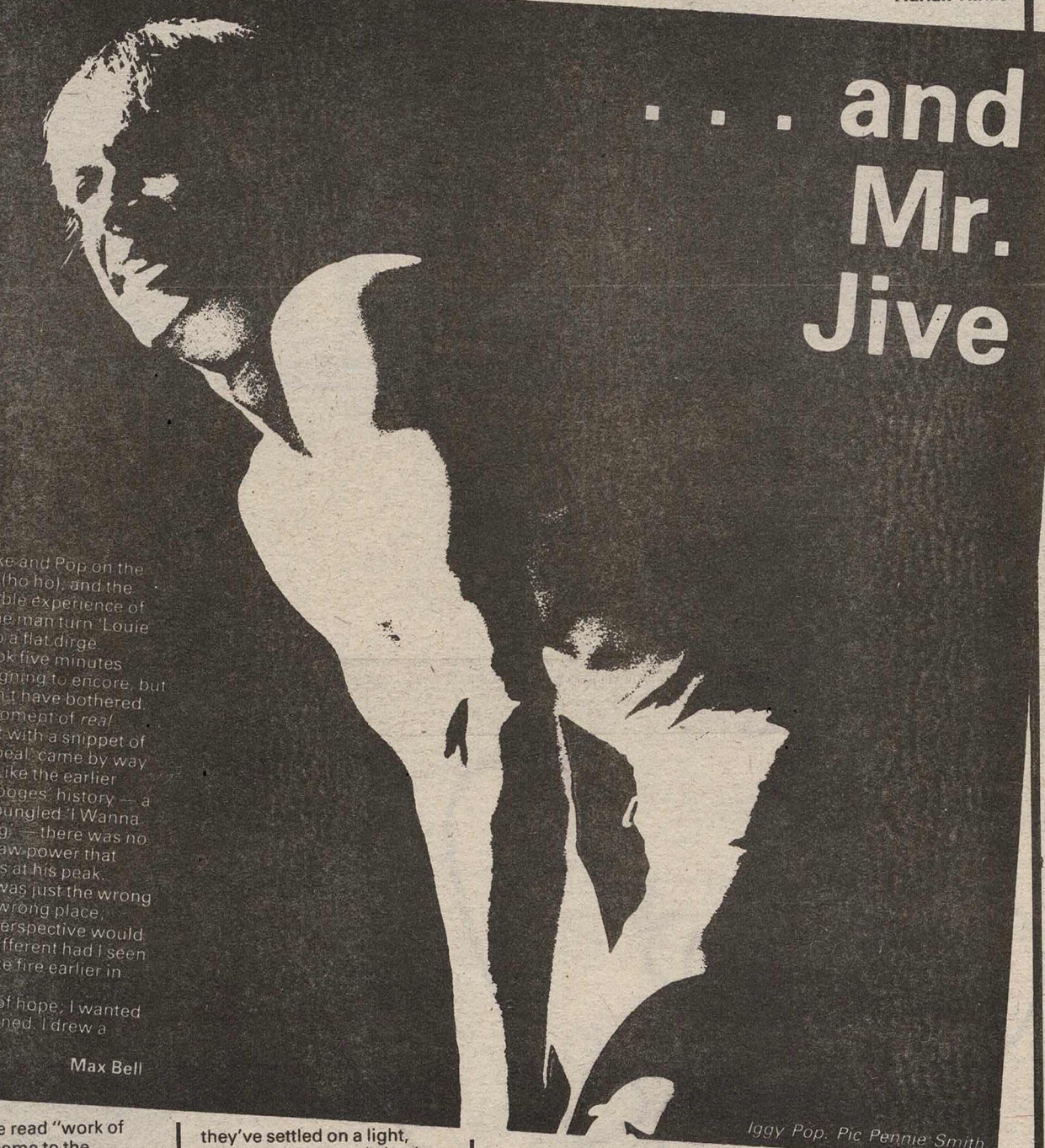
The much touted sassy humour was also missing. In its place was an extremely embarrassing 'Batman' spoof with Clarke and Pop on the Batmikes (ho ho), and the unbelievable experience of hearing the man turn 'Louie Louie' into a flat dirge.

They took five minutes before deigning to encore, but they needn't have bothered. The one moment of *real* excitement with a snippet of 'Shake Appeal' came by way of a taunt. Like the earlier raids on Stooges' history — a dawdling, bungled 'I Wanna Be Your Dog' — there was no hint of the raw power that Iggy delivers at his peak.

Maybe it was just the wrong band in the wrong place, maybe my perspective would have been different had I seen the man make fire earlier in the tour.

I went full of hope; I wanted to be entertained. I drew a blank.

Max Bell



Iggy Pop. Pic Pennie Smith

. . . and Mr. Jive

The Cure

Sheffield

So. The Cure. Three Imaginary Boys, or so they'd have us believe.

Their biography puts their ages at 20; they look younger and write songs which are presumably intended to imply they're older. Not their fault, I suppose. Just innocent victims caught between two conflicting rock'n'roll rules: the one stating that it's all about *youth* (snap crackle pop), the other demanding that it be the Voice Of God singing (deep, man, really *deep*).

The end result (which *is* their fault) is that they fall slap bang into a third (predominant) category, that of being mutton dressed as lamb. It's preordained status of nearly all rock'n'roll; suspension in pretension borne on adolescent dreams.

The Cure, I think, would like to be to lower middle class/grammar school kids what The Members are to working class/comprehensive school kids. It's still the sound of the suburbs, but instead of preying on the resentful and rebellious, it preys on the semi-educated malcontent for whom the way out is not through revolution, but through 'artistic' aspirations.

Hence the arty album package. Hence the dry, unemotional tone. Hence the trite triviality presented as Great Insight.

Having listened assiduously to their embarrassing contrivance of an album — whoops! sorry, boys, that should have read "work of art"— I've come to the conclusion that their better numbers can be counted on the fingers of one (hideously mutilated) hand. Their set tonight starts with two of them, '10.15 Saturday Night' and 'Accuracy', which means that the rest of the evening's little more than a tedious, table-drumming wait for the next one, 'Fire In Cairo' about nine songs later.

By "better numbers" I mean only that those three songs (and 'Killing An Arab') are possessed of satisfying hooks. The Cure's problem is one which besets all bands mining the worked-out guitar/bass/drums vein: originality.

In their attempt to avoid the still-prevalent punky thrash, they've settled on a light, throwaway pop-rock that is only as good as its hooks — which, in their case, are frustratingly weak and ineffectual.

The result is a music with all the substance of candy-floss and none of the sweetness.

On record, they can compensate for this with studio trickery, but in the cold light of live performance, their failings are painfully, nakedly evident.

The nadir of their set is undoubtedly 'Another Day', a long, excruciatingly slow piece to which you can't even tap your foot; a drudge de-luxe. 'Subway Song', another slow one, is both shorter and more coherent; here, at least, they try to illuminate the subject of a late-night mugging with the music — but it's too superficial to work.

Unlike The Jam's 'Tube Station' which succeeds through authenticity, The Cure's attempt to convey an atmosphere of menace, mystery and paranoia relies more on bad 'spine-tingling' B-movie soundtracks than first-hand experience of fear: lonesome harmonica wails and quietly-spoken vocals slide over repeated cycles of plodding bass, hi-hat taps and descending frissons of mandolin-style guitar. No development, just a static statement of stealth, shadows and stolen glances. *But no adrenalin.*

Their best material was undoubtedly on their first single, and it'll be interesting to see whether the superlatives for 'Arab' and '10.15' are wheeled out for 'Boys Don't Cry' — the cold-blooded commercial (but ironically, utterly forgettable) follow-up; a song which suggests that The Pleasers may be a major influence.

The set ends with 'Killing An Arab' (of course), which just scrapes together enough applause to justify the encore 'Do The Hansa': a clumsy, pointless, disco-denigrating bit of preaching to the converted.

So. The Cure.

Three Infuriating Berks.

Andy Gill

The Dr's ballroom blitz

Dr. Feelgood
The Inmates

Empire Ballroom

The Feelgoods long ago reached a plateau in their career; their gigs a matter for hope rather than expectation. They never let you down, but only rarely do they lift you up.

Brilleaux's rigid, barking stance and the Sparks/Figure rhythm section preclude abandon by their very consistency, while Gypie Mayo's rock star pretensions — Keith Richards' hair, guitar hero face pulling — become increasingly incongruous.

The long-awaited hit single should have netted a whole new public, but the 'Private Practice' album conspicuously failed to benefit. 'As Long As The Price Is Right', a follow-up of unstoppable, venomous excellence, petered out around No. 40. When you consider the criminal neglect suffered by the Geils Band and Epic's dropping of Southside Johnny — both far more versatile outfits — the view from Canvey looks bleak indeed.

But d'ya know what? Without totally shedding my doubts, I had a fine old time. Possibly inspired by treading boards habitually graced by Ray McVay, Essex's finest proved conclusively that ballrooms are their ideal turf.

The volume was just the right side of brutal, the band's immersion in their work more complete than ever. On the debit side, compulsive riff-jerkers like 'That's It, I Quit', 'Night Time' and 'Sugar Shaker' tended to blur into one, while Mayo more than once subsituted sketchy exhibitionism for the controlled, leaping brilliance of his best work. For instance when Lee growled *"guitar's got soul"* during 'The Blues Had A Baby' it was hard to agree.

What a way the old snarler has with a lyric though — whether detailing the disco traumas of 'I Thought I Had It Made' and the activities of Messrs Johnny Green and Racetrack Tony, or rendering Larry Wallis' sublime couplet, *"She asks you for a hand with her zip-up dress/And you say 'Oui, babe', 'cos that's French for yes"*.

Brilleaux also played proficient slide on 'Riding On The L&M', a new one on me and welcome too. 'Shotgun Blues' provided a change of pace and little more, sounding much like any slow 12-bar.

The firm of Feelgood are still in a period of transition: the empty ritual of 'Riot In Cell Block No. 9' showed how much they're trapped by their past. But the loose, jangling textures of 'Matchbox' and the flesh-and-blood subject matter of 'Milk And Alcohol' are two avenues they could profitably explore further in less pressurised circumstances *suit le continong*.

Could be the Canveyites were spurred by a scene-stealer of a set from The Inmates. They had the cheek to reel off whole-hearted versions of 'Let's Have A Party' and 'Things Get Better', the two oldies from 'Private Practice' which dared their elders to risk the comparison.

Harry George

Doc's brutal bedside manners. Pic David Corio

999

Marquee

'Quite Disappointing' was first thought on hearing them on their brief visit to this county before flitting back to the States where they are enjoying considerable success.

Disappointing in that their music has remained the same since the very beginning, neither changing nor developing. It is static, but the kids still love it, pack in and pogo ecstatically to the characteristic, crazy, meaningless sound.

Although their music hasn't changed, their audience has. Many of the original fans have gone on to pastures new, and this sweatpit was oozing with kids, some of whom looked only eleven. Perhaps a blind eye was turned to those blatantly under-age at the evening performance because the afternoon matinee has been cancelled: drummer Pablo Labritain's recently broken arm was not strong enough to take the strain of two hammerings in one day.

their first number '... *and my*

999. Pic David Corio

The single 'Emergency' was undoubtedly their best number. None of the others comes anywhere near supporting or challenging it, making it seem like some kind of freak inspiration. The rest is average and lacks substance, flair and warmth. Neither the arrangements nor lyrics say much, and their only saving grace is that they are delivered in a racy, frenetic style.

'Action' and 'Me And My Desire' were just about alright; with its springy rhytm and echoey vocals, the latter seemed a better choice for the next single than the planned 'Lie Lie Lie'. 'Lie' is a good representation of their music — but what kind of recommendation is that?

Frontman Nick Cash dedicated numbers with sickly sweet falsity — 'Soldiers' was "a tribute to the audience"; 'Inside Out' demanded a compliment: "You know you really are great kids".

But 'the kids', wildly enthusiastic throughout the set, don't quite give everything. When encouraged to join in the chorus of 'Emergency', they were hesitant, perhaps sceptical.

And would they be any more convinced if 999 spent more time with them?

Deanne Pearson

Kleenex
The Raincoats
Spizz Energi

Electric Ballroom

There was something about the atmosphere of Saturday night at the newly re-opened Electric Ballroom that filled me with dread, but the range of activity on stage enormously relieved the presseure ... whatever that pressure was.

Sparks flew from the brass laden, many membered Dexy And The Midnight Runners, who are Bernie Rhodes' latest demons, stepping in for a sadly disabled Subway Sect. They played a thumping and shoving big bound sound; a hard and explosive Stax-rooted noisy noise.

Spizz Energi are bleak comedy. They are good to have around, and their reputation of being the 'class idiots' is undeserved.

Kleenex. Pic Justin Thomas

As Spizz Oil (a duo) they were mad; as Spizz Energi (a drummerless quartet) they've capped that madness with a crude and menacing concern. They make an austere, barely co-ordinated noise that is a resourceful example of punk primitivism that hasn't disintegrated or become sophisticated, but developed in a highly individual and nourishing way.

The Raincoats are magnificent. With their freshness, flexibility, variety of movement and manner, they are unequalled as a new and active quartet.

Their music moves about in such a potent and volatile way that Beefheart should have nice dreams about it, and Pere Ubu have genuine allies in terms of music that hollers and hurtles yet is harnessed. Looking at the positive adjustments they've made to their music in just five months, The Raincoats have the potential to achieve a formidable and bewildering deformation and adaptation of 'palatable' structures that is as provocative and as unpredictable as Ubu and Beefheart.

At the moment, they falter and stutter and creak a little; such moments, though, hardly begin to diminish their originality.

But then rumours suggest drummer Palmolive may drop out; that would be sad.

Dropped into the cauldron, her untutored crashing, erupting drumming provides both texture and push, and acts as some kind of insane catalyst around which Vicki Aspinall's violin, Gina Birch's bass and Ana's guitar burst and spurt. It truly is an impressive and forceful noise, more churn than tune until you get to know the songs, because The Raincoats can sing a ballad with a special honesty.

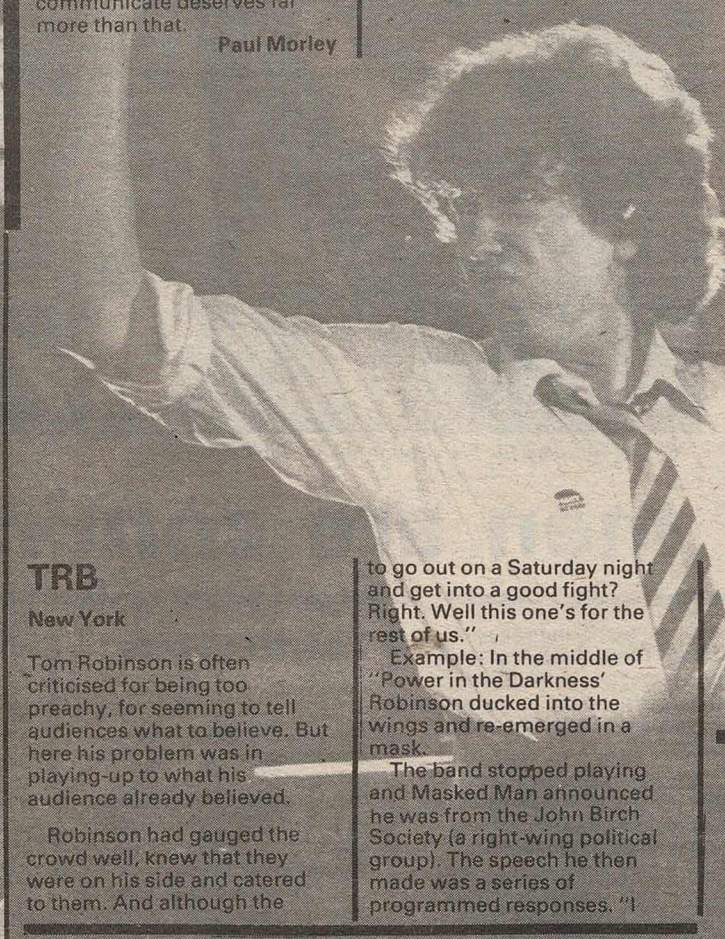
And their naughty version of Ray Davies' 'Lola', which deliciously highlights the suspense and anguish that bubbles through their music, is a fragile classic that could be a hit.

Next to their passionate cutting edge, the happy Swiss quartet Kleenex are pretty flimsy. But I can think of few groups who can stand up to The Raincoats and retain any dignity.

Ignoring the constrictions concerning their origination, Kleenex make a limited but busy and informal new pop. Sympathetically taking into account an isolation that makes their music familiar but intriguingly odd, then what they do is bold and visionary. I like them.

To drop them into a bottomless pit by using a perspective that is based on a particularly ugly view of one tiny corner of the post-punk development is ignorant. Just the joy that Kleenex communicate deserves far more than that.

Paul Morley



Tom's self-congratulations

TRB

New York

Tom Robinson is often criticised for being too preachy, for seeming to tell audiences what to believe. But here his problem was in playing-up to what his audience already believed.

Robinson had gauged the crowd well, knew that they were on his side and catered to them. And although the possibilities of creating a dialectic within a rock concert are intriguing, Robinson's performance simply fostered a "we're enlightened and they're pigs" attitude.

Example: Robinson's introduction to 'We Don't Need No Aggravation'.

"How many people here like to go out on a Saturday night and get into a good fight? Right. Well this one's for the rest of us."

Example: In the middle of "Power in the Darkness' Robinson ducked into the wings and re-emerged in a mask.

The band stopped playing and Masked Man announced he was from the John Birch Society (a right-wing political group). The speech he then made was a series of programmed responses. "I hate rock and roll," he said, "except for those nice Bee Gees" and everyone booed. And when he said something else, everyone cheered. So it was five minutes of booing and cheering.

All this accomplished was a comforting euphoria from being with a large group you already *know* share your opinions. Of course it's unreasonable to expect Robinson to deliberately confront an audience that is clearly on his side with something they'd find controversial. But isn't there a less self-congratulatory way of handling this situation?

During the quiet drum and piano opening to 'Blue Murder' a lot of people started counting off the beats in the chorus, but stopped as soon as the song proper got under way. During 'Glad To Be Gay' there was no singing along, instead an almost embarrassed silence. And except for a faction upfront, no one got out of their seats until the end of the set — and then only when Robinson threatened not to play on if they didn't.

This was an older crowd comprising more gays and serious politicals than normal at the Palladium.

Perhaps TRB fans aren't used to being enthusiastic at rock gigs, yet the band didn't incite any shouting either. The rhythm section often just thumped along when it should have been swinging; Ian Parker seemed to be doing his best to add some spark on the keyboards, but the sound mix was so guitar heavy he was hardly audible; and it was up to Danny Kustow to provide the rocking.

Kustow played some absolutely fireball leads, but his attack never varied and he seemed to overcompensate with macho guitar overkill every time.

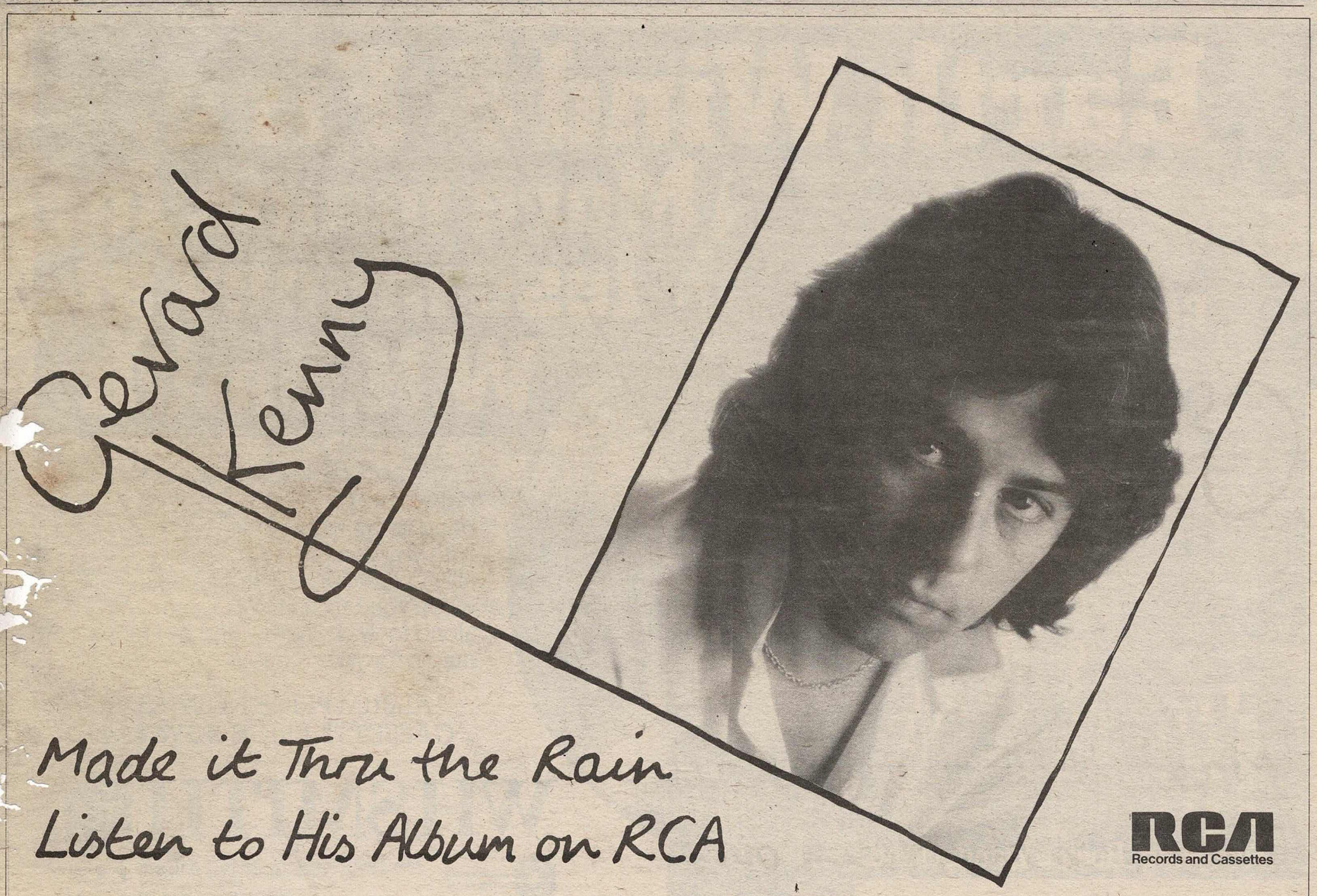
Todd Rundgren came out for the fourth song of the encore 'Jumping Jack Flash', an incongruous choice of song material. Dressed in skin-tight black leather, he looked like a refugee from another era; at least his guitar fleshed out the sound.

But Tom Robinson is endearing because he's genuine, likeable and not a poser. His theatrics may be trite but they are honest. In front of an audience he is relaxed — the antithesis of his coil-springed contemporaries Strummer and Weller.

Perhaps this manner defuses his message somewhat; he just seemed a bit too smiley and *nice* for a man with so many serious and even angry songs.

Richard Grabel

TRB's comforting euphoria in New York. Pic Denis O'Regan.



Look Out! The bogey men are coming . . .

Mr Lux fumbles for his voodoo wand. Pic Chris Horler.

The Cramps

Marquee

Holy bloodsuckers! The Cramps are all over London! I had the fortune to catch Cramps two nights running last week.

First time was Monday. I was standing in the queue to see Klaus Kinski sink his front gnashers into Isabelle Adjani's gorgeous throat in *Nosferatu*. Apart from the usual quota of gooks you find in the Gate, I noticed a trio of very weird-looking people indeed.

One of 'em looked like John Travolta, only without the stupid smirk and better features. He was also wearing an undertaker's coat. There was a girl floating in the vicinity, a bush of curls and green plastic pixie boots.

Strangest of all was their companion — a man who seemed to hold the secret to life after life. He had a face like Cthulhu and a nauseating blond side-fringe, while the rest of his hair was greased black. He was hunched to the right, compensating for the claw inside his cape.

Second night is at the Marquee where The Cramps are appearing in person. It's a revelation of another kind.

Everything about The Cramps is perfect, from their swinging lightbulb and voodoo incantations right down to their backline rockabilly maelstrom. London has not witnessed a classier New York export since The Ramones.

Imagine being totally and comprehensively wiped off the floor by four characters stomping off a gore and thunder garage rebellion fuelled on shadows out-of-time and colours out-of-space. They tell of the dread spectres that lie bevond the grave with the 'Human Fly'; their never to be erased experiences in 'Weekend On Mars'; the sad story of 'Rockin' Bones'.

Upfront is the man who incants, Mr Lux Interior who is already a star in lights, the next big thing, the future of rock and roll and its grisly past.

He whiplashes his microphone, he spins it like a lariat, he removes heads. Gulping down the words, so much undigested flesh sticking in the gullet, Lux prowls his domain in search of new frenzy. He finds it. It's a masterful performance.

Flanking this 'being' are two guitarists who move as one. They are Bryan Gregory and Ivey Rorschach. I recall those Lovecraftian pearls: "I may yet try showing the pictures. They gave those claw-prints clearly, even if the things that made them can't be photographed." Curious strangulated rockabilly goes through the slicer on Ivy's turf. Bryan pitches his solos for another dimension.

In the backline there's just drummer Nick Knox, no bass. Impassive, simple and dangerous, after every song he stands up and makes to go off stage.

The Cramps' catalogue pours forth. Lux slips into bat fangs for 'Teenage Werewolf'; another time they stun the audience with madness strobes and emerge from light into gloom, every man jack in shades for 'Sunglasses After Dark'. Then, "Here's a song you might know. We changed the words and the music and gave it a new title, 'Twist and Shout'."

After The Cramps so much that is happening seems stale and lifeless. Their thrashing antics and warped humour deliver them from camp, steer them clear of being another wacky, tacky 'New York band'. Whatever *it* is, The Cramps are *it* and you miss them at your peril.

Love them to death for there is much work to be done.

Max Bell

Heartbreakers

New York

The Heartbreakers have abandoned the conceit of billing each of their now regular appearances at Max's as a 'farewell' gig and it looks a safe bet that they will be around for awhile.

For all their foibles, there is an endearing quality about this band of losers that makes us keep forgiving their sins and rooting them on. Becauae when things come together for them — when they're not fighting, when they can make it to the stage without stumbling over — they can still work an uncomplicated rock 'n' roll magic.

This week, things came together for then.

This is the same group who lived in London last year: Jerry Nolan (drums), Billy Rath (bass), and Walter Lure and Johnny Thunders upfront, trading off lead and rhythm guitar parts and vocals. But they are in better shape now with their 'habits' and personality problems apparently under control and the playing back up to scratch.

The Heartbreakers aren't innovators or originators, but they work on a basic formular of standard gut-punch, rhythmic blues flavoured rock riffs.

Walter Lure is draped in a rag-bag ensemble of clashing patterns and Johnny Thunders still looks the part of the eternally lost waif. But along with Billy Rath, they look like a musical family again, cutely huddling together on one side of the stage with Thunders and Lure whipping out short guitar leads that make a quick point and cut out. They sing well too; not especially great voices, but they're doing it like they mean it and Johnny's even remembering the lyrics. Nolan's drumming is crisp and powerful.

The still choose to play the parts of decadent bad-boys — rockers living dangerously on the edge. It's really a sad and shallow image, but after all this time they wouldn't know what to do without it. It remains an article of faith that the entire band could be found slumped over dead in some closet at any time.

So the 'outlaw' gestures — like their reworking of Chuck Berry's 'Too Muck Monkey Business' into 'Too Much Junkie Business'— CONTINUE.

It's unfortunate because they've got enough good songs in their repertoire to get by without such pandering. 'Chinese Rocks', 'Born to Lose', 'Seven Day Weekend' and the songs from Thunder's solo album — 'Dead Or Alive' and 'Can't Put Your Arms Around A Memory'— make a convincing set.

Obviously they figure even ersatz depravity is better than facelessness when trying to make it in New York. Back in the old, pre-London days when Richard Hell was in the band, their adverts used to trumpet, "Catch 'em while they're still alive."

Let's cautiously stick our necks out and say they've decided to join the ranks of the living.

Richard Grabel

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so did everyone else. This was the true spirit of rock'n'roll: a *festive* spirit; a *celebration* of sexuality; positive rebellion. Who says politics are no fun? No one at the Albany Empire, that was for sure.

Graham Lock

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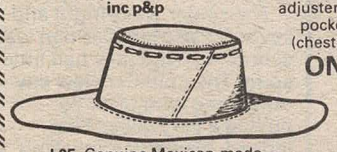

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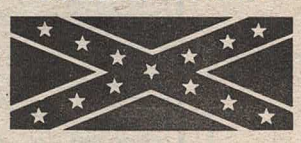

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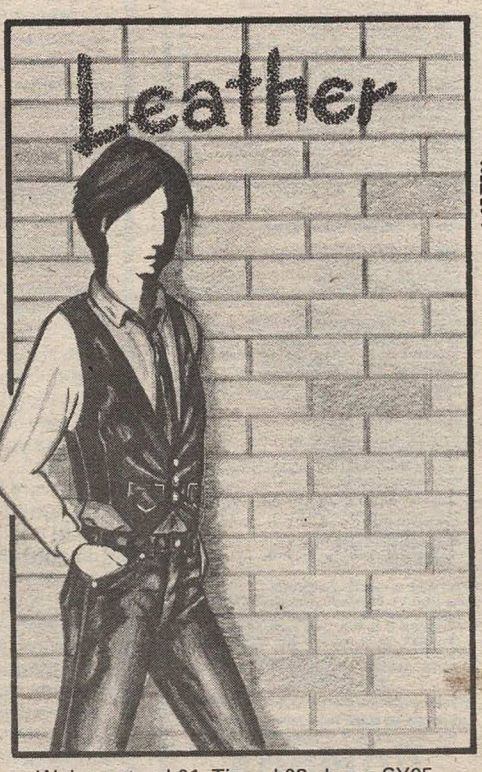
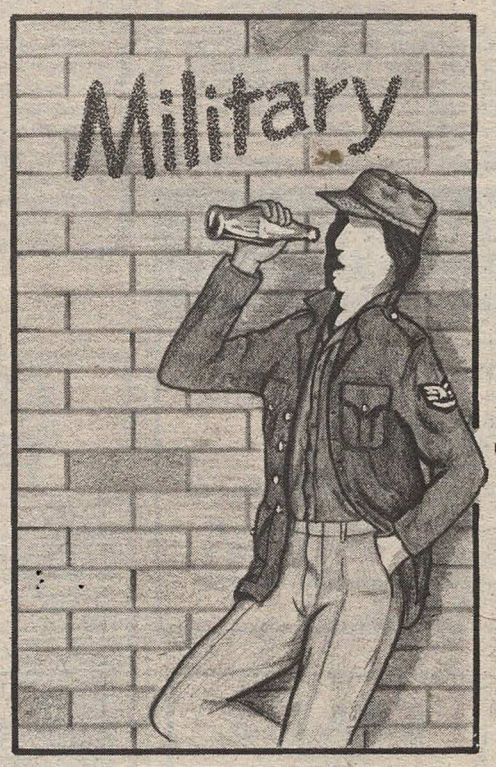
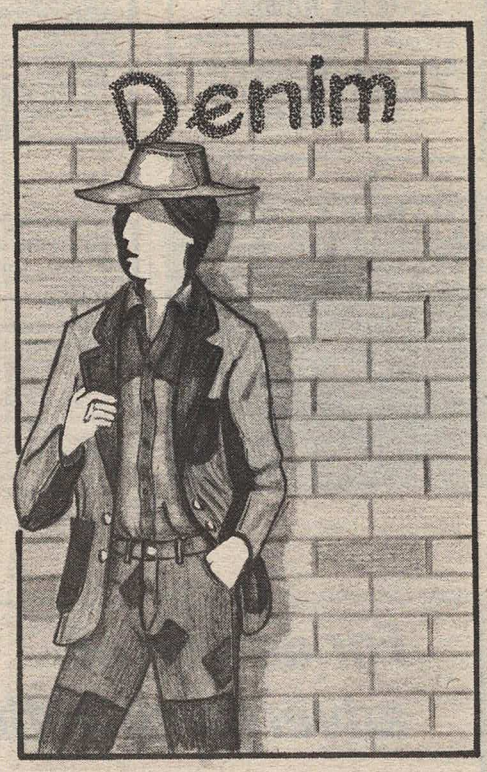


Waistcoat — L01, Tie — L03, Jeans SY05.



Hat — MS06, Jacket — MS09, Trousers — MS04.



Jacket — PD02, Shirt — PD03, Jeans — PD01

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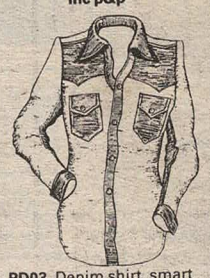

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PD01. Jeans			
PD02. Jacket			
PD03. Shirt			
PD04. Bomber			
PD05. Shorts			
LEV521. Levis			
MS01. Shirt			
MS02. Shirt			
MS03. Shirt			
MS04. Trousers			
MS05. T-Shirts			
MS06. Hat			
MS07. Bomber			
MS08. Combat			
MS09. USAF Jkt			
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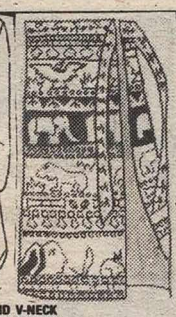

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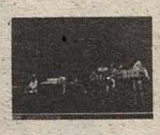

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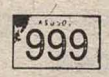

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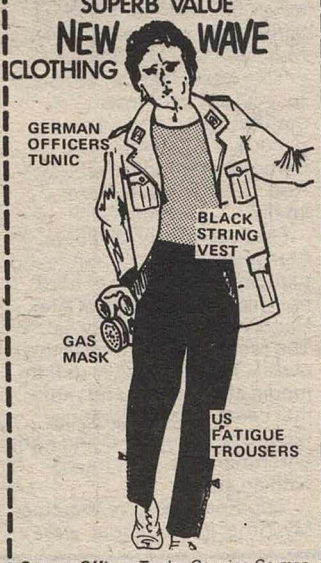

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Lonesome Nomore

Central London Poly

Footing a bill headed by Angletrax, Lonesome Nomore faced the familiar problem of serenading a handful of college-gig loiterers and blind dates facing each other across an empty hall; and this for a band accustomed to playing thousand seaters as supports to The Only Ones on their recent tour.

Frontperson Koulla Kakoulli refreshingly transcends the visual ethic, so much the priority of the modern wave of girls in rock 'n' roll. She has already graced vinyl with her ethereal schoolgirl vocals on both Only Ones LPs, and to a lesser extent on Johnny Thunders' solo outing. Tonight her own songs more than proved themselves, aided no less ably by Richard Durrant's fluid guitar playing and Malcolm Hart and Nick Holmes on bass and drums respectively.

The knack of natural melodic songwriting offset by a fierce yet sensuous vocal style rarely fails, and she has all those qualities that produce hits.

The curious punters were visibly stirred into a surprised dance-trance as the band flashed through an inspired set of a dozen original songs — some still unremarkable, but the better ones in a class of their own.

'Hey Little Boy' was lively and flamboyant with a dance at the reggae backbeat. But the finest moment came with 'Anticipating' which had chilling rhythm changes and scored a keen edge with captivating and poignant vocals. Songs such as 'Do You Think I Care' and 'Forget My Past' rocked with a vibrant energy propelled by Kakoulli's basic but functional rhythm guitar and popped with a generous helping of hooks.

The precious but intoxicating romanticism of such songs as "Pleasure In The Night' indicate a bright future. There's still plenty of work to be done, but Lonesome Nomore have youth, vision and the spark of permanence on their side in a field where transience is all too often the name of the game.

Charlotte Wylie

Belt & Braces Carol Grimes And Sweet FA Tour De Force

The Albany

One of those marvellous rock'n'roll nights!

Look, I'm biased — I support Rock Against Sexism — but I can still tell a good gig from a bad one, and this was one of the year's hottest, funkiest and most enthralling.

RAS have had negative, rather distorted press in *NME* and you've possibly got vague notions of jackbooted feminists liable to turn up in the middle of the night to confiscate your Bo Diddley records. That would be not so much barking up the wrong tree as wandering through the wrong wood.

The Albany benefit, the first major gig under the RAS aegis, blew away all traces of *that* particular prejudice.

This was a night of old-style rock'n'roll excitement — a night to sweat and grin and get down 'n' boogie. Remember goodtime music? And . . . what's that word again? . . . oh yeah, FUN!

First came Tour De Force, a four-piece women's band who play boppy varieties of hard rock like their version of Alex Harvey's 'Midnight Moses'. The rest of the material is their own — lyrics that slyly deflate media stereotypes and music that carves an exhilarating niche between heavy and light entertainment. Beat music with an edge.

'Pop Rock', 'You're Wasting My Time' and 'scandal' were the best numbers; fast, driving tunes plus catchy choruses. And in Deidre Cartwright the band have an excellent guitarist: one of those rare people who can play effective heavy rock guitar and yet retain both discipline and melody.

Next, Carol Grimes and Sweet FA, augmented by two of Soulyard on vocals. They spilled onto and over the Albany's tiny stage and treated the packed hall to a spicy mixture of jazz'n'soul'n'rock'n'reggae.

Carol Grimes is a magnificent singer, one of the best in the country, and she was in top form, storming though impassioned ballads, raucous slippy-slidy rock'n'roll, a torchy rendition of Billie Holiday's 'I Must Have That Man' and a tough, funky 'Balls To The Fashion Pages'. Sweet FA, who certainly lacked sartorial elegance, were versatile, subtle and gritty with Dave Vascoe (guitar) and Ollie Mallard (piano) throwing in consistently inventive and delightful frills.

Finally, Belt & Braces, a group who manage a surprisingly effective mixture of witty agit-prop with basic rock'n'roll mayhem.

'Ray' was a manic pisstake of rock's (false) mythologies done to authentic Chuck Berry riffs; while 'Tory Twitter' had singer/pianist Jenny Barnet, equipped with blue two-piece, flowery hat and Union Jack stomping round the stage exhorting the masses to salute Thatcher . . . with a stiff right arm. A mention too for 'Beano', with one of those glorious anthem-like choruses — an "All The Young Dudes' for the '80s.

They ended with a rousing 'Reclaim The Night': an anti-rape song and of special relevance to a music industry infamous for using sick and sadistic images which promote the idea that violence against women is somehow a trendy adjunct to rock.

For an encore, everybody came out for a joyous reggae jam; then Belt & Braces closed the show with the acappella tale of a policeman's lot — the gist of which might be summed up by the pithy slogan on a nearby wall: "Help the police — beat yourself to death."

I enjoyed it all enormously; and judging by the whoops, stomps and rapturous applause that closed each set, so did everyone else. This was the true spirit of rock'n'roll: *festive* spirit; a *celebration* of sexuality; positive rebellion.

Who says politics are no fun? No one at the Albany Empire, that was for sure.

Graham Lock

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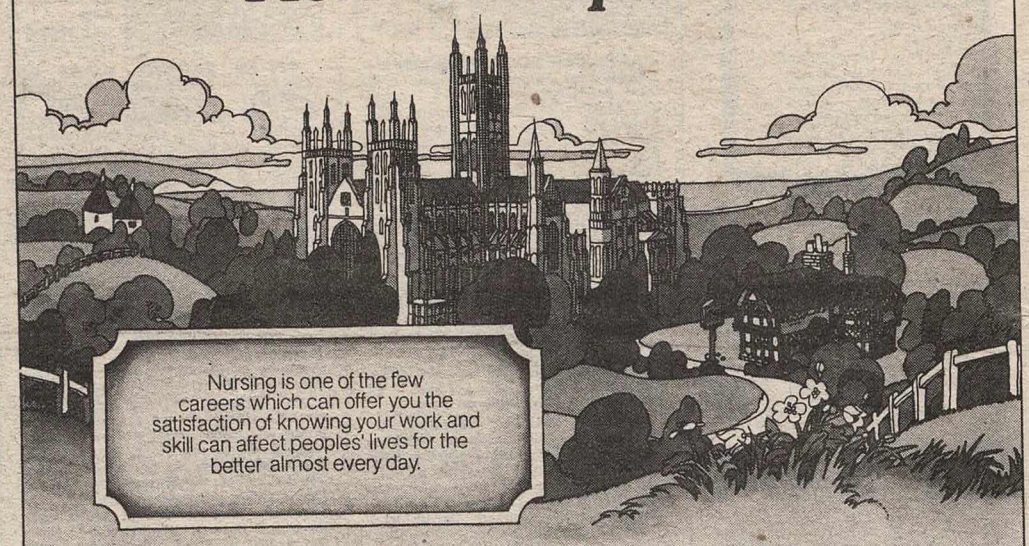

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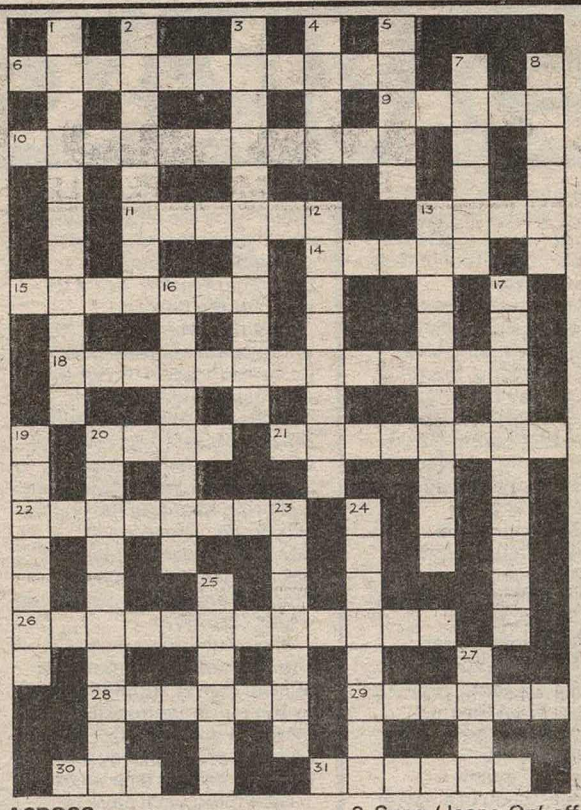

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS PAGE 48.

ACROSS

6 Roger Chapman might have something to say about Sister Sledge's declaration! (2,3,6)
9 I'm in the middle of the road with Wings!
10 & 19 First list feet fling (anag. 3 words)
11 Marley on the move?
13 . . . which segues nicely into Carl Wayne's old combo!
14 Instrument found in Ilford or Gants Hill?
15 Harry who's better known by his surname alone
18 Vintage Simon & Garfunkel biggie (8,5)
20 Diamond line needs remixing!
21 Jon, Ian or Hans C.
22 He's cracking up (aren't we all)! (4,4)
26 Got radio lice (anag. 2 words)
29 Bands in a manner of speaking
30 See 24
31 See 23

DOWN

1 Former Deaf School chanteuse signed solo to Radar (5,6)
2 Veteran U.S. soul band of no fixed abode!
3 Sung 'Jeans On' off the screen and into the charts (5,6)
4 Sylvester Stallone's follow-up to 'Rocky' (1,1,1,1)
5 See 25
7 See 12
8 Bob Seger got out, Eddie & The Hot Rods followed him!
12 & 7 Bowie seen and heard? (5,3,6)
13 Just a game to The Skids?
16 Great Black/White Hopes of Brit Ska
17 Bomp any cad (anag. 2 words)
19 See 10
20 A member at the supermarket (5,5)
23 & 31 Leo Sayer album which never stops? *(What a thought — Ed.)*
24 & 30 Steel Pulse 45 from '78
25 & 5 She's been said to sound like a female Rod Stewart
27 Hurry for Yankee heavy metal act?

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It has come to our attention that the graphics in your *Gasbag* box have reached a pretty low ebb. Pitiful in fact.

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Please examine this portfolio of limited edition prints — each one hand-printed by experienced craftsmen on one of Hounslow Public Library's most advanced and sophisticated photo copying machines. Even the most jaded eye would admit that these designs are uncommonly ginchy!

Naturally if you use any of them in *Gasbag* we would demand payment for our services. Send cheques, loose change, uncashed Giros, recording contracts, Nick Kent's used eye shadow container to Trokkoids, c/o Bit 97a Talbot Road, W11. Of course you are under no obligation to buy. If, after 14 days of free trial, you decide not to purchase you must return them immediately or else we'll send you another poxy tape to review.

Send for our catalogue — we don't want it!!

THE TROKKOIDS

I owe you lot a drink — M.S.

The people who always read the short letters first can start with this one.

GILL, Hinchley, Leics.

This letter, courtesy of the *NME*, is to tell everyone who went to Brighton and had their day ruined by the police force while we tried to stage a football match (wasn't the punk turnout amazing?) that there will be more happenings and get-togethers in the future.

Next time I've been promised the help of PiL and The Skids to achieve what I have in mind. Long live punk rock.

JOCK McDONALD, Hong Kong

This is a genuine letter. Only the spelling has been changed to protect whatever it is he's going on about. — M.S.

Since when have a bunch of pop music journalists been better qualified to say what is safe and what is not than nuclear engineers, safety experts and doctors? If you can't write intelligently about other things than pop then don't bother.

Fact (1): Fossil fuels are v. unsafe; carcinogenic, unsafe in operation (miners' death rate, oil tankers, etc.) and are possibly affecting our weather by the 1°C average world-wide increase in temperature that their use has recently brought about. Continued use could lead to polar icecaps melting, flooding most of the inhabited world.

Fact (2): Solar power is impractical as the major energy source as (a) it goes dark at night; (b) huge areas of valuable agricultural land would have to be covered with expensive solar panels made from the extremely rare metal germanium. There probably isn't enough germanium in the world to cater for the demand.

Fact (3): *Wave power*. The entire coastline would have to be surrounded in unsightly, expensive, big floating devices. No-one knows what the ecological effects will be of the decrease in water oxygenation, that this system will bring about on the shore.

Windmills. These are a possible power supplement but they could not possibly produce enough power for the whole country.

The future power supply should consist of about 60% nuclear power supplemented by the aforementioned methods (except (1)). There is no other practical way and you may as well face up to it.

Next thing we'll have is *Jackie* with articles on Rhodesia or spin-spin lattice relaxation or something. Stick to things you know about.

A practical, non-nutcase, unneurotic know all, Lancs.

So if a few towns have to be blown off the face of the earth while they get it right, that's the price we'll have to pay. Fine. — M.S.

Penman is 'brilliant'. Never in the field of human bullshit has so much been shat by so few brain cells. 'Sensitive', too. To criticism, I expect.

A Consumer, Headington.

Genius is pain. — IAN PENMAN

Oh smart assed ones, did you know that on page 209 of the 1973 *NME Book Of Rock* you've spelled the main blockhead . . . Drury! Cool eh!

Tony Ives, Leeds.

P.S. I hope Ian Penman gets better soon, he can't get worse.

So what? Even Ian's mum can't say it proper. — M.S.

On Sunday, 27th May, 1979, I came across the Gang Of Four unloading their equipment behind the Lyceum. I also spoke to a Mekon. This was only surpassed by the sight of Andy Gill wearing his overcoat, and spotting two Specials walking down the Strand while I was eating my special grill (110p) in the Wimpy Bar. These people are *real*.

Billy Wimp, Oxford.

Great. — M.S.

Two more *Private Eye* jokes in this week's *T-Zers*. A Woody Allen joke in the singles reviews. There's a new Monty Python film out soon — that should keep you stocked up for a year or so.

Simon Broad, London SW1

Who was that broad I saw you with last night (cont. p5 of *The Beano*)

I deduce that the next letter was written by a girl with a 40" bust.

S. Holmes, Baker St, London.

So what if Graham Lock didn't like Lou Reed's gig at Hammersmith Odeon (I'm a slow reader), I didn't care much for The Skids gig at Guildford University. I think it was The Skids, it was hard to tell because they came on and went off so quick. They stayed on for less than an hour and the support band, mentioned on the ticket, failed to materialise. I know the Scots are tight but they could have given us a bit more for £1.

So what if it was the matinee for the under 18s? We could have got a bit more than the lead singer, whatever his name is, strumming his long practised chords with one of his detachable incisors; telling jokes in a strange foreign language (I think it could have been Scottish); and falling about laughing at lots of three foot high neo-punks trying to pogo. (Even though it was the funniest thing since Elton John had a hair transplant.)

F.T. Index, Nr. Aldershot.

Maybe they're Skid Marxists, maan. — M.S.

Re; Graham Lock's article *NME 2.6.79.*

Richard Thompson's brave new morals certainly came as a shock. Like seeing John Lydon and Peter Hammill swearing allegiance to the Pope, or Roy Harper eating at a motorway service station. Perhaps it was Dave Swarbrick who wrote the lyrics of 'Poor Will And The Jolly Hangman'.

Edward Wood, Ampthill, Beds.

Stone this adulterous bastard to death. — A MILLION ISLAMIC PERSONAGES

Doubtless some of your readers have been trying without success to get a letter printed in the *NME*. Well punters, here are ten (yes, ten) surefire ways to achieve this goal:

1. Put 'I bet you won't print this anyway' (always works in *Sounds* but only occasionally in the more sophisticated *NME*);
2. Write a smart ass one liner (preferably funny and meaningless);
3. Use a funny name (eg Elvis Costello);
4. Mention Tony Burchill or Julie Parsons;
5. Insult a staff member (preferably Ian Penman, who is employed for this very purpose);
6. Start a backlash;
7. Begin the letter with 'May I be the first to . . .';
8. Mention Gillingham (guarantees publication);
9. Refer to other letter on page (eg 'I don't think the next letter is as good as this . . .' — dangerous, this, since might confuse CSM);
10. Write in a foreign language (preferably Norwegian).

Sigmund Freud Tutorial Agency Research Panel Chairperson, Vienna.

Oh come on Sig, it's not as easy as all that. — NEIL JUNG

May I be the last to say: 'May I be the first to say'.

Gil, Sheffield nr. Gillingham.

Dunno tho', there's numbers 7 and 8 taken care of already. — R.D. LAING

Here's some anagrams of your staff:
Lay Arse, Scum! Har! Harr!
So Nasty Porn
Hull Rib Juice
Firm Nacker
Mint Penis, Eh?
An NME Pain.
Have fun.

Alf Munt, Cambridge

Alf Munt? I don't get it. — S.M.

After all these years of frequent *NME* excursions into areas unmusical, *every* time some prat feels it imperative to complain "in the strongest possible terms", prattling on about "sticking to music" and "if I wanted to read about football, politics" etc. I'd have thought by now the dodos might have twigged that the Biz, the whole Biz etc. is not *NME* policy but is in *MM Sounds, R. Mirror* (or so I'm told). The choice is there.

Amazing also how many of these "angry music lovers" seem to belong to the legendary "let's have more Zep, Rush, Yeszzzz" clan who upon receiving a less than enthusiastic article of their heroes start shouting the odds all over again. Conservatism with a small 'c' is very negative, very dull and in young humans very sad.

Anyway bollocks to all that, what I really wanted to say was: Q. Are we not men? A. We Ardiles.

D. Keighton, Bridgewater, Somerset.

Please feature more politics, more films, more articles on nuclear power, drugs, and human rights as this is all I read your paper for. Music's too controversial!

David Ogden, Weedon, Northants.

Let's hear it for this man! — M.S.

What's all this shit about music in my favourite football paper?

L. Sinore.

Every week I read a letter by some Heavy Metal tosser droning on about how good Ted Nugent is and saying that The Buzzcocks are shit. Then I read a letter by some punk going on about how good The Buzzcocks are and saying that Ted Nugent is a moron. Why don't they take the music on its merit? Then they would realise that both of them are morons.

I Fort de Lore, Stubbington, Hants.

Stirrer. — M.S.

I always thought that music critics were supposed to be the most unbiased bunch of pillocks going. But how wrong I was. For example, Charles Shaar Murray is a very good example of a totally biased soul/punk spastic who doesn't know a good song when he hears one. I refer, of course, to his review of the Van Halen single. *(Who is this prat? — Ed)*

Who cares if Rush are fascists anyway? Screw Rush!

A thoroughly middle-class buttock.

Joe Strummer, in desperate bid to regain credibility, goes acoustic after Cost Of Living Fiasco Bag — hard luck, Joe, no letters about you this week! Pic: Bill Badger and The Trokkoids.

Hey Andy! What a fab review of The Scorpions that was! I bet you're walking tall in the *NME* offices now after yet another gargantuan put-down of HM under your belt. And just think — a couple more write-offs of say, Rush and Judas Priest (not Lizzy for God's sake — Parsons *likes* them) and maybe another "intellectually significant" review of Kraftwerk's next album and you'll really be in the *NME* elite.

It so happens that me and a friend went to see The Scorpions. We didn't go to "pat each other on the back and say we're both men" — no Andy, we went for a bit of entertainment. Go on, sneer at my cliches, laugh at my impotence. You see Andy, I don't take Scorpions seriously and did not go to the concert for any sexual or ritualistic reason and I'm sure no one else there did. I also do not ponder their lyrics to try to read into them the oppression of today's youth or even the current socio-economic climate in Bolivia. I went to that gig for a break in the shitty revision most students have to do at this time of year.

Listen, I'm not putting myself above everyone else and claiming immunity from criticism, and I of course realise that you're quite entitled to your own opinion that The Scorpions were crap — but please, please don't start judging other people by your own small minded standards, because it stinks.

Paul Kavanagh, Manchester.

Zis is unt gut writing from zee Nort. — A SCORPION

I've had two smart-ass one liners published in your rag, and I'm goddam proud of it. But my mates keep goading me that I can't get a full length letter in. So here I am chaps.

Nagrenol III, New England.

Pathetic. — YOUR MATES

Please make *one* of the answers in the crossword 'penguin' as Biggles writes penguin for every answer and it would be nice if he got one right for a change. Thank you.

Time Ego, Milton Keynes.

One across: A chocolate biscuit?

D'you know, it's a bastard trying to thing of summat to write for this column.

Phyllis Oldman.

Just in case you get it wrong after the event: the Zep gig was brilliant.

Jacob, St. Davids, Dyfed.

I enjoyed the pizza afterwards more than the actual gig. Why was this?

T. Morrison, Alton, Hants.

It probably didn't cost seven and a half nicker. — M.S.

Could you possibly print this letter without any 'e's in it. Leave in the 'a's, 'b's, 'c's, 'd's, 'f's etc., just leave out the 'e's.

A complete and utter wanker, London.

Try to edit this one, smart arse.

F. Yew.

An early Lowry — L.S. not Ray

HOLLY MOVIE NEXT MONTH

An early warning. Bagged by M. Smith

T-ZERS

Here we bloody go again: **Tony Blackburn's** being kicked all over the shop by Radio 1 (presumably the result of an attack of good taste 12 years too late), **John Lydon** sez "Rock is dead OFFICIAL" (damn thing's snuffed it more often then **Rasputin** — are we twiggin something here or what?) **Mick** and **Bianca** are dodging each other all over London, **Marianne Faithfull** just married, **Iggy's** recording at Rockfield, a big record company who wouldn't have pissed on **George Thorogood** a year ago if he'd been on fire is now wrangling around over five-year-old-tapes of the Delaware Dumper, people got beaten up and arrested all over the place, the very fabric of rock as we know it is crumbling . . .

Yep, it's been a *rilly boring week* . . .

To continue: **The Dead Kennedys** have, alas, been ousted from their "World's Best-named Band" pedestal, despite their debut pictorial appearance in this hallowed mag this very week. The new champs are **The Sex Beatles,** about whom *T-Zers* knows sod all except that they, like half of the entire population of the universe, will be playing the Glastonbury Festival . . .

Among the half of the population who will *not* be contributing their time and talent to this wonderful event will be **George Thorogood,** whose career is getting extremely complicated courtesy of wonderful MCA Records who, having noticed that George is currently at 81 in the American album charts with 'Move It On Over', are planning to whack heavy promo behind their collection of George's back pages. George's record company, the Massachusetts-based indie Rounder Records, are well pissed off and claim that MCA's right to the tapes was based on a long-expired nine-month option . . .

The relaunch of **Peter Frampton's** career has misfired somewhat: astronomical quantities of copies of his comeback album have been shipped in a state of ongoing faultiness and have therefore had to be recalled and replaced . . .

Incredibly attractive female vocalist **Linda Ronstadt** evidently has a very short attention span. She walked out on a **Patti Smith** gig at New York's Palladium Theatre after three songs, just failing to beat her all-time record of a couple of years back when she walked out on **Television** after a mere two numbers, but the real burning question of the day is why is it currently being said about that CBS bigboy Emperor Records top man **Walter Yetnikoff** is in the running for **The Clash's** managerial duties? . . .

No more live **Bowie** until the next decade, fight fans. Captain Malnutrition has completed a four-week US tour and retreated to Switzerland (in which exotic location he is currently domiciled) to get spiritually prepared for launching the '80s with a deluxe world tour . . .

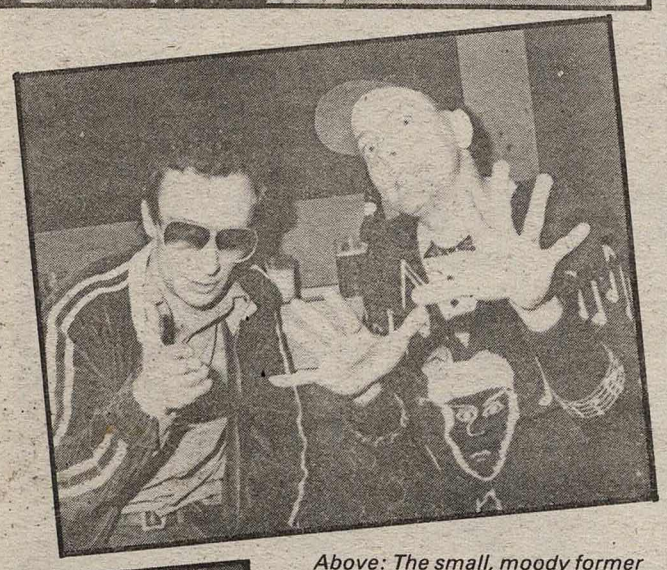
But hist! What spectre stirs in the uncharted vastnesses of darkest Wales? In Rockfield Studios, to be precise, where — e'en as you read — **Iggy Pop** will be straining and soaring against the entire dark ages of **Dave Edmunds** for the follow-up to the 'New Values' album. New tracks include 'Hey Coco' (nothing to do with the famous late clown but a paean to **David Bowie's** current girlfriend) and 'Pretty Flamingo' (not the old **Manfred Mann** hit currently popularised by **Bruce Springsteen** — who has nothing to do with this item by the dots like mentioning his name whenever they can — but a new Ig original). Edmunds — the man who muttered "Will someone get this fucker off the stage?" when **Keith Richard** attempted to play his third successive out-of-tune number when jamming at a Rockpile gig in New York — has issued no statements as to the presence of such a deranged personage at his pet studio . . .

Iggy's dad, on the other hand, is probably delighted that his bizarre progeny is recording in a location as civilised as Monmouth. During the whole period that young Jim was living and recording in Berlin, the elder Osterburg has not found it easy to adjust to the fact that World War II ended some 32 years ago and has repeatedly cautioned his son that "You can't trust those damn Jerries, son. Don't let 'em know you're a Yank or they'll gun ya down in cold blood." This perspicacious old gentleman has also advised his ageing brat to see a shrink — as long as it ain't a German . . .

Okay, a joke: How many New Wavers does it take to screw in a light bulb? Stumped? We thought so. Answer: One to screw in the bulb, four to get put on the guest list. Of such stuff dreams are woven and legends are born, not to mention the revelation that much refreshed from his recent sojourn in Thailand, **Brian Eno** is now ready to work on the third **Talking Heads** elpee . . .

In the wake of *Abba: The Movie ... Star Trek: The Movie* — a celluloid *thing* which has cost over $30 million so far with no end in sight and problems aplenty, like they're contracted to get the bleeder onto the screens by Christmas even though special effects maestro **Robert Abel** has just been fired with most of the major whizzbang sequences left uncompleted . . .

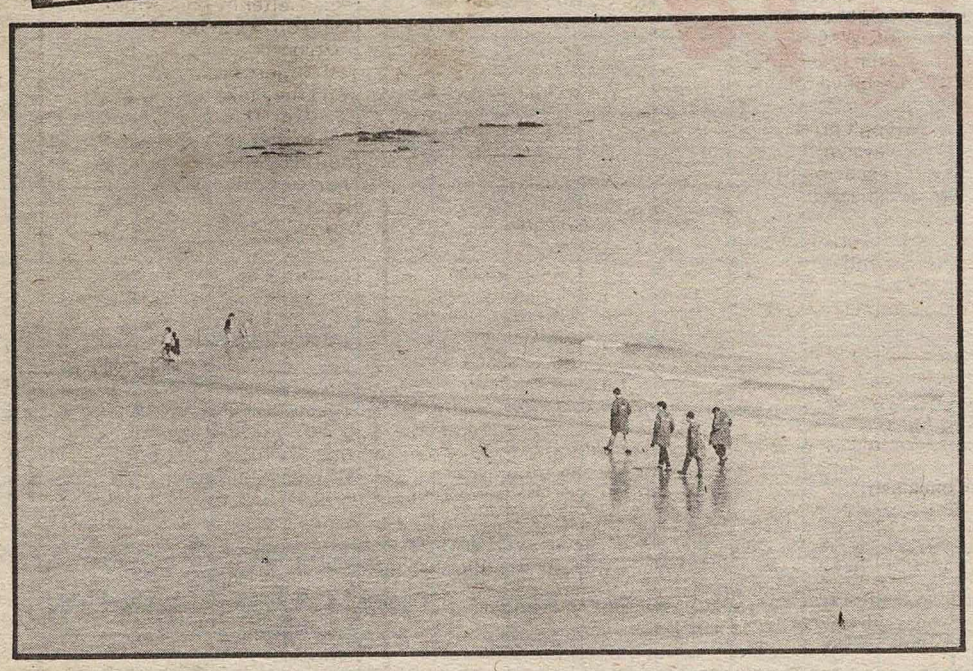
So what *is* all this about our beloved **Tony Blackburn?** The country's unfunniest man is currently denying reports that the Beeb are planning to dump him and the Beeb are also denying these reports, so why does a responsible publication like the *Daily Star* continue to publish these damaging inferences about a truly Great Briton?...



Above: The small, moody former pump jockey from the South Circular maintains his usual studied intensity while Rick Neilsen tries to fight off the mysterious ailments that constantly plague his central nervous system. Neilsen, Parker and their respective gangs have been learning how to be specks on the horizon for their imminent tour of select American megastadiums . . .

Left: Kute little Kirsty MacColl, Stiff Records' latest Stiffette, gives B. Rats' Pete Briquette a kuddle. Pic: Paul Slattery.

Below: Last weekend's mod invasion of Hastings. "It was disgraceful," said a council spokesman as the sleepy South coast resort slowly returned to normal. "They walked around all day with absolutely nothing to do," he added. "Then they went home." Pic: Stevenson.



At last! Famous Los Angeles punk combo The Dead Kennedys performs in the UK — even if it does mean gatecrashing a Human League gig. Pic: Kevin Cummins.

Debbie Harry in social comment situation. Introducing **Kraftswerk's** 'Showroom Dummies' on Radio 1's *Star Special* last weekend, perky Deb quipped, "This is a song I can really relate to." Also hitting the radio (radio) was the new ultra-cuddly version of **Elvis Costello,** who took part in **Kid Jensen's** Sunday pop kwiz thingy type t'ing an' t'ing. A brief snatch of 'Accidents Will Happen' was played and a listener failed to identify it. Kid asked El to help out, and the waggish bespectacled one replied, "Don't ask me, I play them every night and I still have trouble telling them apart." Other Costello clippings inform us (and you) that **Steve Naive's** composition 'Mad About Girls' will crop up on the next elpee ...

A **Mr. Kent** of Kilburn wishes it known that various inaccuracies crept into last week's hot **Elvis** scoop: briefly, 'Hoover Factory' is not featured in the *Americathon* movie, and Costello did not duet publicly with country singer **George Jones,** though the swinging pair did cut 'Strangers In The House' for Jones' forthcoming 'Duets' album . . .

Stiff Records vs the USA pts 2-94 inclusive: CBS have signed **Lene Lovich, Ian Dury** and **Rachel Sweet** while Arista grabs **The Rumour** to go with **Graham Parker** who they already had via a different deal . . .

The dots would quite like to have an updated denial of the **Rich Kids** break-up rumours circulating a wee while back. **Steve New** is currently — ahem — *working* with **Pat Palladin** from **Snatch, Rusty Egan** is engaged in a project with ex-**Moors Murderer Steve Strange** (though he takes pains to deny it) and **Glen Matlock's** stint with **Iggy Pop** is definitely over. One Kid (we won't say which) told a dot (ditto): "We want to be a group making rock music for the 1980's and Glen's still doing his **Ronnie Lane** impression. If working with Iggy has improved his attitude then we'll get back to being an active unit again. Otherwise it's not even worth considering." The Kids have not all been in the same room together for some months: what gives? . . .

And even more important: what gives with **The Martian Schoolgirls,** stars of last week's *Thrills?* If they haven't got a contract with Chiswick (they haven't), who *have* they got a contract with? . . .

Devoted **Devoto**philes may care to know their hero has compiled a book of his pomes called *Thirty Lyrics* — everything from 'Boredom' to 'Permafrost', including bootleg album lyrics — available from **Magazine** Syndicate, Virgin, 2 Vernon Yard, Portobello Rd., W11 at a quid a time . . .

And finally, *Police Five* time. A **Mr Aiden Mather** of St. Austell would like to appeal via *T-Zers* to **The Albion Band,** as he got nicked after the gig for 'stealing' an amp he says they asked him to take down the road for them. Do you remember this man? If so, the Exmouth Police would like to hear from you . . .

Right, tea break's over — back on your heads . . .

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BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN

This week		Last week
1	Rock Against Thatcher	(1)
2	Undertones	(7)
3	All Mods Cons	(3)
4	The Ruts	(—)
5	Clash Police	(2)
6	Jam (red)	(6)
7	Stiff Little Fingers	(5)
8	Jam Tube Station	(4)
9	Siouxsie Gauche Girl	(9)
10	Gang of Four	(10)

Apologies to Mr. Great Person of Gwent. Winning competition results read: *"Harder! Harder! and now the whips!"*
New releases: **20p Specials AKA, Rude Boys, Radio Activity, Computer Rock, Bye bye Turbin.**
25p Rock Contra Le Travail, Spherical objects, Mo-detts.

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AMONG THE FLOWERS